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THE  
PORT FOLIO  
Vol. 7.



PHILADELPHIA

*Published by Bradford & Inskeep  
& Inskeep & Bradford  
New York  
1811.*



# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1812.

NO. 1.

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REVIEW.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## REMAINS OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

IT very seldom happens that in reviewing any work we feel an undivided pleasure. If the style of the author is chaste and beautiful, his arguments solid, and the morality of his page worthy of all praise, there is often found an equipoise to all these in his life. When we penetrate beyond the public character of the man, and obtain a sight of his fireside, we generally find such shocking inconsistencies, that we regret the veil was ever rent; we wish that the shadows of the tomb might envelop the memory of the man, and only allow us the spectacle of the author. We wish, in such instances, no *cross* sensations; nothing to intersect and divide the delightful train of ideas furnished by the perusal of his page.

This unmixed enjoyment is, however, often denied us by the mischievous impertinence of the biographer. Without suffering the mouldering ashes to cover the imperfections of the deceased, he holds them up to the scorn and banter of all succeeding ages. Here the contrast is so painful, that we abandon both the author and the man with disgust. The page that was before electric, is now rendered as cold as the steel, after the ethereal fluid has de-

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parted. We have, on this account, often felt a certain tremor of anxiety, when we turn from the fascinating page of an author, to the history of his life.

Such were precisely our emotions, when we read the works of Henry Kirke White, and then reverted to his biography. We shall now, without further preface, enter into an analysis of each, and the reader will judge, from the sequel, whether our apprehensions were confirmed or abated. The works which we shall first notice consist of two volumes, and are called, with great propriety, by the editor, Robert Southey, the *Remains* of Henry Kirke White. The author was prevented, by death, from giving the finishing hand to them. They are now produced for no other purpose than to enable the reader to judge of what might reasonably have been expected, had life been prolonged for the entire accomplishment of his labours. There is, in the contemplation of all mutilated, or, properly speaking, imperfect fragments of beautiful workmanship, something more tender and interesting than if the mechanism was presented to us entire. When the thing is so completed, we may admire and applaud: we know the full extent of the artist's powers, and no other emotions than these are put in a state of requisition. When we have a beautiful specimen of broken or unfinished workmanship, the case is different: we feel admiration, as before; and there is a void still left for the fancy to fill up, which she delights to occupy with the most endearing reveries. The poetical character of this work is chiefly marked by an imagination adventurous to a daring extreme, and partaking, in some instances, of what is often called poetic phrenzy. At such moments the Muse is ungovernable. She bursts the manacles of measure, and throws down the burning thought impatiently, in the first words that come to utterance. The reader participates in the fervour thus excited, and looks on the dilapidations without pain or regret. After this whirlwind has spent its fury, the poet once more returns to a sober and chaster strain, and his lyre sounds as melodiously as ever. Gay and cheerful measures he seems to hold unworthy of his genius; he delights to sound on the severer chords; to summon forms of horror, " shapes and sights unho-

ly," and to hold a gloomy conference with the spectres. While the reader is prepared, on the strength of such evidence, to enrol the bard among those monster-hunters, who have mistaken Parnassus for Acheron, ejected the Muses, and given up their domicile to ghosts and hobgoblins, his ears are once more saluted with the sounds of the lyre. Now the poet soberly communes with Taste and Nature; he seeks no spectral assistance to his harp, but pours a current of painful sensibility through the natural channels of the heart, and the stream does not, in a single instance, overflow its allotted bounds. We are charmed and delighted when we leave his eccentric mazes, and tread on honest earth again; it brings us home with a double relish, and our pleasure resembles that of an aëronaut, who, after a dangerous voyage, is safely moored by his cottage-fire, and is once more cheered by the beams of his hospitable lamp.

It is no more than justice to the manes of Mr. White, however, to state that his horror is not of the spurious breed; it is all homebred horror, wrought by the hands of English superstition. He does not, as Mr. Lewis does, plunder the graves, animate the mouldering bodies, and dignify this strange species of manufacture by the name of ghosts. Nor is it unworthy of remark, that Mr. Southey seems peculiarly caught by these specimens of the poet's genius; that respectable poet (for, with all his faults, respectable he certainly is) having dallied too long and too intimately with Kehama and with Thalaba, to preserve his literary chastity unimpaired.

Such are the broad outlines of character which these poems exhibit. The minuter strokes are the bold, original, beautiful, and appropriate combinations, that we can scarcely turn over a single page without meeting. The reader with difficulty calls to his memory such associations; but when pointed out by the bard, they appear so obvious that he wonders he never perceived them before. All this is united to a piety, at once fervent, and diffusively benevolent. In short, the bold, and pathetic; the dreadful and the delicate, the extravagant and the chaste, are here intermingled. His diction is pure and masculine English, uncorrupted by foreign idiom, and not incumbered with the or-



naments it bears. His novelty of combination is very frequent, and two beautiful instances must suffice:

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!  
 Whose modest form, so delicately fine  
 Was nurs'd in whirling storms  
 And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,  
 And dar'd the sturdy blusterer to the fight,  
 Thee on this bank he threw  
 To mark his victory.

And again,

We will muse on pensive lore,  
 Till the full soul brimming o'er,  
 Shall in our upturn'd eyes appear,  
 Embodied in a quivering tear.

Instances of the bard's forcible painting are numerous. We must content ourselves with one only.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO THE MOON.

Mild orb, who floatest through the realm of night,  
 A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild;  
 Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light,  
 Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts beguil'd.  
 Now doubly dear as o'er my silent seat,  
 Nocturnal study's still retreat,  
 It casts a mournful melancholy gleam,  
 And through my lofty casement weaves,  
 Dim through the vine's encircling leaves,  
 An intermingled beam.

Two lines of Darwin have been very much admired. The poet, when describing the plague that raged in London, when multitudes of the dying and the dead were buried indiscriminately together; thus expresses himself:

————— "Awhile the breathing bill  
 Heav'd with convulsive throes, then *all was still*."

These, however, produce not an awful but a shocking sensation, and instead of pity, horror and disgust. There is a delicate medium to be observed between the dreadful and disgusting, and taste is never more violated than when this barrier is once broken down. To this example we may proudly oppose the following: the author in describing the ravages of time, thus expresses himself:

“Heardst thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies;  
It was the voice of people,—mighty crowds,—  
Again! ’tis hush’d—Time speaks, and all is hush’d;  
In the vast multitude now reigns alone  
Unruffled solitude. They all are still.”

Mr. Ames, in his eulogy on the death of general Washington, employs this figurative language in describing the portentous silence that sometimes preludes some horrible convulsion in the physical world. “Like the deep calm that *rings* in hollow caverns before the explosion of an earthquake.” This is a fact often discarded upon by naturalists; hollow sounds are heard before earthquakes, such as lull the mind into a treacherous calm, and it may therefore be said that the “calm rings” without offering violence to phraseology. Our poet employs an image of the same kind in the following lines:

“Meanwhile the multitude as death are mute:  
So ere the tempest on Malacca’s coast,  
Sweet Quiet gently touching her soft lute,  
Sings to the whispering waves the prelude to dispute.”

Dr. Young, in his poem on the last day, describes superior beings as inquiring for the spot where England once stood, which leads us to the supposition, that however intelligent angels may be represented to have been, they have not yet become familiar even with the rudiments of geography:—such a facility of descent is there always between the sublime and the ridiculous. Our bard in his poem on time has more forcibly expressed the future desolation of England.

————— “Again,  
Through her depopulated vales, the scream

Of bloody Superstition hollow rings,  
 And the scarr'd native to the tempest howls  
 The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts  
 Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry  
 Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash  
 Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.  
 Even as the savage sits upon the stone  
 That marks where stood her capitol, and hears  
 The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks  
 From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards  
 Sing in a language that hath perished;  
 And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,  
 Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain."

We have to bear in memory that this amiable poet felt the springs of life giving way one after another, in consequence of the violence of his exertions; and this conviction gives to his page a melancholy cast. How beautifully appropriate, therefore, to his own forlorn condition, is the following tender remonstrance.

"Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?  
 Oh! none;—another busy brood of beings  
 Will shoot up in the interim, and none  
 Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink,  
 As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets  
 Of busy London;—Some short bustle's caus'd,  
 A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,  
 And all's forgotten.—On my grassy grave  
 The men of future times will careless tread,  
 And read my name upon the sculptured stone;  
 Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,  
 Recall my vanish'd memory.—I did hope  
 For better things!—I hop'd I should not leave  
 The earth without a vestige."

We cannot, if we would, resist the temptation of presenting another extract.

"I only wake to watch the sickly taper  
 Which lights me to my tomb.—Yes, 'tis the hand  
 Of Death I feel press heavy on my vitals,  
 Slow sapping the warm current of existence.  
 My moments now are few—The sand of life  
 Ebbs fastly to its finish.—Yet a little,

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And the last fleeting particle will fall  
Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.  
Come then, sad Thought, and let us meditate,  
While meditate we may."

We hope that we have not trespassed on the patience of the reader by the number of extracts that we have made: we hope that he feels a tender interest in the fate of a promising poet, sinking under a sense of his bodily infirmities, calmly contemplating the inevitable grave, and dedicating the few remaining and hectic moments of his existence, to the Muse. He beholds the cloud enveloping the pen, and by the dim remaining rays, he aspires to climb the heights of Parnassus. But we wish still to deepen the interest of the reader in his behalf, and for that purpose we will state, that this accomplished poet died at the age of *twenty-one*. That he died in consequence of his application to his studies, and of his devotion to letters.

It seems as if Divine Providence sometimes, by way of warning to those who squander time away in the pursuit or acquisition of trifles and amusements, unites a soaring and elevated genius to a delicate and imbecile body—a genius that is able to explain the sciences, and climb the Alpine heights of learning, while the sickly and emaciated frame is dragged along after it, in despite of all its incumbrances. Thus fared it with White. While sickness chained him to his bed, he could hold high and impressive converse with his Muse, and calmly plunge into the grave, regretting only that his constitution was incompetent to keep pace with the energies of his mind.

We will now proceed to a slight biographic sketch of this extraordinary youth, to which our present limits restrict us. Henry Kirke White was born in Nottingham, (England,) on the 21st of March, 1785. His father was a butcher, and his mother's maiden name was Neville. At the age of seven, he was discovered teaching the servant to read and write. The Rev. Mr. Blanchard received this pupil at the age of six under his tuition, in his school, which was kept in the town of Nottingham. At the age of eleven he wrote all the exercises for the boys, which his reverend preceptor declared were never so well written before. The

preference was, nevertheless, given to Henry, who thus obtained a victory in a contest with *himself*.

One of his ushers reported him to his parents as a dull boy. So incompetent are many characters, to whom are confided the honourable, delicate, and highly responsible task of instructing youth, of accomplishing their duty. Without once attempting to study the disposition, or to investigate the genius of a child, they fulminate their bulls of excommunication at random, and, perhaps, do irreparable outrage on the ardent and delicate sensibilities of a boy. But this contempt was in the present instance retaliated by the pupil with interest; for while Henry's usher was busy in proclaiming the stupidity of the boy's intellect, he was writing poetic libels on his master.

By a copy of verses now preserved, we are able to explain this seeming mystery. While his youthful fancy was rioting in the visions of sunny skies, blue streams, and all the variegated beauties of landscape, with an ardour that poets only can feel, he was suddenly called away from spectacles so entrancing, to the study of the dry rudiments of grammar and arithmetic.

Causes of this kind, have often given the character of stupidity to boys. Their minds have explored a field far beyond the boundaries of their present enclosure, and they feel the same reluctance to return that the generous courser does, who, unbroken to the yoke, escapes from his dull confinement, and claims the liberties of the vallies, and the mountains.

His father having determined to have him taught the hosiery manufacture, placed him at the age of fourteen at the stocking-loom, in the hope of his afterwards obtaining employment in a hosier's warehouse. One year of his life was thus made completely wretched. Henry's complaints to his mother (for his father does not appear to have been capable of participating in the sensations of his son) were frequent. He wished, he said, something to amuse his brains, and should be miserable if seven years of his life were consumed in spinning and folding up stockings. His mother, ever anxious to gratify his wishes, procured him a station in the office of Messrs. Coldham and Endfield, attornies, at Nottingham.



It is curious, and no less interesting to observe, with what enthusiasm, ardent and aspiring genius grasps at every favourable incident within its reach, as something preparatory to still further advances. Literary fame was a fire that had for some time slumbered in the coal for want of fuel; now it blazed with such fervour, that it endangered his existence.

Although the business of the office to which he was articulated was complicated, arduous, and extensive; although this engaged all the hours of the day, this self-immolated martyr triumphantly exclaimed that *the night was his own*. He thus found leisure in the space of ten months, so far to perfect himself in the knowledge of Latin, as to read Horace with facility, and to make considerable proficiency in Greek. While going to, and returning from the office, he occupied his time in declining nouns and verbs in that language. From this he contracted an habit of intellectual activity that never deserted him to the end of his life.

He made himself a tolerable proficient in the Italian, Latin, and Portuguese languages, and acquired considerable knowledge of astronomy, chemistry, and music. He became a member of a literary society in Nottingham, who held his talents in such estimation, that he was appointed professor of literature. He contended for, and was the successful candidate, in obtaining three several prize medals, awarded by literary societies. He became at length a correspondent for the Monthly Mirror, and the celebrity of his productions introduced him to the acquaintance of sundry gentlemen of literary talents, who advised him to prepare a small volume of his poems for the press.

A deafness perpetually increasing, seemed an insuperable bar to his advancement to forensic honours, and he now turned his thoughts to the desk. His opinions, which formerly inclined towards Deism, received "a strong devotional bias," and it was his object to appropriate the funds arising from the sale of the meditated volume, towards defraying the expenses of an university education, by which he proposed to fit himself for the ministry.

A small volume of poems was accordingly prepared by him, entitled "*Clifton Grove*," a copy of which he had sent to

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every one of the Monthly Reviewers, accompanied by a private letter, stating the object of his publication, and imploring their indulgence. Of this, notice was taken by the reviewers, in terms of contemptuous pity. With characteristic candour, they extracted the four worst lines in the book, as a fair specimen of the whole. They recommended him to adopt some other mode of defraying the expenses of his education at the university, and proposed a private subscription, as a substitute.

It may easily be conceived how a boy of feelings so exquisitely delicate, was affected by such wanton outrage. It drove him, as he confesses in one of his letters to a correspondent, almost to desperation.

Severe as this mortification was the reviewers were, beyond their intentions, favourable to the poet, for it introduced him to the acquaintance of Robert Southey. He could not in the present crisis have found a friend better calculated to afford him consolation, than this gentleman, who, as himself states, *has been reviewed seventy times by his critics*. Southey advised him to publish a larger volume of poems to raise a fund for the purpose above explained, and generously offered him whatever assistance he could render. Henry, however, having found other resources to defray his collegiate expenses, was induced to decline the friendly offer. The account of his conversion from Deism to Christianity might here be passed over without notice as it breaks the thread of the narrative; but higher motives, we trust, than chronological accuracy, imperiously demand its detail. The Rev. Mr. Piggat having ascertained the bent of his religious opinions, sent him "Scott's Force of Truth" to peruse. Henry received the book and coldly replied, he would write an answer to it. About a fortnight afterwards, his friend, who was the bearer of the book, called on him and desired to know how he proceeded in his answer. Henry replied this was out of his power; that the book contained the principles of eternal truth, and that he would gladly renounce his highest hopes of literary fame to obtain one of the lowest seats in Heaven. From this hour he became a new man. We cannot quit this subject without congratulating Mr. Piggat on the pleasure he must now feel when reflecting on his agency in this transaction. The moment in which Henry re-

ceived the loan from his hands might have been the turning point of the boy's destiny, and how grateful must he feel in having been thus made the instrument of salvation.

When Henry's opinions on religious matters became settled and confirmed, nothing, neither the prospects which the law afforded, the ardent remonstrances of his friends, the precarious hope of acquiring a decent competency by the preaching of the gospel, the pecuniary embarrassments he would labour under to acquire his preparatory education at the university, nor the tears of his beloved mother could shake his steadfast resolution. His employers, although his assistance was so essential in their office, frankly concurred in this change of his views, and cordially agreed to relinquish the remainder of his time.

Several clergymen exerted themselves in his behalf, and a plan was laid for the procurement of the necessary funds. He was allowed the absence of a month from the office for perfecting himself in his preparatory studies, during which time he was secluded from all but the society of his nearest friends. At the conclusion of that term, the melancholy intelligence was brought that all his prospects were blasted.

He then applied himself with redoubled ardour to the law, to regain the time that he had lost, to the manifest detriment of his health. He would read until one, two, and sometimes until even three o'clock in the morning, throw himself upon his couch and sleep until *five*. When his mother came into the room to extinguish the lamp he would hide it in a cupboard, lay his head upon the pillow, affect sleep, and after her departure resume his studies once more. His excessive application gave to his constitution so rude a shock that it forced him to relax.

By the assistance of several of his friends, an arrangement was at length made that opened for his admission the doors of Cambridge university. This, flattering as it may seem, proved in the end fatal to the constitution of this remarkable boy. He pursued the same unrelenting severity in his studies, and frequently fourteen hours of the day were occupied by his book. Distinguished as he was for his classical attainments on his first entrance into Cambridge, life was the penalty he paid for such honour. His first term a scholarship having become vacant,

Henry was advised to contend for it, and his name was set down in the list of candidates. This he passed the whole time in preparing himself for, reading in bed, and in his walks, suffering no portion of his time to remain unoccupied. His constitution sunk under his efforts and compelled him to renounce his competitorship. Directly after this the general examination came on, and so shattered and exhausted was his frame by study, that strong and stimulating medicines were applied to enable him to undergo the trial. He was pronounced the first man of his year. Exercise he took indeed; but this was no relaxation; as an evidence of which, during his walks, he committed to memory a whole tragedy of Euripides.

The following year he was pronounced the first at the great college examination, and also one of the three best writers between whom the examiners could not undertake to decide. The college offered him at their own expense a private tutor in the mathematics during the vacation. But relaxation, entire relaxation from study, now constituted his only hope. He came to London for that purpose; but so great was the variety of stimulating objects in that metropolis, he returned to the university with a constitution more impaired by his journey. He was at last overcome by his exertions, and it was the opinion of his medical attendants that his mind was worn out; that if he had recovered his health his intellect would have been impaired. At length, on the 19th day of October, 1806, he resigned his soul into the hands of his Maker, in the 21st year of his age.

Thus fell this promising youth. Mr. Southey declares, that when his papers were confided to his custody, he was astonished at the industry of the boy. He found papers on law, electricity, chemistry, upon the Latin and Greek languages from their rudiments to their higher branches, history, chronology, divinity, the fathers, &c. His sonnets were likewise numerous. He had begun three tragedies, one by the name of Boadicea, another, Inez de Castro, and a third on a fictitious subject.

His private character may be easily comprehended from the following sketch, rude and imperfect as it is. One peculiarity is, notwithstanding, worthy of notice. While he wrote to his mother and to his brother the most flattering accounts of his

health, to one friend only would he reveal his real state—so fearful was he of alarming maternal tenderness. This was the only deception he was ever guilty of towards that excellent parent. To the younger members of the family his letters breathe parental admonition and fraternal tenderness.

His temper was irritable by nature; but his own good sense, his piety and his philosophy combined, enabled him effectually to subdue this unhappy propensity, and no one after that conquest could be more tender and conciliatory towards the faults of others, or more inveterate and severely irreconcilable on his own.

Whatever causes and anxieties oppressed his life, he was sedulously careful not to impart. While his face was all serenity, his mind was often sunk amid the glooms of dejection; yet in these moments while to every eye but to that of Omniscience his heart appeared at ease, he would enter into all the sorrows of a friend, participate in his troubles, and resign his own cares to give room to another train of melancholy thoughts.

He was avaricious but of one thing, and that was a noble passion—he was avaricious of time. In company, or out of it, in his study, or in the field—amidst the retirement of the village, or the crowds of the metropolis, or on the bed of sickness and pain, he allowed to his intellect no respite. But while he was thus the miser of time, he was, we have seen, profuse and prodigal of health. If we may form an opinion from his poems, he judged an early death inevitable. This, if it did not stimulate, certainly did not relax one fibre of his efforts.

Cold prudence may pronounce this an error, and so undoubtedly it was—but it was a generous one. Great minds are as discernible in their faults as in their virtues. They both point to something heroic, adventurous and aspiring. Their ambition, far from desponding, swells and expands with the vastness of the object until they are literally made new creatures.

Nothing can be conceived more delightful than such a mind contemplating its own state. A man who had been in the habit of making such generous sacrifices, might cast his eye down through a long interposing train of events to the period of his infancy, and discern the point of time when the merest trifle affected his repose. He might then, by a shorter glance of memo-



ry, reach the period when labour was regarded as irksome to obtain any object however splendid and dazzling: when any fatigue of the soul or the body, would cause such puny industry to relax. After he had thus amused himself, with what satisfaction and self-complacency would he dwell on that period, when a generous ambition flowed like liquid fire through his veins, and seemed to feed the lamp of his existence; when every effort was relaxation in comparison with the object panted after—and every moment of life was grudged that was not occupied in a struggle for its attainment.

This is, indeed, as far as can be, a regeneration of nature; a man is born with new habits and desires, and can scarcely be called, without doing violence to phraseology, the same individual he was. In comparison to this what are lengths of years, and the dull revolutions of the seasons? Nothing—worse than nothing. Here the character of White shines with uncommon effulgence; but here its radiance does not end. When such sacrifices are made, we may well imagine how dear that object must have been. Can we believe that this boy would be capable of renouncing even this object for another? Incredible as this may appear such was nevertheless *the fact*. The moment the divine light penetrated his soul, literary fame, the former idol of his heart, sunk in the conflict with devotion; and eternity monopolized all his hopes. Fame had before banished the apprehensions of the grave: and this was in its turn subdued by the great master passion that captivated his whole heart, and absorbed all its anxieties. So much are twenty-one years of an existence rightly appropriated capable of accomplishing.

We question whether these beautiful relics of this illustrious youth, are faithful evidences of the extent of his intellect. His mind was variously occupied—it was turning in a constant revolution from study to study; and he rarely, if ever, bestowed for a long time his undivided attention on one. These various studies were further inhospitable and uncongenial; they refused the right hand of fellowship to each other, and he allowed to his favourite one those moments of relaxation only which he snatched from severer pursuits. Of these relics, written under circumstances so adverse and inauspicious, we are informed

by his biographer that nearly the whole of them were composed before the author was nineteen years of age. Considering then, that a mind which had not, according to the course of nature, attained its full maturity and strength, amidst the perplexing varieties of studies inhospitable to the flights of the Muse, thus divided and worn down by application so intense, and debilitated by sickness, exhausted from want of repose so imperiously claimed, and so rigorously denied; considering all this, does it not furnish a basis for conjecture, that if poetry was made his master study, we might have anticipated still more vigorous sallies of his genius?

With regard to the biography by Mr. Southey, it has the common fault of other compositions of this class; it does not enter deeply enough the life and manners of the boy. What we want is not the panegyric of the writer, nor his bare unauthenticated narrative of character: fact is required to illustrate and invigorate assertions.

Whatever a man's predominant character is, it is betrayed by his actions, it is interwoven in all his manners; and by combining the evidence afforded by these, our own hearts pronounce the eulogy.

Plain and perspicuous narrative takes us by surprise; it brings us into the company of the stranger, and, without informing us what we are to anticipate, leaves us to form our own conclusions by the evidence afforded by his actions.

When the fame of his character is emblazoned at the outset, the stranger enters like a saint, with his head surrounded with such a blaze of biographic glory.

We do not, however, make this remark as applicable to the present biography, which affords no evidence of exaggeration whatever: indeed the poet's own letters bear out these panegyrics to their utmost extent, and if more had been said, more would have been justified by such evidence.

Our objection is, that the eulogy is occasionally indiscriminate; and that fact is sometimes neglected for panegyric, while a minuter investigation of incidents would have given a more vivid and equally pleasing impression of the author's character. Yet we scarcely know how to censure these venial errors, into which

the affection of the biographer has betrayed him, since we ourselves, indifferent and distant strangers, have dwelt so long and so fondly on these memorials of genius. We shall therefore conclude our present strictures, by quoting two specimens of tributary eulogy to the manes of White. They both form a part of the present volumes: the first is from the pen of lord Byron, and has been already quoted in our review of that poem;—the second is from the more prosaic genius of Capel Loft.

“ Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,  
And thy young Muse just wav'd her joyous wing,  
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair  
Has sought the grave to find a refuge there.  
Ah! what a noble heart was here undone,  
When Science self destroy'd her fav'rite son!  
Yes, she too much indulg'd the fond pursuit;  
She sow'd the seeds, but Death has reap'd the fruit.  
'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,  
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.  
So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,  
No more 'midst rolling clouds to soar again;  
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart:  
Keen were his pangs; but keener far to feel,  
He nurs'd the pinion that impeil'd the steel;  
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,  
Drank the last life drop of his bleeding breast.”

“ Master so early of the various lyre,  
Energic, pure, sublime! thus art thou gone?  
In its bright dawn of fame, that spirit flown,  
Which breath'd such sweetness, tenderness and fire!  
Wert thou but shown to win us to admire,  
And veil in death thy splendour! But unknown  
Their destination who least time have shewn,  
And brightest beam'd.—When these th' eternal Sire—  
Righteous and wise, and good are all his ways—  
Eclipses as their sun begins to rise;  
Can mortal judge for their diminish'd days,  
What blest equivalent in changeless skies,  
What sacred glory waits them? His the praise:  
Gracious whate'er he gives, whate'er denies.”





FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## DESCRIPTION OF A WATER SPOUT.

MR. EDITOR,

THE accompanying view represents a water spout, which, with ten others, was seen on the 24th July, 1806, between the hours of one and two P. M. at Smithville, the summer residence of his excellency Benjamin Smith, governor of North Carolina.

The appearance of these spouts was preceded by a dead, gloomy calm, during which, not a bird was to be seen. The sky was overcast with the blackest clouds. At one o'clock, eleven water spouts appeared, moving from south to north. The one I have sketched is represented at the entrance of Cape Fear river, opposite to Fort Johnson and Smithville; and between Baldhead and Oak Islands; on the former of which stands Cape Fear light-house.

The haste with which this sketch was made must plead an excuse for its slovenly execution; should you think it worthy of contributing to the embellishment of your elegant miscellany, you will probably receive more from one of your

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## SOME REMARKS ON MR. WEST'S PICTURE.

"AND the principle of the pyramid is so well preserved—  
 "and then there is all the colouring of Titian—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Domenechino—the *Corregiescity* of Corregio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Carrachis—the grand contour of Angelo—and he is a  
 "colourist so worthy of the Lombard school

"il déjno colorir di Lombardia,"

"and his draperies are so flowing and "*moelleux*"—and in his

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"handling, he is like Tintoret, the very thunderbolt of the pen—  
"eil, "il fulmine di pennello"—and he unites so completely

"Il vero natural di Tiziano

"Del Correggio lo stil puro e sovrano

"E di un Rafel, la giusta simetria!"

"Grant me patience just heaven!" I exclaimed in the words of Sterne, on perusing the pompous and pedantic panegyric on Mr. West's picture, in Poulson's paper of September 9, 1811. "Grant me patience just heaven—of all the cants that are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting."

We have now obtained in a late number of *The Port Folio*, an etching of the outline of Mr. West's famous painting of Christ healing the sick; the original occupying one hundred and seventy-seven square feet of canvass. Although this etching can give very faint ideas of the effect of the picture—and although the English outline from which *The Port Folio* copy is taken, excites no commendation even as an etching, yet something is in our possession relating to this much-praised picture, upon which we may hazard a few observations.

Let us just call to mind, what ideas an etching of outline *can* afford us, and what parts of the picture it can throw *no* light upon.

The outline can give us a tolerable correct notion,

1st. Of the COMPOSITION of the picture: that is, of the manner in which the artist has chosen to tell his story: the personages he has introduced, the way in which they are introduced: their use in contributing to elucidate and give force to the leading idea intended to be expressed by the artist. It will enable us to judge how far his invention is to be commended or blamed in his mode of telling the story to the mind's eye—whether the objects introduced contribute each in its proportion to the general plan—whether those which contribute the most to this purpose, or might be made so to do, are the figures most prominent on the canvass—whether there are too many or too few for the purpose—and generally, whether the transaction intended to be represented, is strongly and impressively told by means of the objects introduced, each of which ought to have its ap-

propriate design and bearing. Even a back ground in a well composed picture, ought to have its meaning.

. 2dly. An outline will give much of the **EXPRESSION** by which permanent character, or temporary feeling, is marked, whether in the features, or the attitude of the figure. Doubtless this would be observed much more perfectly in the finished painting; still, much may be seen even in a sketch.

3dly. An outline will enable us to form a tolerable idea of the **DESIGN** displayed in the picture so far as the drawing of contour is concerned. We can judge whether the drawing is graceful, easy, majestic, anatomically accurate, well adapted to the purpose—so of the drapery, we can see from the outline, whether it is in the easy, flowing style of a great master, or frittered away into numerous and unmeaning folds.

4thly. The outline will enable us to judge whether the **UNITIES** of **TIME** and **PLACE** are preserved. Whether the painter has confined himself as he ought, to one point of time, to one transaction, to one place of transaction. A limitation, which too many of the followers of the graphic art, have thought themselves at liberty to reject. Instances of which are common even in modern days, as in the monstrous collection of absurdities painted by Mr. Barry for the society of arts in the Adelpsi.

5thly. The outline will enable us to judge whether the painter has consulted **UNITY OF CHARACTER**, or whether he has absurdly intermixed things sacred and things profane—things real and things allegorical—things ancient and things modern—of which Mr. Barry, sir Joshua Reynolds, and Fuseli (to say nothing of inferior artists) have shewn us such lamentable, and indeed such laughable examples. Such as Barry's Hell and Elysium in the same picture; sir Joshua's Mrs. Siddons, his devil on the pillow of cardinal Beaufort, and Fuseli's night mare. I do not recollect any thing of this kind in David's paintings, but I remember perfectly well to have read and to have seen with much pleasant effect on my risible muscles, his order of procession for the Fete of Chateaufieu, when the city of Paris armed a la Minerve mounted on her triumphal car, met the city of Brest (also cap-à-pie) mounted on a similar vehicle, and ardently embraced her in token of fervent and indissoluble (not fraternization, for



they were two women hired for the purpose, but) revolutionary amity.

6thly. An outline will enable us to judge whether the **COSTUME** is preserved—whether the story is told by persons and objects preserving the dress, character, and manner of the times; circumstances, which artists have too often thought beneath their notice. Mr. West has never indeed equalled the absurdity of the Dutch painter in a picture of Abraham offering up Isaac; but he certainly was too generous and attentive when he adorned king Alexander with the order of the Garter.

7thly. It may give us some idea of the **GROUPING** of the picture: whether the artist has so disposed his figures, that each person in each group shall contribute to the design of the group itself, and each group to the general plan, and all appear one harmonious assemblage enforcing one great idea; and not separate masses of objects, and distinct stories.

Such are points in the picture which the outline may inform us of. Let us next see wherein it leaves us in the dark.

It can give us no idea of the magic effect of **COLOURING**—of the **HARMONY** of colouring, by which tints are so appropriated, and yet so blended, as to give the same sensation to the eye, as fine music performed by a full band does to the ear. We can know nothing from an outline, of that richness and transparency of colouring, for which the Venetian school is so famous. Nor can it give any idea of the *handling* of the pencil, by which the effect is produced according to the peculiar style of the master: whether the colours are laid on with the roughness and force of the landscapes of Berghern, or touched and retouched with the indefatigable patience of Denner, or Gerard Dow. It can give us no idea of that charming part of the art, the *chiaroscuro*, that breadth and massing of light and shade, so little known to the ancients, and by means of which such wonders have been produced in Rembrandt's school. Finally, it can throw no light on the physiognomical character so far as it is raised and heightened by the colouring of the features.

I have thus endeavoured to ascertain how far we may venture to give an opinion of a picture from having seen the copy of the outline only. But before I proceed to give any opinion on the picture itself, thus founded on less, perhaps, than half informa-

tion, let me bestow a few words on the preliminary question, how far am I, and others of my description, entitled to give any opinion at all?

A facetious friend of mine, an amateur of the art, used to divide mankind into three classes, the *cognoscenti*, the *cognoscentini*, and the *ignoranti*. Like many other of your readers, I have no pretensions to the first character; but as a painter is supposed to address not artists merely, but the public, his work ought to be considered as open to such criticisms as men of tolerable good sense and information, might reasonably make upon it. A spectator, not an artist himself, or much conversant with the pictures of great masters, is hardly competent to judge how far the artist is to be praised or blamed for the management of his colouring; whether the tints are so placed, and in such proportions, as to exhibit that mellowness of effect which the painters call harmony. Nor can such a man pretend to decide on the handling of a picture, whether the artist in this respect is original or a mannerist—whether the colouring is hard and laboured, or easy and flowing—whether the adventurous dashes of the pencil are so managed as to give force and effect to the object. Still less can he venture to descant upon the cold and warm tints—the demi tints—the demi-jour—the *lo strepito*—the silver tone, or any other of the unmeaning and unintelligible metaphors which would-be connoisseurs, who know as little of language as of painting, have forced into their service.\* Nor can be hazard any comparison of the picture before him, with the paintings of the Venetian or the Lombard school, with Tiziano, or Tintoret, or Veronese, like “one of the ablest pens of the country,” as this panegyrist is modestly called. If this gentleman has had the advantage over his neighbours of having visited Paris, and picked up a few phrases of Italian connoisseurship to astound the amateurs of his native country, it would have been well had he “borne his faculties more meekly,” and taken the advice of honest Dogberry in the play, give God thanks, and make no boast of it.

\* The cold and warm tints, is an expression not overstrained: even the *demi-jour* may be pardoned, but the *strepito* and the *silver* tone is absolute jargon.

Neither, perhaps, ought a man, who like myself, has pretensions to little more than plain sense, and common observation, to decide whether the pyramidal distribution of the various groups, so as to give the idea of one harmonious mass of figures, has been judiciously preserved—or to criticise the aerial perspectives—nor can he venture, without hazard of going out of his depth, to judge of the contour, the foreshortening, or the drawing in general; a department of art in which the ancients still hold a decided superiority. Yet he may look at the sprawling gods and goddesses on the walls and ceilings of Sir Peter Paul Rubens, and his unintelligible allegories, without any thing like speechless admiration; and he may be permitted to laugh outright at the distortions of Fuseli, however correct the anatomical outline.

Having thus noted some of the points upon which a prudent man, who has no pretensions to the knowledge of an artist, and who has not had an opportunity of studying and comparing many pictures of acknowledged excellence, should speak with diffidence; let us see whether there are not some parts of a picture, upon which even such a man may be allowed to express a decided opinion.

1st. As to the COMPOSITION\*, he is as competent a judge as a professed artist, whether the story is single and simple, or complicated and confused. He can judge too, whether the mode of telling the story does credit to the invention of the artist, by means of the objects introduced for the purpose. The poetry of the composition, is not exclusively within the province of the artist.

2dly. He may venture his opinion for the same reason, as to the EXPRESSION of the countenance, the attitude, and the manner of the figures. This also is out of the exclusive pale of an artist's jurisdiction: this is the language of nature, who has enabled not every human being only, but every animal also, to acquire something of the permanent as well as the transient physiognomy—the physiognomy of character as well as the physiognomy of the passions.

\* Sometimes *invention* is regarded as different from composition; but I regard the word as perfectly intelligible, and comprehending, first, the composition of the picture as a poet; second, as an artist.

3dly. He may speak, without presumption, of the preservation or the breach of the unities of time and place. He may safely venture to say, that if Vulcan is forging the arms of Æneas, in one part of the picture, and Æneas is admiring them, when finished, in another part of the same picture, the painter would have done better, if he had possessed a larger portion of common sense. So when Barry dedicates half a canvass to Elysium, where we are surprised to find Louis XIV., and some other worthies of his description, and the other half to Hell, where he unmercifully places the Pope in his robes and tiara, swimming about in burning brimstone, we do not hazard much, in exclaiming with Horace, *quicquid ostendas mihi sic, incredulus odi*.

4thly. Such a spectator may decide, whether the artist has preserved unity of character in his composition—whether, if it be an allegory, all the personages are allegorical, with distinct, intelligible, and appropriate emblems;—or, if it be a reality intended to be represented, whether the personages are all real—if it be an ancient story, whether the objects are ancient—if modern, whether they are modern—if sacred history, whether the representation is profaned by profane history.

Thus, when an allegory requires, like Barry's pictures, a look of explanation; or, if like Ceracci's group to his statue of Liberty, formerly in Philadelphia, it is unintelligible till he explains it; or, like the allegories of Reubens, unintelligible and unexplainable; we may say here is lack of judgment.

So when Reubens introduces Mercury and a cardinal at the council chamber of the queen-mother, we may safely say, they had better not have been sent for.

When Raphael makes the river Jordan support his own waters in his hand, (as some decapitated saint carried his head under his arm for a mile or two,) in order that the Israelites may pass, we may well say, that this fact was an unpardonable omission in the sacred historian. Instances of this kind might be cited without number.

5thly. A man of common sense may venture to judge of costume. He may laugh at Abraham about to blow out the brains of Isaac with a pistol; at Tintoret arming the Israelites, with fusils; or the Benedictines of Veronese at the marriage of

Cana. Such remarks as these, Dr. Darwin, in allusion to a former essay of mine on the subject, was pleased to call "the cold criticism of the present day;" but I am satisfied, if it be the criticism of common sense. These remarks might be extended, but they are enough to express the meaning intended to be conveyed, and to show that a man of good education, and careful observation, may, without presumption, and without pretending to connoisseurship, express an opinion, and retain it, on a work of art. I hope, therefore, the apology will be admitted, if I venture a few remarks, even upon the very imperfect sketch of West's great picture.

1st. I object to the air, attitude, and manner of our Saviour, in this sketch. The picture is intended to be the picture of Christ healing the sick. He is not in any act of healing the sick: he stands quietly, in the attitude of a posture-master, as if displaying his own person to the utmost advantage. His attention does not appear drawn toward any object in particular: there is nothing expressed by his air and manner in the least indicating the purpose of his presence.

2dly. I fancy we cannot rely on the truth of this sketch; if we can, then the character, evidently expressed, of face, attitude, and manner, is that of mawkish placidity, approaching to absolute silliness.

3dly. I object to this, as to other delineations of our Saviour, he is made too old. Jesus Christ was thirty-three years of age, only, when he was crucified. He should be depicted with the kind, but energetic countenance of a young man. Like all the other faces of Christ, of which this is a copy, there is not a trace of the *το Θεον*, of the *mens diviniore*, *atque os magna sonaturum*; and yet this eminently belonged to the character, equally with the attributes of compassion and benevolence.

4thly. I object that there is no authority to support the rays of glory round his head, at any point of time but the transfiguration. I well know, that many painters have indulged themselves in this supposed mark of veneration; but it is intermingling a supposed fact with a real one, and the Scriptures do not support it as a general concomitant of Christ's person.

5thly. I object to what Mr. West's friend tells us is the dress of our Saviour, in this picture—red and blue. This may be the costume of the Venetian and the Lombard school, but it is just as appropriate as if we were to dress an English bishop in green and gold. All the scriptural accounts of Christ represent him as plain, unaffected, unpretending, unassuming. The dress which Mr. West has given to him is the most costly those times could afford. It is not appropriate to Jesus, the son of the carpenter—to Jesus, whose occupation it was to turn the minds of the people from the allurements of the present world, to the pursuits which might fit them for a world to come. The first and most marked characteristic of grandeur of mind, is simplicity—simplicity of look, of language, of dress, of manner. By simplicity, of course, not meaning silliness, but a perfect freedom from any thing like ornament or ostentation, and a deliberate and habitual reliance on natural character alone. So ought Christ to be depicted in *every* particular.

6thly. I object to the introduction, among the sick, of an object or two, that present ideas unnecessarily disgusting. Sickness may be expressed with excellent effect, as Mr. West has expressed it, without appearing in its most odious forms. The face of the paralytic woman, is not compensated by the beautiful countenance behind her.

7thly. There ought to have been no old or elderly persons introduced among the sick. It is hardly charity to recover those whom the regular course of nature has led to the brink of the grave; nor do they interest the feelings of the spectator. The cases should have consisted of the bodily distress of *youth and beauty*: the *mourners* should have been chosen from the aged.

8thly. There are too few garments distributed among the sick and some of their attendants. Whether the costume of the age is preserved in the dress, can hardly be seen accurately from this meagre outline, and therefore we cannot decide.

These are not faults of great magnitude, but they seem to me to be aberrations from strict propriety. That the picture is a very fine one upon the whole, we may well conjecture, even from this sketch; and reasonably too, from the profuse admiration paid

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to it in England. It may well bear, therefore, the criticisms and the hyper-criticisms of any part of the public to whom it is addressed.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE STRANGER IN NEWYORK.

### LETTER IV.

*Newyork, October 5, 1811.*

DEAR SIR,

IN delineating the characters of Mr. Harison and Hoffman, I have attempted to trace the intellectual qualities, peculiar to each, to distinguish the prevailing traits of their eloquence, and to mark its effects upon the public mind. In Mr. Harison we perceive the fruits of a powerful memory and sound judgment, operating on the materials, furnished by intense application—In Mr. Hoffman, the spontaneous effusions of a quick and sagacious mind, comparatively deficient in powers of investigation. In the former we perceive the man of taste, the scholar and the finished gentleman; in the latter the subtle pleader, the man of business, and the idol of the people. The one declined into the “sear and yellow leaf,” has retired from the contentious field of politics; whilst the other in the bloom of years and of genius, may rationally look forward to political advancement. Should a change of politics restore the federal party to their former power, it is universally expected, that Mr. Hoffman will hold a preeminent rank, in the administration of the state or general government.

The portrait, my dear H., which I shall next present you, is distinguished for its boldness and originality. Thomas Addis Emmett, is the brother of that Emmett who, in attempting the emancipation of his country, fell a victim to his heroic temerity: whose lofty spirit and “high tempered honour,” sustained him with such a gallant bearing, amid the storms of adversity: who even on the precincts of the grave was firm, collected and dauntless: who met death with calmness, yet sensibility,—with

the fearlessness of a brave man, and the intrepidity of conscious innocence. Excuse, my friend, this fervour of expression; this momentary swell of enthusiasm, excited by "the remembrance of worth, of valour, and of genius"—of scenes which touch and kindle the heart, by the sad and tender associations they awaken.

Thomas Addis Emmett is not less distinguished than his brother, for energy of spirit and elevation of genius. America, which he has chosen for his domicil, has proved as kind to his fortunes, as propitious to his fame. Public opinion has exalted Mr. Emmett to the first standing in his profession, nor has public opinion exalted him above his merits. His powers are of the highest order, always rigorous, and always at command. Like our countryman Erskine nature destined him to adorn and dignify the bar. Like him he commenced his juridical career, at an advanced period of life. Mr. Emmett from the practice of physic, and Mr. Erskine from the profession of arms, became students at law.—In the expression of energetic feelings, and the rich glow of an ardent and creative fancy, it is difficult to say which of these eminent lawyers possesses the superiority; though in the attractive graces of manner, and the polished beauties of style, the advantage, undoubtedly, lies on the side of the English advocate.

In the pleadings of Mr. Emmett, the marks of a fine genius are every where discernible. To ardour and impetuosity of feeling, he unites quickness of intuition and sagacity of reasoning. The velocity of his perceptions, whilst it enables his mind to reach, at a single glance, the remotest consequences, is apt, at times, to hurry it with too swift an impulse, to examine correctly the intermediate objects which it has passed. With a slight degree of reflection, however, it is capable of perceiving the minor, as well as the more important points of a cause; and of tracing the steps by which it arrived at the end of its conclusions. A mind thus happily formed, possesses an inherent vigour, which, without any extraordinary powers of abstraction, is sufficient to unfold and elucidate the most obscure and complicated points of law.

But Mr. Emmett's understanding, however vigorous and acute, is surpassed by his luxuriant fancy, which is vigorous in



its excursions, and felicitous in its combinations: which sheds over his subject light, beauty and animation: which arrays every thing it touches in the hues of impassioned eloquence, kindling every emotion and guiding every sensation of the soul.

His language, full, sonorous and energetic, abounds in amplification, and teems with imagery; borrowing from the varied stores of science and classical literature, the richest ornaments and happiest illustrations. A philosopher and a scholar, his references, both to ancient and modern learning, are always apt and elegant. Few lawyers possess, in an equal degree, (when a bad cause is to be managed,) the power of imposing upon the judgment, without enlightening the understanding. When solid arguments are wanting, confidence and sophistry are substituted in their place: the rapidity and vehemence of his elocution, leaves the mind no opportunity to examine and detect his fallacies, or unravel the web which his ingenuity has spun.

Mr. Emmett, in a cause of sufficient magnitude to require the full exertion of his powers, and of a nature to call forth his energetic feelings, by his luminous and comprehensive reasoning, and the ardour and impressive earnestness of his manner, engages the most silent and respectful attention, informs and convinces the understanding, and excites at will the sensibilities of his audience. In attacking the vices of the profligate, or in vindicating the aspersed reputation of the innocent, I have seldom witnessed more astonishing bursts of eloquence. His thoughts flash with the celerity of lightning, and fall with the impetuosity of the thunderbolt. He animates, exaggerates, amplifies, impels and directs the movements of passion, by seizing every topic which can enthral the fancy, or thrill and electrify the heart.

The strong impressions which I have received from the speeches of this eloquent lawyer, may have rendered me incapable of forming an accurate estimate of his talents; yet these very impressions convince me, that I have not mistaken the force, nor overrated the powers of his genius.

The subject of the following remarks, is preeminent, not only for depth and acuteness of understanding, but the extent and variety of his attainments. He is not merely a lawyer, but a man of genius and science. Cadwallader D. Colden, amiable in the

private, and dignified in the public walks of life, commands universal respect and esteem. Descended from that great and good man Dr. Colden, whose memory in America is cherished by every lover of science, he inherits a large portion of the virtues and talents of his illustrious ancestor. With a mind investigating and discriminative, a memory tenacious and ready, and a judgment discerning and accurate, his powers are eminently adapted to the consideration of causes, involving complicated details and abstruse principles. His scientific knowledge is peculiarly serviceable to him in questions, where not only legal principles are to be discussed, but the terms of art, and the nature and powers of machinery are to be understood and illustrated. In a long chain of reasoning Mr. Colden displays with great advantage, the force and extent of his abilities. His mind's eye appears endued with a power of expansion and contraction, which enables it not only to take the most comprehensive views, but eminently fits it for minute research and microscopic observations. His powers of sarcasm, which are unusually great, are seldom exercised, but in lashing the presumption of ignorance, or in checking the career of folly. With a zeal and activity peculiar to himself, Mr. Colden devotes the whole force of his understanding to the interests of his clients: he deems no time mispent, and no investigation superfluous, which may in the slightest degree contribute to their benefit. His too strict attention to business, however, united to the severity of his mental labours, have, it is feared, proved of irreparable injury to his constitution. The decay of his health, chilling the ardour and checking the full exertion of his powers, awakens and arrests our sensibility. The solemn touches which it adds to his character, whilst they avert the mind from a scrutiny of the few and venial faults which mingle with his virtues, and which are almost inseparable from humanity, incline it to a partial consideration of his extensive acquirements, intellectual dignity, and moral elevation.

Mr. David B. Ogden, whom I shall next introduce to your notice, is remarkable for an herculean form, the bold and striking outlines of his countenance, and the powerful expression of his eye. Possessing less sensibility than Mr. Emmett, he is superior to him in concentration of thought and conciseness of language.

His mind possesses a power of ratiocination, which enables it, with ease, to unravel what is complex and irradiate what is obscure. He uniformly conceives and expresses his subject with corresponding vigour and perspicacity. He seldom or ever attempts to convince the understanding through the medium of the passions. His arguments arise naturally from the subject: his arrangement is lucid, and his deductions for the most part logical and conclusive. His eloquence is plain, manly, and energetic; seldom, however, vehement or overbearing. His language is clear and nervous without aspiring to elegance. Mr. Ogden, confessedly inferior to several of the profession in amplitude of legal knowledge and brilliancy of fancy, is surpassed by none, in distinctness of conception, in method, precision, and the powers of elucidation.

The following likeness, my dear H., which is to conclude my sketches of the Newyork bar, must necessarily be faint in comparison with the original. The character of John Wells, who is the youngest lawyer of eminence in the city, is universally admired for its bold outlines—its powerful and expressive features. To a countenance illumined by the rays of superior intelligence, and an eye of great fire and penetration, he adds a peculiarity of manner which distinguishes him from every other member of the bar, and instantly attracts the notice of a foreigner. There is about him a Roman dignity and severity of manner, which inspires general respect, repels intrusion, and overawes impertinence. A severity, however, which indicates neither moroseness nor insensibility; which, in the hours of convivial mirth, or at the fire side of social elegance, relaxes into mildness and urbanity.

To an understanding naturally vigorous, Mr. Wells unites a heart guided in all its actions, by the strictest notions of integrity and honour. His sense of propriety is too nice to suffer him to become an indiscriminate advocate, and his mind too elevated to descend to the mean equivocations and paltry finesses so common to his profession.

Mr. Wells is less celebrated for the powers of his imagination than the comprehensive energy of his mind—less preeminent for readiness of apprehension, than depth of thinking, powers of abstraction, accuracy of judgment, and closeness of reason-

ing. His mind less acute in its perceptions than either Mr. Hoffman's or Emmett's, is capable of the most intense labour, and formed for that deep research, which never falters in its course, till it has made itself complete master of every point in controversy. His ordinary speeches evince strength and clearness of intellect: his more elaborate and finished, great compass of thought, conciseness of reasoning, and perspicuity of diction. He joins copiousness to precision, and energy of expression to felicity of illustration.

So lucid is Mr. Wells in his arguments, that the mind, whilst it is enabled to take a commanding view of the whole subject, and of tracing the connection and dependance of its parts, is inclined to yield a ready assent to the force and justness of his conclusions. His manners at the bar, are easy and dignified, though at times overbearing. His voice is full, harmonious and distinct; his delivery flowing, energetic, and accompanied with appropriate and forcible gesticulation. His elocution, manly and vigorous, is no less powerful and impressive in its effects, than his reasoning is nervous and cogent: though he seldom rises into a bold and figurative strain of eloquence, he never sinks into meanness or puerility of expression. The vigorous conciseness of his style seldom degenerates into obscurity, or its energy into harshness.

The admirers and advocates of simple eloquence, and its severe graces, are inclined to elevate Mr. Wells, young as he is, to the very head of his profession. This is, perhaps, placing him on too proud an eminence; yet it can scarcely admit of a doubt, but that in the full expansion of his powers, he will not only rise to an equality with his present competitors, but hold a conspicuous station among the illustrious few, who have added splendour and dignity to the profession.

## LETTER V.

*Newyork, Oct. 9.*

DEAR SIR,

It is generally admitted, that polite literature in this city, is far from keeping pace with the other branches of human know-

ledge. The mercantile pursuits of this enterprising people, are calculated to dampen the ardour, and check the enterprise of literary ambition. Yet, in despite of accumulated obstacles, a few have earnestly pressed forward in the career of letters, and established a high character for the vigour and brilliancy of their powers. Among the most prominent of these stand the family of the I\*\*\*\*gs. All its members are characterised by strong and peculiar traits of genius. They all possess great vivacity of feeling, luxuriance of fancy, and talents for satire. W. I\*\*\*\*g, who stands at the head of American wits, is endued with a keen and intuitive perception, a taste the most delicate and refined, a humour rich and playful, and a mind stored with brilliant conceptions and ludicrous combinations of images. Enclosed I send you his *Salmagundi* and *Knickerbocker*, works which lash with sportive severity the reigning follies of the day, which abound in fine touches of humour, and sparkle with the brightest corruscations of wit.

The mental powers of this elegant satirist, were early ripened into excellence. Premature exuberance of genius, so frequently portending sterility, was, in this instance, the forerunner of a rich and fruitful harvest. Mr. I\*\*\*\*g's acquirements in polite literature are as extensive, as his imagination is bounding and excursive: his intellectual features bold, yet finely proportioned, like the *Apollo* of *Belvidere*, unite firmness to delicacy, and strength to elegance.

In his manners to strangers reserved, and occasionally labouring under slight embarrassment: he is easy, open, affable and communicative to the companions of his social hours. In colloquial entertainments, his wit seldom, as might naturally be expected, flashes on the brain or kindles the heart into merriment. Deficient in readiness of expression, his words follow at a distance the celerity of his conceptions. In his strictures on the fine arts, and his reflections on men and manners, he displays a knowledge of polite learning and of human nature, extensive, critical, and just.

The following observations, which Dr. Johnson applies to our countryman Addison, are extremely apposite to the subject of the present remarks. "It appears from his various pictures of life, that he had conversed with many distinct classes of men, and

marked with great acuteness the effects of different modes of life. He was a man in whose presence nothing reprehensible was out of danger, quick in discerning what was wrong or ridiculous, and not unwilling to expose it. Though his pleasure was rather to detect follies, than crimes, more to excite merriment than detestation." To this picture I may add with truth, that Mr. I., though less elevated in the scale of intellect than Addison, yet possesses a large portion of his acute sensibility, fine powers of imagination, delicate raillery, and exquisite humour.

Mr. I. is of the middle stature, slender and graceful. To a countenance of varied expression, winning and attractive, he adds an eye of peculiar lustre; penetrating, romantic, and thoughtful.

The remaining sketches which I shall offer you, my dear H., from my comparatively limited knowledge of the originals, must necessarily be rough and imperfect. Mr. B\*\*\*\*t, to whom I was introduced shortly after my arrival in this city, is a sweet poet, and a man of genius. His taste is refined, discriminating, and elegant. His conversation is enriched by information drawn from the most finished productions of human wit, and the native stores of his own mind, glows with fancy and sparkles with sentiment. To manners graceful, open, and insinuating, he unites a disposition winning and benevolent. I have seldom met with a more agreeable and entertaining companion. Indeed I know no American who has excited in my breast higher sentiments of esteem or warmer feelings of friendship.

Mr. I. P\*\*\*\*\*g writes with ease, sprightliness, and force. His compositions display varied knowledge, and abound with vivid and vigorous descriptions. With an imagination rapid and creative, that wantons in the agreeable and luxuriant fields of fiction, he combines vigour of conception, solidity of judgment, and a rich vein of caustic humour.

Mr. G\*\*\*\*\*n C. V\*\*\*\*\*k, though less eminent than Mr. I\*\*\*\*g, in the walks of wit and humour, holds a respectable standing in the republic of letters. As the effusions of his genius, are chiefly anonymous, and confined to periodical publications, his intellectual powers are but partially known and appreciated. For a young man, his classical attainments and general knowledge are extensive and profound. The productions which are gene-

rally attributed to his pen, bear the marks of a sagacious understanding, and cultivated taste. His intellectual eye is clear, penetrating, and eminently adapted to the detection of faults. With a genius rather discriminative than comprehensive, severe than graceful, his writings are chiefly characterised by soundness of thinking, and vigorous perspicuity of style. His critical strictures, (which form the basis of his reputation,) display acuteness of perception, accuracy of judgment, extent of knowledge, a ready command of language, galling severity of animadversion, and strong powers of irony.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### PARTICULARS OF THE DEATH OF CAPT. LEWIS.

THE following letter, from the author of *American Ornithology*, while on his late western expedition in search of new subjects for his elegant publication, has excited much interest in the private circles to which it has hitherto been confined, and for which alone it was originally intended. The writer has yielded to our solicitations for its appearance here; and the reader of taste and feeling, will find *both* gratified, by the perusal of this simple, and, in some parts, affecting narrative.

*Natchez, Mississippi Ter., May 28th, 1811.*

DEAR SIR,

ABOUT three weeks ago I wrote you from Nashville, inclosing three sheets of drawings, which I hope you have received.\* I was at that time on the point of setting out for St. Louis; but being detained a week by constant and heavy rains, and considering that it would add four hundred miles to my journey, and detain me at least a month; and the season being already far advanced and no subscribers to be expected there, I abandoned the idea, and prepared for a journey through the wilderness. I was advised by many not to attempt it alone; that the Indians were dangerous, the swamps and rivers almost impassable without assistance, and a thousand other hobgoblins were conjured up to dissuade me from going *alone*. But I weighed all these matters in my own mind; and attributing a great deal of this to vulgar fears and exagger-

\* These drawings, we are informed, never came to hand.

rated reports, I equipt myself for the attempt. I rode an excellent horse, on whom I could depend; I had a loaded pistol in each pocket, a loaded musket belted across my shoulder, a pound of gunpowder in my flask, and five pound of shot in my belt. I bought some biscuit and dried beef, and on Friday morning, May 4th, I left Nashville. About half a mile from town I observed a poor negro with *two* wooden legs building himself a cabin in the woods. Supposing that this journey might afford you and my friends some amusement I kept a particular account of the various occurrences, and shall transcribe some of the most interesting, omitting every thing relative to my Ornithological excursions and discoveries as more suitable for another occasion. Eleven miles from Nashville I came to the Great Harpath, a stream of about fifty yards, which was running with great violence. I could not discover the entrance of the ford, owing to the rains and inundations. There was no time to be lost, I plunged in, and almost immediately my horse was swimming. I set his head aslant the current, and being strong, he soon landed me on the other side. As the weather was warm, I rode in my wet clothes without any inconvenience. The country to day was a perpetual succession of steep hills and low bottoms; I crossed ten or twelve large creeks, one of which swam my horse, where he was near being entangled among some bad drift wood. Now and then a solitary farm opened from the woods, where the negro children were running naked about the yards. I also passed along the north side of a high hill, where the whole timber had been prostrated by some terrible hurricane. I lodged this night in a miner's, who told me he had been engaged in forming no less than thirteen companies for hunting mines, all of whom had left him. I advised him to follow his farm as the surest vein of ore he could work. Next day (Saturday) I first observed the cane growing, which increased until the whole woods were full of it. The road this day winded along the high ridges of mountains that divide the waters of the Cumberland from those of the Tennessee. I passed few houses to day; but met several parties of boatmen returning from Natchez and New-Orleans; who gave me such an account of the road, and the difficulties they had met with, as served to stiffen my resolution to be pre-



pared for every thing. These men were as dirty as Hottentots; their dress a shirt and trowsers of canvass, black, greasy, and sometimes in tatters; the skin burnt wherever exposed to the sun; each with a budget, wrapt up in an old blanket; their beards, eighteen days old, added to the singularity of their appearance, which was altogether savage. These people came from the various tributary streams of the Ohio, hired at forty or fifty dollars a trip, to return back on their own expenses. Some had upwards of eight hundred miles to travel. When they come to a stream that is unfordable, they coast it for a fallen tree: if that cannot be had, they enter with their budgets on their heads, and when they lose bottom, drop it on their shoulders, and take to swimming. They have sometimes fourteen or fifteen of such streams to pass in a day, and morasses of several miles in length, that I have never seen equalled in any country. I lodged this night in one Dobbins's, where ten or twelve of these men lay on the floor. As they scrambled up in the morning, they very generally complained of being unwell, for which they gave an odd reason, lying *within doors*, it being the first of fifteen nights they had been so indulged. Next morning (Sunday) I rode six miles to a man's of the name of Grinder, where our poor friend Lewis perished. In the same room where he expired, I took down from Mrs. Grinder the particulars of that melancholy event, which affected me extremely. This house or cabin is seventy-two miles from Nashville, and is the last white man's as you enter the Indian country. Governor Lewis, she said, came there about sun-set, alone, and inquired if he could stay for the night; and, alighting, brought his saddle into the house. He was dressed in a loose gown, white, striped with blue. On being asked if he came alone, he replied that there were two servants behind, who would soon be up. He called for some spirits, and drank a very little. When the servants arrived, one of whom was a negro, he inquired for his powder, saying he was sure he had some powder in a canister. The servant gave no distinct reply, and Lewis, in the mean while, walked backwards and forwards before the door, talking to himself. Sometimes, she said, he would seem as if he were walking up to her; and would suddenly wheel round, and walk back as fast as he could. Supper being ready he sat down, but had not eat but a few mouth-

fuls when he started up, speaking to himself in a violent manner. At these times, she says, she observed his face to flush as if it had come on him in a fit. He lighted his pipe, and drawing a chair to the door sat down, saying to Mrs. Grinder, in a kind tone of voice, "Madam this is a very pleasant evening." He smoked for some time, but quitted his seat and traversed the yard as before. He again sat down to his pipe, seemed again composed, and casting his eyes wishfully towards the west, observed what a sweet evening it was. Mrs. Grinder was preparing a bed for him; but he said he would sleep on the floor, and desired the servant to bring the bear skins and buffaloe robe, which were immediately spread out for him; and it being now dusk the woman went off to the kitchen, and the two men to the barn, which stands about two hundred yards off. The kitchen is only a few paces from the room where Lewis was, and the woman being considerably alarmed by the behaviour of her guest could not sleep, but listened to him walking backwards and forwards, she thinks, for several hours, and talking aloud, as she said, "like a lawyer." She then heard the report of a pistol, and something fall heavily on the floor, and the words "*O Lord!*" Immediately afterwards she heard another pistol, and in a few minutes she heard him at her door calling out "*O madam! give me some water, and heal my wounds.*" The logs being open, and unplastered, she saw him stagger back and fall against a stump that stands between the kitchen and room. He crawled for some distance, raised himself by the side of a tree, where he sat about a minute. He once more got to the room; afterwards he came to the kitchen door, but did not speak; she then heard him scraping the bucket with a gourd for water; but it appears that this cooling element was denied the dying man! As soon as day broke and not before, the terror of the woman having permitted him to remain for two hours in this most deplorable situation, she sent two of her children to the barn, her husband not being at home, to bring the servants; and on going in they found him lying on the bed; he uncovered his side and shewed them where the bullet had entered; a piece of the forehead was blown off, and had exposed the brains, without having bled much. He begged they would take his rifle and blow out his brains, and he would give

them all the money he had in his trunk. He often said, "I am no coward; but I am *so strong, so hard to die.*" He begg'd the servant not to be afraid of him, for that he would not hurt him. He expired in about two hours, or just as the sun rose above the trees. He lies buried close by the common path, with a few loose rails thrown over his grave. I gave Grinder money to put a post fence round it, to shelter it from the hogs, and from the wolves; and he gave me his written promise he would do it. I left this place in a very melancholy mood, which was not much allayed by the prospect of the gloomy and savage wilderness which I was just entering alone.

My thoughts dwelt with sad, but unavailing regret, on the fate of my unfortunate friend; and I endeavoured to give vent to the despondence of my mind in the following verses, which I wished to dedicate to his memory.

Far hence be each accusing thought!  
Let tears of silent sorrow flow;  
Pale Pity consecrates the spot  
Where poor lost LEWIS now lies low!

This lonely grave—this bed of clay,  
Neglected—dug the pathway near;  
Unfenc'd from midnight beasts of prey,  
Excites Affliction's bitterest tear.

The soldier brave, of dauntless heart,  
The chief belov'd, the comrade dear;  
Of honour'd worth the mortal part  
Moulders in sacred silence here.

His was the peril, glory, pride,  
First of his country to explore  
Whence vast Missouri's currents glide,  
Where white man never trod before.

Her roaring cataracts he scal'd,  
Her mountains of eternal snow;  
There his brave band the rivers hail'd  
That westward to the ocean flow.

Subdu'd by boldness, and amazed  
At daring deeds unknown before,  
The hordes of Indian warriors gaz'd,  
And loved them for the hearts they bore.

Far down Columbia's foamy steeps,  
He led his brave adventurous band;  
Plough'd the PACIFIC's billowy deeps,  
And stood triumphant on the strand!

Twice fourteen months of perils past,  
Again the Alpine snows they spurn;  
Their country opes to view at last,  
And millions welcome their return.

The learned, on Europe's distant lands,  
With joy the great arrival hail;  
And Fame on tip-toe ready stands  
To spread the wonders of their tale.

O sad reverse! O mournful end  
Of this high destiny so dear!  
He, the lov'd chieftain of their band,  
Fell, friendless and unhonoured here!

The anguish that his soul assailed,  
The dark despair that round him flew,  
No eye, save that of Heaven, beheld;  
None but unfeeling strangers knew.

Bereav'd of Hope's sweet angel form,  
Griefs rose on griefs, and fears on fear;  
Poor Reason perish'd in the storm,  
And Desperation triumphed here!

Fast pour'd the purple streams of life,  
His burning lips one drop did crave;  
Abandon'd, midst this bloody strife,  
He sank, unfriended, to the grave.

Unhappy youth! here rest thy head,  
Beloved, lamented by the brave;  
Though silent deserts round thee spread,  
And wild beasts trample o'er thy grave.

Here reap that peace life could not give;  
But while thy own Missouri flows,  
Thy name, dear LEWIS, still shall live,  
And ages yet lament thy woes.

Lone as these solitudes appear,  
Wide as this wilderness is spread,  
Affection's steps shall linger here,  
To breathe her sorrows o'er the dead.

The Indian hunter, slow and sad,  
Who wanders with his rifle near,  
With solemn awe shall hither tread,  
To mourn a brother hunter here.

The pilgrim boatman on his way,  
Shall start this humble grave to view;  
"*Here Lewis lies!*" he'll mournful say,  
While tears his manly cheeks bedew.

Far hence be each accusing thought!  
With his my kindred tears shall flow;  
Pale Pity consecrates the spot,  
Where poor lost LEWIS now lies low!

I was roused from this melancholy reverie by the roaring of Buffaloe river, which I forded with considerable difficulty. I passed two or three solitary Indian's huts in the course of the day, with a few acres of open land at each; but so wretchedly cultivated that they just make out to raise corn enough to keep in existence. They pointed me out the distances by holding up their fingers. This is the country of the Chickasaws, though erroneously laid down in some maps as that of the Cherokees. I slept this night in one of their huts; the Indians spread a deer skin for me on the floor, I made a pillow of my portmanteau,

and slept tolerably well; the old Indian laid himself down near me. On Monday morning I rode fifteen miles, and stopt at an Indian's to feed my horse. The sight of my perokeet brought the whole family around me. The women are generally naked from the middle upwards; and their heads, in many instances, being rarely combed, look like a large mop; they have a yard or two of blue cloth wrapt round by way of petticoat, that reaches to their knees—the boys were generally naked; except a kind of bag of blue cloth by way of *fig-leaf*. Some of the women have a short jacket with sleeves drawn over their naked body, and the rag of a blanket is a general appendage. I met to day two officers of the U. S. army, who gave me a more intelligent account of the road than I had received. I passed through many bad swamps to day; and about five in the evening came to the banks of the Tennessee, which was swelled by the rains, and is about half a mile wide thirty miles below the muscleshoals, and just below a long island laid down in your small map. A growth of canes of twenty and thirty feet high covers the low bottoms; and these cane swamps are the gloomiest and desolate looking places imaginable. I hailed for the boat as long as it was light, without effect; I then sought out a place to encamp, kindled a large fire, stript the canes for my horse, eat a bit of supper, and lay down to sleep; listening to the owls and the *Chuck-Wills-Widow*, a kind of *Whip-poor-Will*, that is very numerous here. I got up several times during the night to recruit my fire, and see how my horse did; and, but for the gnats, would have slept tolerably well. These gigantic woods have a singular effect by the light of a large fire; the whole scene being circumscribed by impenetrable darkness, except that in front where every leaf is strongly defined and deeply shaded. In the morning I hunted until about six, when I again renewed my shoutings for the boat, and it was not until near eleven that it made its appearance. I was so enraged at this delay that had I not been cumbered with baggage, I believe I should have ventured to swim it. I vented my indignation on the owner, who is a half breed, threatening to publish him in the papers, and advise every traveller I met to take the upper ferry. This man charges one dollar for man and horse, and

thinks, because he is a chief, he may do in this way what he pleases. The country now assumed a new appearance; no brush wood—no fallen or rotten timber; one could see a mile through the woods, which were covered with high grass fit for mowing. These woods are burnt every spring, and thus are kept so remarkably clean that they look like the most elegant noblemens' parks. A profusion of flowers, altogether new to me, and some of them very elegant, presented themselves to my view as I rode along. This must be a heavenly place for the botanist. The most noticeable of these flowers was a kind of Sweet William of all tints, from white to the deepest crimson. A superb Thistle, the most beautiful I had ever seen. A species of Passion flower very beautiful. A stately plant of the Sunflower family—the button of the deepest orange, and the radiating petals bright carmine, the breadth of the flower about four inches. A large white flower like a deer's tail. Great quantities of the Sensitive plant, that shrunk instantly on being touched, covered the ground in some places. Almost every flower was new to me, except the Carolina pink-root, and Columbo, which grew in abundance on every side. At Bear creek, which is a large and rapid stream, I first observed the Indian boys with their *Blow-guns*. These are tubes of cane seven feet long, and perfectly straight when well made. The arrows are made of slender slips of cane, twisted, and straightened before the fire, and covered for several inches at one end with the down of thistles in a spiral form, so as just to enter the tube. By a puff they can send these with such violence as to enter the body of a partridge twenty yards off. I set several of them a hunting birds by promises of reward, but not one of them could succeed. I also tried some of them myself, but found them generally defective in straightness. I met six parties of boatmen to-day, and many straggling Indians, and encamped about sun-set near a small brook, where I shot a turkey, and on returning to my fire found four boatmen, who stayed with me all night, and helped to pick the bones of the turkey. In the morning I heard them gobbling all round me, but not wishing to leave my horse, having no great faith in my guests' honesty, I proceeded on my journey. This day (Wednesday) I passed through the most horrid

swamps I had ever seen. These are covered with a prodigious growth of canes, and high woods, which together, shut out almost the whole light of day for miles. The banks of the deep and sluggish creeks that occupy the centre are precipitous, where I had often to plunge my horse seven feet down, into a bed of deep clay up to his belly; from which nothing but great strength and exertion could have rescued him; the opposite shore was equally bad, and beggars all description. For an extent of several miles, on both sides of these creeks, the darkness of night obscures every object around. On emerging from one of the worst of these I met General Wade Hampton, with two servants, and a pack horse, going, as he said, towards Nashville. I told him of the mud campaign immediately before him; I was covered with mire and wet, and I thought he looked somewhat serious at the difficulties he was about to engage. He has been very sick lately. About half an hour before sun-set, being within sight of the Indian's where I intended to lodge, the evening being perfectly clear and calm, I laid the reins on my horse's neck, to listen to a Mocking Bird, the first I had heard in the Western country, which, perched on the top of a dead tree before the door, was pouring out a torrent of melody. I think I never heard so excellent a performer. I had alighted, and was fastening my horse, when hearing the report of a rifle immediately beside me, I looked up and saw the poor Mocking Bird fluttering to the ground. One of the savages had marked his elevation, and barbarously shot him. I hastened over into the yard, and walking up to him, told him that was bad, very bad! That this poor bird had come from a far distant country to sing to him, and that in return, he had cruelly killed him. I told him the Great Spirit was offended at such cruelty, and that he would lose many a deer for doing so. The old Indian, father-in-law to the bird-killer, understanding by the negro interpreter what I said, replied, that when these birds come singing and making a noise all day near the house, *somebody will surely die*—which is exactly what an old superstitious German near Hampton in Virginia once told me. This fellow had married the two eldest daughters of the old Indian, and presented one of them with the bird he had killed. The next day I passed



through the Chickasaw *Big-town*, which stands on the high open plain that extends through their country three or four miles in breadth by fifteen in length. Here and there you perceive little groups of miserable huts, formed of saplings, and plastered with mud and clay; about these are generally a few peach and plumb trees. Many ruins of others stand scattered about, and I question whether there were twenty inhabited huts within the whole range of view. The ground was red with strawberries; and the boatmen were seen in straggling parties feasting on them. Now and then a solitary Indian wrapt in his blanket passed sullen and silent. On this plain are beds of shells of a large species of clam, some of which are almost entire. I this day stopt at the house of a white man, who had two Indian wives, and a hopeful string of young savages, all in their fig-leaves; not one of them could speak a word of English. This man was by birth a Virginian, and had been forty years among the Chickasaws. His countenance and manners were savage and worse than Indian. I met many parties of boatmen to day, and crossed a number of bad swamps. The woods continued to exhibit the same open luxuriant appearance, and at night I lodged at a white man's, who has also two wives, and a numerous progeny of young savages. Here I met with a lieutenant of the U. S. army, anxiously inquiring for General Hampton. On Friday the same open woods continued; I met several parties of Indians, and passed two or three of their hamlets. At one of these were two fires in the yard, and at each eight or ten Indians, men and women squat on the ground. In these hamlets there is generally one house built of a circular form, and plastered thickly all over without, and within with clay. This they call a *hok house*, and it is the general winter quarters of the hamlet in cold weather. Here they all kennel, and having neither window nor place for the smoke to escape, it must be a sweet place while forty or fifty of them have it in occupancy. Round some of these hamlets were great droves of cattle, horses, and hogs. I lodged this night on the top of a hill far from water, and suffered severely for thirst. On Saturday I passed a number of most execrable swamps, the weather was extremely warm, and I had been attacked by something like the dysentery, which oc-

casioned a constant burning thirst, and weakened me greatly. I stopt this day frequently to wash my head and throat in the water to allay the burning thirst, and putting on my hat, without wiping, received considerable relief from it. Since crossing the Tennessee the woods have been interspersed with pine, and the soil has become more sandy. This day I met a captain Hughes, a traveller, on his return from Santa Fee. My complaint increased so much that I could scarcely sit on horseback, and all night my mouth and throat were parched with a burning thirst and fever. On Sunday I bought some raw eggs which I ate. I repeated the dose at mid-day and towards evening, and found great benefit from this simple remedy. I inquired all along the road for fresh eggs, and for nearly a week made them almost my sole food, till I completed my cure. The water in these cane swamps is little better than poison, and under the heat of a burning sun and the fatigues of travelling it is difficult to repress the urgent calls of thirst. On the Wednesday following, I was assailed by a tremendous storm of rain, wind, and lightning, until I and my horse were both blinded with the deluge, and unable to go on. I sought the first most open place, and dismounting stood for half an hour under the most profuse heavenly *shower-bath* I ever enjoyed. The roaring of the storm was terrible; several trees around me were broken off and torn up by the roots, and those that stood were bent almost to the ground: limbs of trees of several hundred weight flew past within a few yards of me, and I was astonished how I escaped. I would rather take my chance in a field of battle, than in such a tornado again.

On the 14th day of my journey, at noon, I arrived at this place, having overcome every obstacle, alone, and without being acquainted with the country; and what surprised the boatmen more, *without whiskey*. On an average I met from forty to sixty boatmen every day returning from this place and New Orleans. The Chickasaws are a friendly, inoffensive people, and the Chactaws though more reserved, are equally harmless. Both of them treated me with civility, though I several times had occasion to pass through their camps, where many of them were drunk. The peroquet which I carried with me was a continual fund of

amusement to all ages of these people; and as they crowded around to look at it, gave me an opportunity of studying their physiognomies without breach of good manners.

In thus hastily running over the particulars of this journey, I am obliged to omit much that would amuse and interest you; but my present situation, a noisy tavern, crowded in every corner, even in the room where I write, with the sons of riot and dissipation, prevents me from enlarging on particulars. I could also have wished to give you some account of this place, and of the celebrated Mississippi, of which you have heard so much. On these subjects, however, I can at present only offer you the following slight sketch, taken the morning after my arrival here.

The best view of this place and surrounding scenery, is from the old Spanish fort on the south side of the town, about a quarter of a mile distant. From this high point, looking up the river, Natchez lies on your right, a mingled group of green trees and white and red houses, occupying an uneven plain, much washed into ravines, rising as it recedes from the bluff or high precipitous bank of the river. There is, however, neither steeple, cupola nor distinguished object to add interest to its appearance. The country beyond it to the right is thrown up into the same irregular knolls; and at the distance of a mile, in the same direction, you have a peep of some cultivated farms bounded by the general forest. On your left you look down at a depth of two or three hundred feet, on the river, winding majestically to the south; the intermediate space exhibiting wild perpendicular precipices of brown earth. This part of the river and shore is the general rendezvous of all the arks or Kentucky boats, several hundreds of which are at present lying moored there, loaded with the produce of the thousand shores of this noble river. The busy multitudes below present a perpetually varying picture of industry; and the noise and uproar, softened by the distance, with the continual crowing of the poultry with which many of these arks are filled, produce cheerful and exhilarating ideas. The majestic Mississippi, swelled by his ten thousand tributary streams of a pale brown colour, half a mile wide, and spotted with trunks of trees, that show the different threads of the current and its numerous eddies,

bears his depth of water past in silent grandeur. Seven gun-boats anchored at equal distances along the stream, with their ensigns displayed, add to the effect. A few scattered houses are seen on the low opposite shore, where a narrow strip of cleared land exposes the high gigantic trunks of some dead-ened timber that bound the woods. The whole country beyond the Mississippi, from south round to west, and north, presents to the eye one universal level ocean of forest, bounded only by the horizon. So perfect is this vast level that not a leaf seems to rise above the plain, as if shorn by the hands of heaven. At this moment, while I write, a terrific thunder storm, with all its towering assemblage of black alpine clouds, discharging living lightning in every direction, overhangs this vast level, and gives a magnificence and sublime effect to the whole.

Farewell,

And God bless you, my dear friend!

ALEXANDER WILSON.

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## MEMOIRS OF HAYTI.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### LETTER XXI.

*The Cape, May, 1806.*

THE task I have imposed upon myself, in a promise to present you with a faithful narration of the events which occur in this island, now calls upon me to communicate the particulars of a very melancholy transaction which has lately taken place. Another fatal blow has been aimed at the unfortunate whites, and a Frenchman now scarcely exists in Hayti.

After the widely extended massacre of March and April 1804, described upon a former occasion, it was discovered that many of the wretched individuals who had been devoted to destruction, had escaped the general carnage; some by concealment, others by disguising themselves as people of colour, and many by the humanity of native officers and citizens, who generously afford-

ed them protection. A number also were preserved by the cruel Dessalines himself, as persons whose talents would be of service to the state.

After the fury of the governor-general, for Dessalines was not at that time emperor, had subsided, and the troops wearied with murders and sated with blood, had reposed themselves to riot in the delightful fruits of their rapine, the miserable whites appear, and are suffered to exist. The Cape, to which my observations will be chiefly confined, contained about three hundred men, women, and children, and the whole Haytian dominions probably from six to eight hundred.

It has been mentioned that prior to the above noticed eventful period, great pains were taken by the Haytian government to prevent the emigration of the French inhabitants, and that so extremely vigilant were they, that very few instances occurred wherein an attempt to escape had been attended with success. After the massacre, this same system of prohibition and *cajonage* was adhered to, and to render the diabolical views of Dessalines more certain of accomplishment, after he was declared emperor, he commanded that all the whites remaining in the various seaport towns, should be sent into the interior, to assist in the labours of the fortifications. Christophe, confident of the entire competency of his system of police at the Cape, to detect any dissatisfied individuals who should meditate their escape, overlooked the orders of his majesty, and permitted those who resided in the town, to continue there, and pursue their accustomed occupations for support. In this state of things, time rolled on in apparent tranquillity, until the date of the memorable and distressing occurrence, I am about to describe.

On Easter Sunday, the sixth of April, the general in chief having recently removed to a new and spacious mansion, situate on the *place d'armes*, gave a sumptuous breakfast to his officers and friends, which was succeeded in the evening by a splendid ball and supper. To the latter were invited by madame Christophe, a considerable number of the most respectable French ladies and gentlemen of the place, with some of whom she was in habits of intimacy, and a few Americans. The day and night passed off with great hilarity, and had you seen the sociability and

good-fellowship displayed between the sable officers and their white companions, you could scarcely have doubted its sincerity.

Early on the following morning, a journeyman in the employ of a taylor named *Thoret*, on going to his daily occupation, discovered that his employer, with his wife, child, and mother-in-law, were absent from their house. Immediate information of this circumstance was lodged with the commandant of the place, who instantly examined into the report, and finding it to be true, communicated it in haste to the general in chief. The commissaries of the different wards or sections of the town, who were a body of spies to watch over the actions of the whites, were without delay despatched through their respective districts, and in the course of an hour discovered that Roulet a physician, and two merchants of the names of *Poujebat* and *Lac-farge* had also disappeared.

As few instances of escape had hitherto occurred, but by means of American vessels, suspicion was immediately attached to them, particularly to the schooner *Ceres* of Philadelphia, which was to have sailed on that, or the succeeding day. Christophe went upon the wharf in person, and ordered a guard to march to prison all the people who were there collected, including in the number several American captains and sailors. From the violent rage and fury displayed upon this occasion by the black general, the Americans perceived themselves to be in a very critical situation. It appeared to us highly probable, that the fugitives were concealed on board of some of the vessels in the harbour, and we were satisfied that should they be discovered, the immediate execution of the captain, consignee, or some of the crew would assuredly follow. Christophe stood before us on the wharf, raving like a madman; as some of the Americans approached to speak to him, he repulsed them, and at one time pointing to the scale beam on which the unfortunate Tate was hung, pronounced the awful decree—"this day an American shall suffer." His conduct was of so savage a nature that even his most intimate friends among the blacks, did not dare to converse with him, and all others kept out of his reach, when they saw him display the strength of his arm and the weight of his bludgeon upon the head of a poor negro who happened to come

too near his excellency. The whole town was in commotion. The French inhabitants trembled as they anticipated the consequences—the well disposed natives commiserated their situation, and lamented the vindictive rage of their chief—whilst the savage part of the community joined in invectives against the Americans. Wherever we appeared we were insulted, and some of those officers who had formerly been our frequent associates, would not notice us as they passed, but with sneers and insinuations that we had much to fear.

In this alarming state of things, we were, by the command of the general, summoned to assemble at the house of the interpreter, who there addressed us in the following language—"The general knows that those people are concealed on board of some of your vessels: it will be for your interest to deliver them up, and the general promises if that be done, immediately, no further measures shall be pursued." What could we say?—Each individual could assert his own innocence, but was still in doubtful anxiety; for although the proposition had the semblance of being a fair and honourable one, it was not entirely regarded as sincere; the merchant was fearful that his captain might have been acting imprudently, and the captain was apprehensive that his crew had brought him into difficulty. The plan failing, for we all denied any knowledge of the affair, another mode of discovery was adopted. The crews of all the vessels, with the exception of one man or boy in each, to the number of about *three hundred* individuals, were taken out and marched to the common jail, where they were confined, whilst the commandant of the place, with his guard of *gens d'armes*, visited and searched every vessel in the harbour.

It is worthy of remark, that Christophe, whose rage continued for several days unabated, was frequently heard to exclaim in fits of phrenzy—"what shall I say to the emperor?" As above stated, he had neglected to conform to his majesty's orders, in not sending the whites into the country, and he very much feared his displeasure. He however instantly despatched one of his aids to the seat of government with the information, and an embargo was laid upon all vessels in the port, and continued until his return.

The residue of Easter-week was employed in removing out of town all the remaining French inhabitants, and as the real method of the escape had not yet been ascertained, the Americans were still considered as the offenders, and though no proof of our being even accessory to the affair could be adduced, we were still insulted in the streets, and sometimes by the soldiers saluted with the modest appellation of *dogs*. The unfortunate whites suspected pretty strongly, that the motives for their journey into the country were not of a very charitable character; but few of them, I presume, anticipated so early a dissolution as they were doomed to experience.

One of the first steps adopted after the discovery of the flight of the above mentioned party, was to arrest the mistresses of three of the Frenchmen. The colour of these ladies, which was brown, afforded them no protection against the infuriate vengeance of Christophe; for on their refusing, or being unable to give any account of their friends, they were sent to prison and fettered with irons; nor could all the entreaties of the general's lady and her associates, move the obdurate chief to a sentiment of lenity. They were detained in confinement with scarcely the necessaries of life, until their oppressor became in some degree persuaded, that they were not instrumental in facilitating the departure of the fugitives. The American sailors were only detained in prison until the evening of the day succeeding the disturbance; and, indeed, it was a fortunate circumstance for themselves, as well as for all their countrymen in the island, that they were so soon liberated. Their pride was so mortified at receiving such servile treatment from men whose complexion they had ever been accustomed to regard as inferior to their own, that they had entered into a combination to effect their escape on the following night, even if the lives of the prison guards were to be sacrificed in the attempt. Had such an imprudent intention been carried into execution, with the loss of any Haytian lives, it is probable that not an American in the island would have escaped the ungovernable fury of the people.

In the course of a few days, when the public feeling had in some measure subsided, and the clamour of the populace become moderated, it was ascertained that the fugitive whites had



been seen on Easter Sunday passing the barrier and ferry which were on the road to the Plain, separately, and some of them on horseback as if taking an afternoon's ride—that a boat which had been purchased by a Frenchman from the captain of an American vessel wrecked on the coast, was missing, and that a negro man belonging to the town had disappeared. From this combination of circumstances, added to the discovery of some tracks on the sand, near which a saddled horse was found, it was finally concluded that the party had, during the night, met and embarked near Petite Ance, about half a league from the town, and that their intention was to pursue the coast eastwardly towards Samana, and thence to the city of Santa Domingo, both of which places were in possession of the French.

It was certainly a *chef d'œuvre* in the fortunate fugitives, to conduct their scheme with so much secrecy and caution, that not the least suspicion was entertained of their intentions, and to have selected a moment when all the officers were engaged in dissipation and revel.

The general having been informed that the four men who had escaped were freemasons, at once conceived an idea that the lodge which then held its meetings at the Cape, had been instrumental in their flight, and without any investigation upon the subject, went with his aids-de-camp to the hall, which was a neat and beautiful building, and demolished its interior. He divided the furniture among his aids—tore up the marble pavement of the piazza—carried off the Venetian window shutters—laid claim to the funds of the institution, which were in the treasurer's hands—and finally ordered, that no lodge should again be permitted to sit at the Cape. This conduct of Christophe soon became known at the Imperial court, when the secretaries, ministers and officers near his majesty, who were most of them masons, represented to Dessalines, that his general in chief had been guilty of a crime of no ordinary character, in disturbing the harmony of one of the most laudable institutions. The emperor, though not of the order, severely reprimanded Christophe, who, by the by, only a month or two before, was himself upon the eve of becoming a member of the craft.

When this undignified conduct of the general's was known, a Frenchman named Ambroise, who had been preserved by the government, on account of his talents as an engineer, waited upon his excellency, and told him in firm and bold language, that "he had been guilty of sacrilege in destroying the lodge?" The general becoming furiously enraged, ordered him instantly *to be shot*. "Ay, that's what I desire"—replied the intrepid soldier; "place me before the mouth of one of those cannon, which I have been mounting to satisfy your pride and ambition, and blow me to atoms.—I should glory in the death." But his excellency, on resuming his reflection, recollected that he was too valuable a man to be lost to the state, and simply dismissed him from his presence.

About the period this commotion happened at the Cape, another affair of a similar nature occurred at the city of Dessalines. Eighteen Frenchmen who had been preserved during the general massacre, in consideration of their services, and had been employed at the seat of government in some nice branches of mechanical trades, attempted to effect their escape. One of them, who was a printer, blacked the faces of his comrades, that they might pass for negroes, and in that disguise, they took advantage of the approach of evening, and departed together. Their object was to travel through the interior of the country towards the city of Santa Domingo, that route presenting the greatest security from pursuit in its mountainous and thinly populated districts. But unfortunately, after proceeding a short distance, they fell into a dispute about the choice of roads. *Twelve* were in favour of a bridle path, not much frequented, whilst the remaining *six* were resolved upon pursuing the main road. The former were not overtaken, but the ill-fated minority fell into the hands of a detachment of dragoons on the ensuing day. Two of them were cut to pieces in the encounter that ensued, two of them were disarmed, after a resolute defence, and the other two submitted without resistance. The four survivors were then conducted back to the emperor, who thus addressed them:—"Why have you treated me so basely? Were you not provided for as my children, and had you not as much as you could eat and drink? But again—since you did break

my laws, by attempting to leave me, why did you suffer yourselves to be taken? Did you not know that I would put you to death, if I caught you? Why did you not fight and die like your brave companions?" Two of them replied, that they had fought, but were overpowered—"And *you* two," turning to the others patiently—"Why we knew that we should be vanquished, and concluded to rely upon the clemency of your majesty." "Hang those two cowards instantly," was the Imperial mandate, which was immediately obeyed—The two who fought, were suffered to exist, and were probably restored to their former occupations.

The loss of the *twelve* who had eloped from Marchand, added to the escape of the *seven* from the Cape, exasperated the emperor to so violent a degree, that he instantly decreed the destruction of all the remaining whites. His orders soon reached Christophe, who speedily retired to the Fort Ferrier, after having singled out twelve or fifteen individuals destined for preservation. Some of these were sent to the fort, while others remained in town under the immediate eye of the commandant of the place, who was directed to see that no violence was offered them. With a few exceptions, the other French inhabitants had by this time been removed out of town, but in what direction was not known, for no communication was afterward permitted between them and their friends. This particular period of time was extremely melancholy, and excited to an interesting degree the sympathy of the Americans, when they saw the hopeless state to which many worthy French families were doomed. Their own safety too, was a subject of serious apprehension; for although the government might not be disposed to injure them, the insolent populace, with their wonted propensity to pillage and murder, were highly to be dreaded.

An instance of the mode adopted in some cases, to secure the persons of those who were proscribed, occurred in the presence of a few Americans, and interested our feelings in an especial manner. We were seated one evening at the door of a Haytian neighbour's house, ruminating upon the existing state of affairs, and deploring the situation of the French inhabitants, when an officer, called the adjudant of the place, rode by on horseback, followed by a file of soldiers on foot. He stopped at

the house next to us, where a hatter, a decent peaceable man resided. The poor fellow had retired to bed and was aroused from his sleep by several loud raps at the door, which must have sounded to him like harbingers of death. The man in a short time opened his door, when the officer, addressing him in a fierce and savage-like voice, told him, that he must prepare himself to go to the fort on the following morning at day-light." The wretched victim replied that he would do so, and when he had shut his door, the adjutant ordered one of the soldiers to take his station as sentinel, and suffer no person to leave or enter the house during the night. This was the last that we heard of the poor hatter. His fate was no doubt decided with that of many others of his unfortunate countrymen, in the manner which shall be described in my next communication.

*Note, in 1811.*

After my return to the United States, I understood from a French officer, who had recently arrived from the city of Santa Domingo, that the *twelve* men who left Marchand had arrived at that place, and it afforded me great pleasure to learn, that the *seven* fugitives from the Cape were likewise successful. The following is an extract from a letter written to me by one of them at Newyork in July, 1806. "We embarked between Petite Ance and the ferry in a canoe belonging to a negro fisherman, who conducted us: we experienced all kinds of hardships during four days and four nights we were on board without landing, and we had no provisions but a dozen small sausages, and a barrel of water. Hunger constrained us to go on shore, rather than to die of faintness; twelve leagues from Port-au-platte, we landed at a small creek, and through the woods discovered a Spanish hut, where we were plentifully supplied with food. After twenty-six days of travelling, entirely through the woods, we arrived at Santa Domingo, exhausted with fatigue and hunger. The pleasure of being at liberty enabled us to surmount these difficulties, although, I assure you, it was high time we had arrived. General Ferrand gave us the kindest possible reception."

## GENERAL REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

*(Concluded from page 568, of vol. 6.)*

WE are now to consider a department of poetry, which, but for one luminous and splendid exception, we should regard as a huge waste, a wilderness traversed only by caitiff and ignorant barbarians, undeserving of notice, and incapable of profiting by criticism. We mean Tragedy; which Dryden considered as the most noble occupation of the Muse. We mean not to call up from Limbo Lake the damned ghosts of the wretched productions which have strutted and fretted their hour upon the stage, under the facetious denomination of Melo-dramas; still less the deplorable remnants from the old and established warehouses of Rowe and Congreve, which have aspired to the more dignified appellation of Tragedies. The former have had at least the merit of affording show and spectacle, and might have been tolerably entertaining to the deaf and dumb students of Mr. Braidwood's Academy; while the professed tragedies are destitute of every thing excepting blood and blank verse. In this exalted region of poetry, therefore, JOANNA BAILLIE stands not merely foremost, but altogether unrivalled, not only most distinguished, but alone. How or where the spirit of tragedy has slumbered since the days of Shakspeare and Massinger, of Otway and Southern,—by what chance their successors have waxed dull of heart and feeble of fancy, and unfit to receive the influence which they invoked;—by what strangest of strange dispensations this rich vein of poetry, strong conception of character, and vigorous glow of imagination, have become the portion of a retired, amiable, and unassuming female, is only known to him who inspired the Jael, the Deborah, and the Judith of Scripture. Of the remarkable persons we have named, and of those whose names we are yet to review, we consider Miss Baillie as by far the most wonderful literary phenomenon. In her detail of the more violent passions, there glows through every scene that knowledge of the human heart which is derived from intuitive genius alone, since it could neither be supplied by experience nor by observation. But poetic inspiration, like the wind of heaven,

bloweth where it listeth; and the same dispensation which placeth the heart of a soldier under the rochet of a bishop, and the narrow soul of a fanatic monk in the bosom of a statesman, has invested a sequestered and gentle-tempered woman with a power of analyzing the countless counterpoises and springs of the human passions, denied to sages, who have spent lives in metaphysical study, and to the more practical philosophers, who, mixing with the world, have, "with all appliances and means to boot," observed in courts and camps the secret movements by which distinguished characters and great events are matured, influenced, or achieved. Yet we are obliged to remark, that even the force of miss Baillie's genius might, in the inferior departments of her art, have reaped advantage from a more extended acquaintance with its rules. Fielding has somewhere said of his hero, Tom Jones, that he had natural but not artificial good breeding, and was therefore apt to sin against those arbitrary and conventional regulations of elegant society, which the *beau monde* establishes from time to time, as the by-laws of its own corporation. In like manner, miss Baillie's execution sometimes falls short of her aim, either by her not knowing, or not attending to attributes, which have, by universal consent, whether properly or not, been accounted indispensable to the Drama. She has not hesitated, in *Rayner*, to introduce a drunken negro, and to make the catastrophe of the whole turn upon a piece of legerdemain, executed by that respectable character,—highly improbable in itself, and, in point of effect, unworthy of a pantomime, or even of a melodrama. Her scenes, too, are frequently strangely crowded upon each other, with little attention to the unities of time, place, or action; imperfections which will be found of serious consequence, should a reviving taste for dramatic poetry ever demand the performance of the Plays upon the Passions. To these deficiencies, in the technical knowledge of her art, we are compelled to add faults which apparently arise from the want of a correct and well-regulated taste. The vehemence of her language often outsteps what the rules of the stage prescribe, and the characters are made to use expressions more violent and forcible, than either elegant or dignified. The lower characters sometimes digress into coarse and clownish dialogue, and those

parts of the drama which ought to be awfully sublime, are occasionally overdriven into the precincts of the horrible. In this catalogue of the imperfections of genius, we should disappoint the mean malignant stare of miss Baillie's emulous contemporaries, (rivals she has none,) did we not mention her comedies,—the common resort of critical malevolence, when the force of truth has wrung forth a tardy and reluctant assent to her tragic supereminence:—What say you to her comedies? Such is the triumphant question to which we beg leave coolly and briefly to reply—that we think they are not comedies at all; but that if the sapient interrogators had read them with another name prefixed, they would, like us, have esteemed them good dramatic dialogues, containing some very pathetic passages, and striking delineations of character, though devoid of the stage effect, of the humour, of the comic language, and of the combination of incident, indispensable to performances intended for the stage. Having thus sacrificed to that weakness of human nature which cannot endure the unqualified praise of a contemporary, we cannot join in the other popular objections founded upon miss Baillie's plan of illustrating a single passion in the course of each drama. It is no doubt attended with its own peculiar difficulties, especially when the passion described is of slow growth, and such as only gradually usurps its predominance over the mind. In this case, the author is reduced to a dilemma, because if she presents at once in full tide the passion of which she has not time to trace the fountain, its violence is likely, as in the plot of *De Montfort*, to stagger the faith of those who are either unable or unwilling to comprehend what is not explained to them in particular detail: or if, as in *Ethwald*, the progress of the passion is dramatically traced from its first breaking forth, to its acquiring universal empire over the character, it is impossible to avoid gross trespasses upon the unities of time and place, and the work must necessarily become rather a dramatic chronicle than a tragedy. But these difficulties are counterbalanced by this great and important advantage, that the mind of the author, of the reader, and of the spectator, is arrested during the whole course of the piece by one strong and overmastering interest, and that not arising from an artfully conducted chain of

incident, but drawn from a display of the deepest recesses of the human heart. The interest thus imparted, is of a kind far more vivid at the time, and more important on reflection, than that which depends upon the trick of the scene, or the artful opposition of characters in contrast to each other, or even than that excited by striking situation. Why is it that at a leisure moment we find a volume of Shakspeare more frequently in our hands than any other book, unless because he considered every part of the drama as subordinate to the display of passion and of character? It is to such a display, that the plan so daringly adopted by miss Baillie, necessarily pledges her to the reader, and though we may rejoice were its execution capable of being united with every other requisite to a perfect drama, we cannot wish it should be sacrificed to the attainment of any or of all of them.

Miss Baillie's language is well calculated to support the strength and grandeur of her sentiments. It is formed upon the model of the old dramatic blank verse, with somewhat too strong an affectation of the antique. It is sometimes, as in the opening scene of *Ethwald*, beautifully poetical; but these ornaments are never misplaced, when the feeling demands bold and energetic expression of passion. We might speak of the art with which miss Baillie varies her subordinate personages, giving even to the less important such a peculiarity of language and of sentiment, as marks individuality of character. It is this art which renders the scene a mirror to nature; whose character, in manners and mind, as in the exterior points of countenance and figure, is discriminated by their endless variety. Many of those touches, though thrown in slightly, serve, like figures in the distance, to heighten the interest, and add to the reality of the whole action. The brutal *Woggarwolf*, in the tragedy of *Ethwald*, is an admirable example of this nice conduct. He is presented to us as a relentless and merciless marauder, yet with a touch of nature worthy of Shakspeare, his first exclamation, when he hears of his castle being taken, expresses apprehension for the safety of a favourite page. The gifted author well knew that the wildest characters retain, for some fondled object, a hidden reserve of blind and animal affection. In like manner,



the operation of superstition upon the mind of this bandit when wounded, and the last glimpse which we are afforded of him heading a monastic procession, as

Sainted Woggarwolf once a fierce chief,  
But now a cowed priest of marvellous grace:

give a variety, and, at the same, an effect and keeping to the picture which we can always trace in even the slightest of miss Baillie's sketches. We could with pleasure pursue this theme much further, but our task presses, and we take a reluctant leave of this interesting subject.

In comedy, the present time has nothing to boast; and in satire very nearly as little. Some miserable attempts have been made by nameless authors, in volumes equally nameless, to distinguish themselves by sounding the rusty trump of personal scandal; but we have seen nothing which merits the generous though severe title of satire. Huddesford, who possessed some humour and power of verse, has not fulfilled the promise of his earlier poems. Gifford, to whose talents we might look for wielding the moral scourge with power and discrimination, has long slumbered over his harp; nor is there a name in Britain which we can couple with his in the department of satirical poetry.

The works of CRABBE, are, however, in some measure allied to satire, though not falling strictly under that name. This distinguished and powerful writer has traced for himself a path, which is, to the best of our knowledge, new in poetry. He has assumed for his subject, the middling and lower ranks of life; their ordinary pursuits, pleasures, cares, vices and sorrows. These he has depicted alternately with deep pathos, strong humour, and masculine morality. He has laid aside the Mincian and Arcadian reed, and, assuming for his guide Truth, not merely unadorned, but under her harshest aspect, he has even avoided drawing such pleasing pictures of low life, as he might easily have found originals for without violation of nature. Perhaps we judge incorrectly of the peasantry of England, from those with whose state and manners we have an opportunity to be intimately acquainted. But whatever vice and misery may

be found in large manufacturing towns, or in smuggling villages, where the habitual and professional breach of one class of laws brings all others into contempt, and where the very staple of their traffic is the source of idleness, poverty, and vice, we are confident that Mr. Crabbe has used too dark colouring, if his poem is to be considered as a general portrait of the people of Britain. It forms, at least, a very singular contrast to the amiable, simple, and interesting scenes of lower life, which have been presented to us by the regretted Burns. But although strongly opposite in style, manner, and subject, as the groups of Gainsborough to those of Hogarth, we acknowledge in each the masterly hand which designs from nature. Indeed the resemblance between Hogarth and Crabbe has very often appeared to us extremely striking. Both have laid their scenes in the regions of low and vulgar life; both have presented their subjects with the squalid and disgusting accompaniments which too often attend them in sad reality. But the want of taste which does not withdraw from our view even the most displeasing of these circumstances, is amply compensated both in the poet and painter, by the reality given to the picture; by the fund of humour employed in bringing out the comic scenes; by the power and vigour which are displayed in its more serious parts; above all, by the pleasing display of genius armed in behalf of virtue and of moral feeling. Even the defects of the painter and the poet resemble each other: There is in both a want of grace, though no deficiency in pathetic effect; and the serious and ludicrous are sometimes so closely united, as to mar the effect of each. But Hogarth was deficient in sublimity as well as in beauty, and so is not the poet to whom we have compared him. On the contrary, the dark and sublime conceptions of the visions of "Sir Eustace Grey," and the incidents in the tale entitled "The Hall of Justice," trench upon the horrible; and, far from falling short in effect, are almost too powerful for perusal. The same sombre pencil which deepens the gloom and misery attached to poverty and ignorance, has, in these tales, worked upon subjects of more exalted passion, and we behold its productions with interest of that deep and painful kind arising from the narration of a crime of enormous degree, or the sight

of the execution of an atrocious criminal, when grief and pity struggle with the feelings of horror and disgust. The former feelings are excited by the tragic power of the poet, the latter by the readiness with which he exhibits in the lowest deep a lower still, by the addition of the horror of incestuous passion, or some similar aggravating enormity, to the vices and misfortunes which his verse details.

In his style, Crabbe somewhat resembles Cowper; his versification being careless and harsh, and his language marked by a quaint and antithetical turn of expression, sometimes humourous, and sometimes substituted in the room of humour. Both poets were perhaps indebted to Oldham's satires for these peculiarities, at least, as Dryden said of him, they want

—the numbers of their native tongue:  
But satire needs not these, and wit can shine  
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line;  
A noble error, and but seldom made,  
When poets are by too much force betrayed.

It may be farther observed, that the labour which Mr. Crabbe has bestowed upon his characters, and the laudable pains which he takes to invest them with all their peculiar attributes, is in some few instances heavy and tedious, where the subject either excites little interest, or an interest which is not likely to be generally felt. Such heaviness attaches especially to those passages which refer to the clerical profession, and circumstances connected with its exercise. On these Mr. Crabbe is very naturally more minute and particular than can be interesting to the great mass of his readers. But his roughness of style, and occasional prolixity, even his coarseness and want of taste, are trifles in the balance compared to his merits. Mr. Crabbe is an *original* poet, he is *sui generis*,—and in these few words we comprehend a greater praise than can be conferred upon almost any of his contemporaries.

We should now mention the translator of Anacreon, but we are rather willing to withhold the tribute which we should have offered his genius, than to present it accompanied with our severest censure of the manner in which it has been too frequently employed. We have heard, and we believe, that Mr. MOORE is

determined to adopt a different line of composition; his taste and talents are indisputable; may he soon

—Bear no token of the sabler streams,  
And mount far off among the swans of Thames.

Lord STRANGFORD has followed Mr. Moore in his beauties and in his errors. His versions from Camoens are a remarkable instance of the art with which, retaining the sense of an original, the colour of the translator's own mind may be flung over it. A voluptuous, effeminate, and sensual style of poetry, may be considered as one of the worst symptoms of a degenerate age. The Sybarites, when they saw their destruction inevitable, are said (if we recollect rightly) to have torn to pieces those poets whose lyres had soothed them in their selfish epicurism, and alienated their minds from virtuous exertion. We would willingly inflict the same punishment, not on the persons, but on the works of those of whom we have last spoken. Let the authors survive for repentance and atonement; if they have virtue for the first, they have talents for that which ought to be its first as its most valuable fruits.

The public have not been lately edified by any precepts in verse; or, to speak in the usual phrase, by any didactic poetry. To these poems we have never been much attached, since it appears that practical knowledge can be ill taught by the metaphorical and periphrastic language of poetry; and that all which is attained by the author, is the display of his own capacity for putting that into verse, which would be much more intelligible in prose. Accordingly, since the days of the "Fleece," and the "Sugar Cane," didactic poems have been little attended to. Mr. SHEE's Rhymes on Art seem to form a respectable exception; and no doubt the art of painting is so nearly connected with that of poetry, that the maxims necessary to understand the former, may, better than in any similar case, be conveyed through the medium of the sister art. Mr. Shee has the merit of being familiar, clear, and instructive, and his rules are, we believe, generally considered as well as calculated to explain his art. As a poet we do not think him entitled to stand in a high rank, nor are we inclined to deny him what is generally termed

a respectable one. The mention of this gentleman naturally reminds us of the heavy loss which both painting and poetry have sustained in the death of Hoppner;—a man whose original and expanded genius cultivated both arts with success. The small collection of tales which he gave to the public in 1806, as he modestly expressed it “rather to shew his love than his skill,” possess a humourous gravity and whimsical felicity of expression, superior to any thing of the kind which has since appeared. They are admirable, in particular, when contrasted with the hard and laborious parturition which Mr. COLEMAN has produced, the string of puns which he wishes to be considered as comic stories. The extreme toil which it costs that poor gentleman to be facetious, damps our disposition to be amused by his wit, as completely as it would spoil our enjoyment of a gala dinner to be conscious that we were eating up the whole year’s revenue of our hospitable landlord.

Another painter, WESTALL, a man of feeling and imagination, has published a poetical miscellany, the merit of which seems to illustrate our general proposition, that the alliance between poetry and painting is more than fanciful. His genius is not, however, of the highest order, and his verses are too like those of Warton and Dyer to claim the praise of originality.

There is a capacity for poetry that hovers between taste and genius, and which, in a polished age, dictates more verses than a higher degree of talent. These, of course, have different degrees of merit, as they are the offspring of the heart or of the head, of feeling or of fancy, of real power of poetical expression, or of the mere desire to imitate what we admire, by the assistance of a memory stored with common places from other poets. As we rise in the scale, we find many whom only the pressure of business, or the pursuit of pleasure, or perhaps literary indolence, more powerful than either, has prevented from aspiring to more distinguished honours. Here we may notice the Hon. WILLIAM SPENCER, whose beautiful *vers de société* give us an high idea of his talents, mingled with regret that the avocations of a fashionable life should have occupied hours in which these talents might have been employed to his immortal fame. He has contented himself, however, with the

unambitious pretensions of a sonneteer and writer of occasional verses. These little manuscripts which flit around the higher circles of the *gens comme il faut*, which are transcribed by fair hands into red morocco souvenirs, and secured with silver bolts, like the bower of Fairley fair in the old ballad, may perhaps plead privilege against critical execution. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with saying, that Spencer has, in many instances, succeeded in imitating that light, gay, and felicitous expression of occasional poetry in which the French have hitherto been considered as unrivalled. The verses in the English Minstrelsy, beginning, "Too late I staid," are a happy instance of the delicacy of point and *tournure* which the Parisian *bel esprit* placed his highest ambition in attaining. Mr. Spencer has also taken the legendary harp with success, and sung us the ballad of Beth-Gelert. We pray devoutly that *dejeunés* in the afternoon, and *petit soupers* in the morning, and all the *et ceteras* of idle occupation which fill up the hours between them, may leave this gentleman more at liberty in future to exert his talents and learning in pursuits more worthy of him.

Astrand by the side of Spencer, on the island of Alcina, but higher on the shore, and with less chance of floating, we view with concern the wreck of M. G. Lewis. Upon this author the cup of pleasure and fashion has produced a more baneful effect than upon the former. Spencer is only lulled by the draught into voluptuous indolence, but Lewis has been stimulated to ill-judged and capricious exertions, totally unworthy of his natural genius. His first work, though he was indebted to the German for the most striking incident,\* and though it was liable to yet stronger objections upon the score of morality, was indisputably the work of a man of talent. What he borrowed he made his own, not by altering and disfiguring, but by improving and beautifying it; and we were willing to hope that the warmth of his descriptions were owing to the want of judgment of a very young man. In this hope, let us do Mr. Lewis the justice to say, we have not been disappointed,—he has done all in his power to obliterate the memory of this original error; but

\* The story of the Bleeding Nun occurs, with very little variation, in the popular tales of Musxus, under the title of *Die Entführung*, i. e. The Elopement.

he has not put off the boy in other respects. He continues to overwhelm us with puerilities, ghost-ballads, ghost-romances, and diablerie. We do not unite with the common cry, in denouncing all use of this supernatural machinery in poetry. There is a feeling implanted in our nature responsive to it, and which, therefore, may be legitimately appealed to. But it is a spring which soon loses its force if injudiciously pressed upon, and Mr. Lewis has used it unsparingly. He is not sufficiently attentive, besides, to investing his tales of wonder with circumstances of probability. The poet who employs in his art the generally received superstitions of any country, has a right to demand our attention, because, though these were false in themselves, they were, nevertheless, believed to be true. But Mr. Lewis has dragged together hobgoblins from every coast and climate, as if there had been a general gaol-delivery at Pandemonium, or as the whole demons banished of yore to the Red Sea, had at once returned from transportation. The same puerility of taste has infected Mr. Lewis's writings in other respects. He accumulates images of horror till they excite disgust, and expects to impress us with terror by details of the shambles or charnel-house. In another situation, a course of salutary criticism might have gradually amended Mr. Lewis's taste, and weaned him from his German lust after marvellous narrative, hyperbolic language, overstrained passion, and distorted imagery. But, moving in a circle where his talents naturally attract the admiration which would be generally bestowed upon them were they exerted with more prudence, we have little hope that our animadversions will be of any use to him.

Mr. REGINALD HEBER may, we fear, be considered as one whom a too easy situation in life is likely to seduce from the service of the Muses, his proper and natural mistresses.—The answer of the wealthy veteran, *Ibit qui'perdidit zonam*, has a force in poetry as well as in military enterprise. He who hopes to acquire, by his talents, that distinction which is the road to fortune, is compelled to place himself frequently before the public. But the man of affluence naturally shrinks from the trouble necessary to assert his literary rank, and from exposing himself to virulent criticism and unceasing cabal. He feels that whatever

the vulgar suppose, the real pleasure of the poetic talent consists in the power of calling up and arraying imaginary groups; and that the toil of arresting the glittering visions, of embodying them in verse, and clothing them with suitable language, is usually unsatisfactory labour. But the author of "Palestine," and of "Europe," ought not to think so. The former, a juvenile work, had the faults natural to early compositions. There was a profusion of epithet, an affectation of balanced and sounding versification, and a pomp of eloquence which sometimes exceeded the classical standard. In "Europe," Mr. Heber's latest composition, the unfortunate turn of events, which has baffled the prophecy of the poet, and the sagacity of the statesman, casts an unpleasing gloom over the subject. We do not like to look back upon disappointed hopes and unsuccessful efforts, when we remember the glow of expectation which originally preceded our disappointment. Under these disadvantages, however, Mr. Heber's essays place him in a fair rank for poetical fame; for he has a richness of language, command of versification, and strength of ideas, that may lead him to high and distinguished eminence. We sincerely hope that neither the duties of his profession, nor the opiate of ease and affluence, will prevent his again claiming the public notice, or occasion his sinking into the genteel and occasional versifier.

There are other *dilletanti* authors, earls, and knights, whom we might be expected to notice, especially as they have taken the field in form as dramatic poets, and epic poets, and Esopian fabulists. But it would be unfair to review what we have found ourselves unable to read; and we can only pledge ourselves, that when these eminent personages shall produce a play or a poem, or even a single apologue, which has been actually perused by any one above being bribed by a dinner, or the hopes of a seat in the chariot, we shall do our best to imitate an instance of such laudable perseverance.

The very *antipodes* of this class are the poets who daily spring up among the lees of the people, and find admirers to patronize them, because they write "wonderfully well *considering*." This is, abstractedly, one of the most absurd claims to distinction possible. We do not suppose any living poet,



Southey for instance, or Campbell, would gain much credit for making a pair of shoes, although they may be made very well *considering*. We hardly think the Agricultural Society, even if lord Sommerville were preses, would bestow upon Walter Scott a prize for weaving the best piece of cloth, although the "warp and woof" might be very wonderful *considering*. Yet let a weaver, a shoemaker, or a tailor, produce a copy of verses, and he shall find those to extol him above the best poets of the time, and to silence all objection and criticism, by referring, as an apology, to that which should have withheld him from the attempt,—his ignorance and his want of education. It will hardly be supposed, that, with the recollection of Burns fresh in our minds—*Virgilium vidimus*—we should doubt that, from the lower ranks of society may arise a poet in the noblest sense of the word, gifted with perception, with energy, with expression, and with sentiment. But when this divine influence is either withheld, or sparingly bestowed; where the individual, with every advantage of instruction and cultivation, could not have risen above elegant mediocrity; and far more when he could never have hoped to attain even that humble pitch,—we cannot allow that the literary public can be benefited by his poetical attempts, in a degree sufficient to compensate the loss which society sustains by turning the brain of an useful peasant or artisan. It is, indeed, a peculiarity of the present time, that there are a class of subaltern literati who act as crimps for the Muses, seducing honest ploughmen from their teams, mechanics from their shopboards, and milk maids from their pails, to enlist them in the precarious service of Apollo. We wish we could consider this folly as disinterested in proportion to its absurdity; but such patrons make a stalking-horse of the *protégé*, tagging the poetry of the *paysan parvenu* with their own more worthless *dicta* and commentaries, assuming the airs of a Mæcenas at a cheap rate, and, under pretence of doing justice to obscure merit, intruding upon the public their own contemptible personages in the character of its master of ceremonies. It was thus that Mr. Capel Lofft contrived to ride forward into public notice on the shoulders of poor BLOOMFIELD, who was able, partly by real, and partly by adventitious circumstances, to bring his load farther than any

one durst have predicated. We do not mean too curiously to scrutinize the justice of the popularity which this worthy and ingenious man acquired by his first poem. It was written on a pleasing subject; and with just and simple description, contained some poetry, though not of the first order. Our neighbours of England gave it not the less liberal encouragement, that they might boast an heaven-born genius of their own. But there is a meagreness and poverty in Mr. Bloomfield's poetry which place him at a distance incalculably beneath the Ayrshire ploughman, though superior unquestionably to almost all the other self-taught bards of the day. His latter verses, addressed to his Mother's Spindle, intimate more power and pathos than any thing we have yet seen of his composition.

The success of Burns had the effect of exciting general emulation among all of his class in Scotland who were able to tag a rhyme. The quantity of Scottish verses with which we were inundated was absolutely overwhelming. Poets began to chirp in every corner like grasshoppers in a sunshine day. The steep rocks poured down poetical goat-herds, and the bowels of the earth vomited forth rhyming colliers; but of all the herd we can only distinguish James Hogg, a Selkirkshire shepherd, as having at all merited the public attention; and there cleaves to his poetry a vulgarity of conception and expression which we greatly question his ever being able to overcome. In other respects his talents, though less noticed, are at least equal to those of Mr. Bloomfield. Bloomfield's success has had nearly the same effect in England which the celebrity of Burns produced among the Caledonians: and various self-educated geniuses have sprung forward in the race, most of them, as in the case of Bloomfield and Capel Lofft, with *riders on*, as the jockies phrase it. Even Pratt, dry-founded himself, has, like the old lame Houynhym of Gulliver, placed himself in a vehicle drawn by a certain Joseph Blackett, in order to be dragged into celebrity by the exertions of this oppressed animal. But the surprise, groundless as we think it, excited by the first instance of the kind, is at an end, when the world sees that it only requires encouragement to convert some hundred score of tolerable tailors, shoemakers,

and lamp-lighters into very indifferent rhymers;—the wonder is at an end, and with the wonder ends the applause and the profit.

The van and rear of the class of occasional poets being thus reviewed, we turn our attention to the main body. In this vast host we discover those whom reasons and feelings, as various as their talents, have thrown into the same studies. In the poems of Mrs. Opie and Mrs. Hunter, and especially in those of the former, we have much of the elegance, simplicity, and tenderness, which ought to mark sentimental poetry. We do not, in this excursion of the feeling or of the fancy, except grandeur of sentiment, or the ardent vigour of poetical language. It is enough that there be novelty, or at least beauty, in the sentiments, and simple elegance in the mode of expression. Yet excellence in this is as difficult to attain as the successful execution of a bolder plan. The graces of Metastasio, and the charms of the pathetic sonnets of Petrarch, are not more easily caught than the wild and fantastic beauties of Ariosto, nor even than the bold tone of the epic Muse. But, though perfection in either kind of composition may be equally difficult of attainment, the sentimental poet has, nevertheless, an advantage over his rivals. To perform exquisitely upon the flute, or upon the violin, is, perhaps, equally difficult; but tolerable execution upon the first is more pleasing, because the notes are sweeter in themselves: thus the poetry which awakens a natural and amiable train of feeling, which reminds us of the romantic sentiments of youth, and speaks to us again of a fairy-land which we had lost for years, finds in every bosom a judge inclined to receive it with favour proportioned to the modesty of its pretensions. This is more particularly the case, when we can discover that the heart of the poet beats in unison with his lyre. Some of Mr. LISLE BOWLES's sonnets, connected with the remarkable and melancholy circumstances from which they had 'their origin, are of this affecting and interesting kind. This amiable and elegant writer greatly mistook his own genius, when he departed from a style of composition in which he had acquired well-earned laurels, to write his poem upon the "Spirit of Discovery," which is, to say the best, a very heavy production.

Among the poems which have not received their due share of public attention, we are disposed to reckon Mr. POLWHELE'S "Influence of Local Attachment," which contains some passages of great beauty: but its desultory plan has, probably, been unfavourable to its popularity.

We might add to this list the name of Professor SMYTHE of Cambridge, whose beautiful "Invocation to the Southern Breeze," is fresh in the memory of all readers of poetry; of Mr. MONTGOMERY, in whose productions there is often a solemn and tender pathos, peculiarly his own, and we might enumerate many other respectable names; but our plan is limited, and the lyrical bards of England are numerous as the leaves in Vallambrosa.

Some commemoration might be due to those, who, having been former favourites of the public, have decently retired from the stage, warned by increasing age, or the change of taste in their contemporaries: But to address a poet on his past fame, is like calling to the remembrance of an antiquated beauty her former conquests, and conveys rather insult than compliment. Neither are we entitled to mention those persons of poetical talent who have been content with the applause of a small circle, although this class includes the names of MUNDY, one of our best descriptive poets; and of Mrs. TIGHE, whose lamented death we have so recently to deplore.

We therefore close these notices, made in the spirit of kindness towards the authors mentioned, and of forbearance towards those omitted. That the list is perfect we do not pretend; yet it contains as much worth, and as much talent united, as has adorned Britain, at least since the reign of queen Anne. Nor is it our smallest boast, that the Muses have been, of late, generally engaged in the cause of virtue and morality, and that the character of the libertine and spendthrift are no longer the frequent accompaniments of the sacred name of Poet.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

SINCE the mint of the United States is exclusively employed in coining half dollars, and cents, and half cents, which do not even bear a likeness of the ruling chief magistrate, much less an occasional impression of the events of his age; and contribute nothing more towards American history than the eagle and thirteen stripes upon one side, and an imaginary head on the other; permit one of your correspondents to present to the public, through the medium of your useful miscellany,

## A DESIGN FOR A MEDAL

to commemorate

*The Settlement of Pennsylvania.*

OBVERSE,

The central group from West's treaty.

MOTTO,

*Unbroken Faith.*

REVERSE,

The pipe and bow, across, before a hill of Indian corn.

Date,

1682.

The scene of West's Treaty is laid by that excellent painter (whom we are proud to own as our countryman) at Chester (then called Upland) a Swedish settlement, at which the proprietary landed in the month of October, 1682. William Penn appears in the centre offering presents to the Indian king with one hand, and pointing with the other to a map of the land he wished to purchase, in the hands of Thomas Story, the first recorder of Philadelphia behind whom are seen James Logan, so many years secretary of the province, (founder of the Loganian Library,) and David Lloyd, some time chief-justice, who built a mansion house near this spot, which remained for half a century a place of general resort, and is at this day one of the very few memorials of those times, which the subsequent rapidity of improvement has left standing upon the banks of the Delaware. All these portraits, however, are introduced by poetic license, neither of those three eminent characters having arrived in

In  
Commemoration  
of the peaceful settlement of  
Pennsylvania  
& of the friendly welcome with which the first settlers  
were received by  
The Native Indians.)

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Pennsylvania, till several years after the proprietor. But the league of peace, then made with the aborigines, whether under king Tammany or Connodaghtoh, which was to last, in their figurative language, "as long as the sun should shine, and the waters run in the rivers," was actually never interrupted by that generation, or so long as the friends of Penn retained power in the government sufficient to prevent or redress occasional grievances, it having been first infringed, by mutual injuries, after a blissful period of seventy years.

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#### BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### WILLIAM DUNBAR.

THIS eminent Scottish poet was born, according to Mr. War-  
ton, about the year 1470, but in Mr. Pinkerton's opinion five years  
sooner. The latter gentleman, from several circumstances, has  
fixed upon 1465 as the most probable date, and which is per-  
haps nearest to the truth, though the matter cannot now be ex-  
actly ascertained. The *place* of Dunbar's birth is understood to  
have been Salton, a village near the delightful coast of the Forth  
in East Lothian. This is collected from what Kennedy, a con-  
temporary, says in one of his satires; who mentions likewise his  
own wealth and Dunbar's poverty. If we are to credit the same  
author, Dunbar was of the *kin* of the earls of March, but of this  
there is no satisfactory evidence. In his youth he seems to have  
been a travelling noviciate of the Franciscan order, as appears  
by one of his poems addressed to St. Francis, wherein he reca-  
pitulates his own achievements and peregrinations with some  
humour.

This mode of life, however, not being agreeable to Dunbar's  
inclinations, he resigned it, and returned to Scotland, as is sup-  
posed about the year 1490, when he was about 25 years of age.  
In his "Thistle and Rose," which was certainly written in 1503,  
he speaks of himself as a poet that had already made many songs,  
and that poem is the composition of an experienced writer, and



not of a novice in the art. It is indeed probable that his tales, *The twa marryt wimen and the wido*, and *The Freirs of Berwic*, (if the last be his), were written before his *Thistle and Rose*. However this may have been, Dunbar, after being the author of the *Golden Targe*, a poem of the most opulent description, and of many small pieces of the highest merit, died in old age, about 1530.

In his younger years our poet seems to have had great expectations that his abilities would have recommended him to an ecclesiastical benefice, and in his smaller poems he frequently addresses the king to that purpose: but there is no reason to believe that he did it with success. Such is often the gratitude of princes; for the *Thistle and Rose*, which was occasioned by the marriage of James the fourth, king of Scotland, with Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry the seventh, king of England, deserved better treatment at the hands of the royal pair. Mr. Pinkerton has looked in vain, he says, over many calendars of charters, &c. of this period, to find Dunbar's name, but suspects that it was never written by a lawyer.

Mr. Warton, in characterizing the Scottish poets of this time, observes that the writers of that nation have adorned the period with a degree of sentiment and spirit, a command of phraseology, and a fertility of imagination not to be found in any English poet since Chaucer and Lydgate.—“He might safely have added,” (says Mr. Pinkerton), “not even in Chaucer or Lydgate.” Concerning Dunbar, Mr. Warton says, that the natural complexion of his genius is of ‘the moral and delicate cast. The remark, however, Mr. Pinkerton thinks, “must not be taken too strictly. “The *Golden Targe* (he adds) is moral, and so are many of his “small pieces; but humour, description, allegory, great poetical “genius, and a vast wealth of words, all unite to form the complexion of Dunbar’s poetry.” “He unites in himself, and generally surpasses, (says the other,) the quality of the chief old “English poets; the morals and satires of Langland, Chaucer’s “humour, poetry and knowledge of life, the allegory of Gower, “and the description of Lydgate.”

As this is a very high character, Mr. Warton has endeavoured to support his sentiments, by giving an analysis of his three

principal poems. This, however excellent, we cannot here introduce, because of its length; but our readers may not be displeased with a short sketch of his first and principal poem, "*The Thistle and Rose*."

This poem opens with some fine stanzas, which are remarkable for their descriptive and picturesque beauties. *MAY* then rebukes the poet for not rising early, according to his annual custom, to celebrate the approach of Spring. For this he apologises, on account of the present ungenial and inclement season. This excuse is rejected by *May*, who, with a smile of majesty, commands him to arise and perform his annual homage to the flowers, the birds, and the sun; upon this they both enter a delicious garden filled with the richest colours and odours, when the Sun appears suddenly in all his glory, and is thus beautifully described:

"The pourpour sonne with tender bemis reid  
 "In orient bricht as angell did appeir,  
 "Thorow golden skies putting up his head  
 "Quhois gilt tresses schone so wonder cleir  
 "That all the world take comfort far and neir.

Immediately the birds singing together hail the unusual appearance of the sunshine; and then Nature is introduced issuing her edict that the progress of the Spring should no longer be interrupted, and that Neptune and Eolus should cease from disturbing the waters and air. By this preparation and suspense Dunbar hath judiciously and ingeniously contrived to give dignity to the subject of the poem, to awaken curiosity, and to introduce many poetical circumstances.

Immediately *Nature* commands every bird, beast, and flower to appear in her presence; and, agreeable to the custom of every *May* morning, to acknowledge her universal sovereignty.

She sends the *Roe* to bring the beasts: the *Swallow* to collect the birds, and the *Yarrow* (*Achillea* or *Millefolium*) to summon the flowers, and they are all before her in an instant.

The *Lion* advances first, whose figure is drawn with great force and expression, and with an ingenious and happy illusion to the Scottish arms. Nature then lifts up the *Lion's* shining claw, and suffering him to rest on her knee, crowns him with a radiant diadem of precious stones, and creates him the king of beasts.

At the same time she enjoins him to exercise justice with mercy, and not to permit his subjects of the smallest size or degree to be oppressed by those of superior strength or dignity. This part of her charge to the Lion, she closes with the following beautiful stroke, which indicates the moral tenderness of the poet's heart:

"And let no bougles with his beesteous hornis  
 "The meek pluck ox oppress for all his pryd,  
 "But in the yok go peaceable him besyd.

The Eagle is next crowned king of fowls, and his talons being sharpened like darts of steel, he is ordered to govern great or small, the Wren or the Peacock, with an uniform and equal impartiality. *Nature* now calls the flowers, and observing the THISTLE to be surrounded with a bush of spears, and on that account qualified for war, she gives him a crown of rubies, and says, "In field go forth and fend the laif;" that is, defend the rest. Dunbar continues elegantly to picture other parts of the royal arms; in ordering the Thistle, who is now king of vegetables, to prefer all herbs and flowers of rare virtue and rich odour, nor ever to permit the Nettle to associate with the Flower-de-lys, nor any ignoble weed to be ranked in competition with the Lily.

In the following stanza, where *Nature* directs the THISTLE to honour the ROSE, above all other flowers, our poet with much address, insinuates to king James the fourth, an exhortation to conjugal fidelity, drawn from the high birth, beauty, and accomplishments of the royal bride. *Nature* next addresses the ROSE, whose lineage she exalts above that of the Lily. This was intended to express a preference of the *house of Tudor* to the *house of Valois*. The ROSE is then crowned by *Nature* with *clarified* gems, the lustre of which illumines all the land, and is hailed queen by the flowers. Last of all her praises are sung by the universal chorus of birds. The sound of which having awakened the poet from his delightful dream, the fairy scene is vanished, and he calls on the Muse to perpetuate, in verse, the wonders of the splendid vision.

The next poem of consequence is the "Golden Targe;" the design of which is to show the gradual and imperceptible influences

of love, when too far indulged, over reason. The cast of this poem is tinctured with the morality and imagery of the Romaunt of the Rose, and the Floure and Leafe of Chaucer: but even an abstract of Warton's analysis of this allegorical poem would swell this biographical article to an improper length. For many illustrations, which Mr. Warton gives of Dunbar's next important piece, called "The Daunce," he acknowledges himself obliged to the learned and elegant editor of "Ancient Scottish Poems," (lord Hailes,) published in 1770. From the "Daunce" it appears that Dunbar's imagination was not less suited to satirical than to sublime allegory; and that he was the first poet who displayed any degree of spirit in this way of writing after Pierce Plowman.

It is observable, that the measure of the "Daunce" is partly that of "Sir Thopas" in Chaucer; from which it may be collected that "Sir Thopas" was anciently viewed as a ludicrous composition. The pageants and interludes of Dunbar's age, must certainly have quickened his invention in forming his grotesque groups; for the exhibition of moralities was then in high vogue among the Scotch. A morality was played at the marriage of James the fourth and the princess Margaret; and mummeries called Gysarts, and which are composed of moral personifications are still known in Scotland. Even till the beginning of the present century, especially among the festivities of Christmas, itinerant maskers were admitted into the houses of the Scotch nobility.

It may be added, that Dunbar wrote occasionally in the way which has been called Macaronic poetry, of this species of composition is his "Testament of Maister Andro Kennedy," which represents the character of an idle, dissolute scholar, and ridicules the funeral ceremonies of the Roman communion.

From what Mr. Pinkerton has already done, it is ardently to be desired, that he may give a complete edition of "Dunbar's Poems," with his own notes. The writer, who has been denominated by a Gibbon as the Muratori of his country, may be supposed to be capable, if he had not already given evidence of his ability, to illustrate both the history, the poetry, and the manners of his countrymen in former times. A valuable present to the lovers of elegant and classical literature, as well as to the historian and antiquarian, would thus be obtained. The "flyings" of Kennedy

and Dunbar, with many minor pieces, both of them and of their cotemporaries are now laid by as obsolete; because, without the aid of such *literary lore* as that of a Hailes or a Pinkerton, they will become as unintelligible to their posterity as the Edda and other Scandinavian productions of former times are, at present, to the inhabitants of Northern Europe.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

I SEND you a free translation of a part of the first Canto of L'abbé De Lille's beautiful poem *Le Malheur et La Pitié*.

O! gentle PITY, how I love thy name!  
 Thou, nobly indigent, art dearer far,  
 To me, than all the pomp and pride of wealth,  
 Which spreads abroad its desolating stores  
 To nourish Vice,—corrupt the human heart.  
 'Tis thus the impetuous mountain stream descends,  
 And carries ruin o'er the cultur'd field;  
 Whilst in its silent course some modest rill  
 Spreads o'er its native plains its little stores,  
 And fertilizing many a meadow green,  
 Makes woods, and fruits, and flow'rets flourish round—  
 Thus scattering wide abroad her heavenly stores,  
 Celestial Pity feeds the field of life.

Yet—'tis not to our dearest friends alone,  
 That Pity's tender cares should be confined;  
 The stranger has his claims on generous hearts—  
 Remember too, Misfortune shuns the day,  
 Locks her sad secrets deep within her breast:  
 She has her modest blush, her noble pride:  
 This bids her shun the gaze of vulgar eyes,  
 And seek a lonely refuge in the shade.

Then seek her, PITY!—find her dark retreat!  
Seize on the happy moment as it flies—  
For thou, like Genius and Victory,  
Hast happy moments pointed out by heaven—  
Know then to seize them—Dost thou not behold  
A wretched mortal, whose distracted look  
Bespeaks him standing o'er some dark abyss?  
He pauses—trembles—half recedes from crime!  
A sudden movement urges him to theft,  
With which he blushes to have soil'd his hand—  
He flies—pursue him—enter thou his door;—  
Oh what a sight!—Half naked on the ground,  
Benumb'd with cold, by famine worn away,  
His helpless children lie—Menac'd with death,  
So near the wretched hour that gave them birth,  
They know no pleasing playful infant sports.—  
'Tis silence, grief, and desolation all—  
A mute despair forbids the tear to flow—  
The wretched father stands beside them pale,  
Tormented less by famine than by crime.  
He turns away, distracted, from the scene,  
And turning throws to them the guilty food,  
For which their feeble anxious hands dispute.  
Now with an air, a look, an accent deep,  
Expressing all the conflict of his soul,  
The excess of wo, the horror of his crime;  
He speaks—  
“Who thus invades Misfortune's drear abode?  
“O stranger! dost thou come to learn my woes?  
“Well—see these children—there their mother lies—  
“I am a man—a husband, and a father!—  
“Is this enough?—My lot, before this day,  
“Was less severe; misfortunes had assail'd,  
“But ne'er till now my soul was stained with crime!—  
“Go and reveal it—I will bless the blow—  
“Will bless your law that punishes my guilt;—  
“I know not what may be—my dreadful fate  
“May arm a robber's hand with murderous steel!—

"Go! rid me of the world and of myself!"—  
 Exhausted nature fails—he faints—he falls!  
 Oh! PITY! soften down the wretch's bed!  
 Pour forth thy gold, pour forth thy balmy tears;  
 Console his misery, and repair his fault,  
 And teach this useful lesson to the world:—  
 That he who wishes to prevent a crime,  
 Should first prevent the want from which it flows.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO MY DEAR NIECE MARIA.

BY MRS. LLOYD.—1784.

NEAR to the foot of some decaying tree  
 A honey suckle fair doth often grow,  
 And twining round, hides, with its fresh green leaves,  
 The wither'd boughs,—gives all it's sweet perfume,  
 And shields it from each rude high swelling blast.  
 Thus, dear Maria, in her bloom of youth  
 And beauty gay, with fond affection bends  
 Her soul to mine, and gives her sweetest smiles  
 To drooping age, and still declining years:—  
 Those years, e're long, must fail:—Life's feeble sap  
 No more shall rise;—the dull eye slow will turn,  
 And not perceive Maria's gentle tear,  
 Nor see that look of love, which softens pain:  
 Yet may it not be lost!—when my last breath,  
 Through cold and pale grown lips, unheard, shall pass,  
 A keener pang, than thy soft breast can know,  
 Will ask relief:—Thy debt of gratitude  
 Then, dear Maria, with it pay, and sooth,  
 With tender care, \*his pain, who long hath strewed  
 Thy path, and mine, with sweet and chosen flow'rs:—  
 Still kind protection meet, and ev'ry aid,  
 Thy virtue claims from Friendship's warmest glow!

\* The late Dr. Lloyd, dean of Norwich.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO MALVINA,

IN RETURN FOR A WREATH OF WILD FLOWERS.

THE wilding wreath though faded, love,  
Which late you sent to me,  
A bright remembrance still doth prove,  
Of hours I've past with thee.

Oh dear to me their native fields,  
And vallies ever green,  
There Nature every beauty yields,  
To deck her sylvan scene.

How often on their banks we've stray'd,  
Or sought the shady grove,  
When on the lake bright sun-beams play'd,  
And fragrant garlands wove.

In Memory's eye, their bloom shall last,  
Preserv'd with fondest care,  
Secure from ev'ry wintry blast,  
Till I to thee repair.

Then Love shall weave a brighter wreath  
Of flowers which ne'er shall fade:  
And sighs which we in absence breathe,  
By joy shall be o'erpaid.

OSCAR.



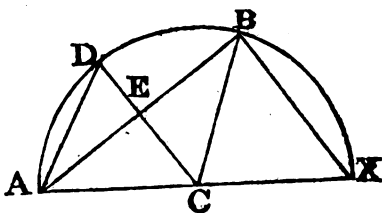
## SCIENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

A FEW weeks ago, I forwarded you solutions, to the two questions inserted in the fourth number of the fifth volume of The Port Folio. I, soon after, concluded, that, to so beautiful a question as the second, a nearer approximation ought to be made, before it was given to the public; annexed you have the result of my labours.

*Solution.*

Let A D B X be a semi-circle, of which, A X is the diameter. Draw the chord B X = 10 =  $a$ . Join A B, and bisecting A B in E, draw C E D, from the centre C, through E, and terminating in the circumference, at D.



Now, since C D is at right angles to A B, by the 3d Prop. 3d b. Eu., and X B, by the 31st of the same book; the triangles A E C and A B X are equiangular, and consequently, similar; by the 4th Prop. 6th b. Eu. therefore  $AC : AX :: EC : BX$ ; and since  $AC = \frac{1}{2} AX$ ;  $EC = \frac{1}{2} BX = 5 = \frac{a}{2}$ .

Now, put  $AX = 2x$ ; then  $AC$ , or radius  $= x$ ; and by 47th of the 1st b. Eu.  $AB^2 = AX^2 - BX^2$ ; consequently,  $AB = \sqrt{4x^2 - a^2}$ ;  $AE = \frac{1}{2} AB$ , and consequently  $= \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{4x^2 - a^2}$ ;  $DE = DC - EC$ , and consequently  $= x - \frac{a}{2}$ ; and from these expressions, A D will easily be found  $= \sqrt{2x^2 - ax}$ .

Again; by mensuration, half the arc ADB  $= \frac{8\sqrt{2x^2 - ax} - \sqrt{4x^2 - a^2}}{6}$ ; and half the arc A D B  $\times x =$  the area of the sector B C A D B. But, by the question, this area  $=$  the area of the triangle A B X  $= AB \times \frac{1}{2} BX$ ; consequently, we have this equation,

$$\frac{\sqrt{128x^2 - 64ax} - \sqrt{4x^2 - a^2}}{6} \times x = \frac{\sqrt{4a^2x^2 - a^4}}{2}.$$

This equation being twice squared, for the purpose of ridding it of the radicals; being cleared of all fractions and reduced to order for solution, will be found to be  $961x^8 - 9920x^7 - 32250x^6 + 280000x^5 + 2340625x^4 - 7200000x^3 - 41625000x^2 = -506250000$ . Now, by inspection, I discover, that the value of  $x$  is something more than 8.5; I therefore, put  $r = 8.5$ , and make  $r + z = x$ . Then, by a general theorem, for the resolution of these high orders, we have  $z = \frac{Q - ar^n - br^{n-1} - cr^{n-2} - \&c.}{nar^{n-1} + n-1 \times br^{n-2} + \&c.}$ ;

in which  $n = 8$ ,  $a = 961$ ,  $b = -9920$ ,  $c = -32250$ , &c. on to  $g$ , and  $Q = -506250000$ . In this last equation, the values of the various powers of  $r$  being obtained and multiplied by their respective coefficients, we shall have this final equation

$$z = \frac{-506250000 - 26186339456.25390625 + 31801247157.5 + 24645966547.0625 - 26189262365.0 - 8585697796.875 + 12163071878.90625 - 12423748750.0 - 12218208789.0625 + 7308087500.0 + 5749745312.5 - 1560600000.0 - 707624421700000.0 + 3007406250.0}{5000.0}$$

When this fraction is summed,

$$\text{we have } z = \frac{58878291.08984375}{660614197.6875} = .089126 + \&c. \text{ and as } x$$

was  $= r + z$ , we now have  $x = 8.589126 + \&c. = AC = \text{radius}$ ; and consequently,  $AX$ , the hypotenuse of the triangle  $ABX = 2x = 17.178252 + \&c.$  The hypotenuse of the triangle being now ascertained, it will be easy to obtain  $AB$ , the perpendicular; which, upon calculation, will be found  $= 13.967546$ ; and consequently, the area of the triangle  $ABX = AB \times \frac{1}{2} BX = 69.83773 + \&c.$  Q. E. I. Err. Ex. By substituting this value of  $x$ , for  $r$ , in the above equation, we could approximate still nearer to the real value of  $x$ ; but as this is merely a question of pleasure, and absolute exactitude is not necessary, I hope the proposer will be satisfied with this approximation. Should he not; I will substitute this value of  $x$ , repeat the operation and give you, Mr. Conductor, the result, in some future number of your useful, instructive, and entertaining miscellany.

THOMAS P. IRVING.

Newbern, North Carolina.

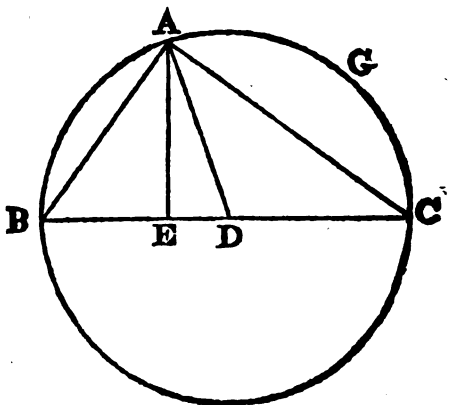
*Chapel Hill, August 21st, 1811.*

MR. EDITOR,

I have waited some time for the solution of the second question of Philo Mathematicus, proposed in your number for April last. Since there exists a doubt as to the propriety of the statement of the question, which I observed in one of your numbers, a friend has given the following solution, herein inclosed, which you are at liberty to insert, if thought worthy.

W. R. C.

Let  $ABC$  be the triangle about which the circle is circumscribed. If  $ADCG$  be the sector, the arc  $AGC$  is double the perpendicular  $AE$ , which is the sine of the same arc. The sine  $AE$  is equal to 4, and the arc  $AGC = 8$ . The sector  $ADCG$  is equal to the triangle



$ABC$ ; and each is double of the triangle  $ADC$ . The segment  $AGC$  is equal to the triangle  $ADC$  or  $ADB$ . The triangle  $ABC$  is equal to  $\frac{BC \times AE}{2} = 20 =$  the sector  $AD$

$$CG = \frac{AD \times AGC}{2} = 2.5 \times 8.$$

N. C.

VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A candid observer must be astonished at the ingenuity of the French nation, and the multitude of the literary productions in every department, when the smallness of the pecuniary emolument is considered. For though the honest desire of lasting fame,

That last infirmity of noble minds!

and the wish of being useful to mankind, be the first and most powerful incentives in the breast of an eminent writer, yet the means of procuring superior ease and convenience, and of scattering a few flowers on his brief passage through life, may also be regarded as a not illaudable, though secondary motive. No French writer has received such pecuniary rewards as our Robertsons and Gibbons; not to mention the prices paid by the booksellers in London for works of a less marked distinction. Fourcroy is said to have received thirty thousand francs, or about thirteen hundred pounds, for a work on chemistry, in twelve or thirteen volumes; and a bookseller boasted of having offered Segur the elder, twenty thousand francs for an abstract of the history of France, in two octavo volumes. The lowness of literary emoluments at Paris may be partly ascribed to a very simple circumstance, that since the death of the celebrated Pancoacke, the booksellers rarely print editions in quarto, so that the computations are made on a form of inferior size and price, and are usually scattered over two or three editions, instead of a large sum paid for the entire right of the copy.

—

Dutens, the traveller, declares that the Bostonians a long time ago, entertained the design of withdrawing themselves from the authority of England: for M. de Bougainville told him, that when he was in Canada, he translated a letter from them to Mons. de Montcalm, in which they proposed to give themselves up to France.

—

COWLEY, who speaks experimentally, having been exposed to many vicissitudes, both as a man and as an author, thus insists

upon the absolute necessity of mental tranquillity to the accomplishment of some of the highest flights of mind. Juvenal broached the same doctrine, and Dryden dilated it. The correctness of the opinion is not to be called in question.

For the exercise, or rather diversion of Poetry, there is nothing that requires so much serenity and cheerfulness of spirit: it must not be overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy or sorrow, or shaken and disturbed by the storms of injurious fortune. It must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and delightful ideas, where it undertakes to communicate delight to others; which is the main end of poesy. One may see through the style of Ovid de Tristibus, the humbled and dejected condition of spirit with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footstep of that genius,

“— Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c.”

The cold of the country had stricken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very feet of his verses. He is himself like one of the slaves of his own metamorphosis; and, though there remain some weak resemblances of Ovid at Rome, it is but, as he says of Niobe,

In vultu color est seni sanguine, lumina mæstis  
Stant immota genis: nihil, est imagine vivi—  
FLET tamen.—

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humour; neither is wit less eclipsed with the unquietness of mind, than beauty with the indisposition of the body. So that it is almost as hard a thing to be a poet in despite of Fortune, as it is in despite of Nature.

Miss N—— had all her relations assembled to advise, and give her permission to cut a wen on her forehead. A short time after, she fell desperately in love with an adventurer, and married him, without asking advice of any one. How many women resemble miss N——?

OBITUARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

**DIED**, in Newburyport, Mrs. MARY WHITE, consort of the Hon. DANIEL A. WHITE, aged twenty-nine years.

“ O ’tis well with her,  
But who knows what the coming hour,  
Veil’d in thick darkness, brings to us!”

It is the solace and support of Christians, amid the gloom and the depravities of life, that their Divine Master has indeed never left himself without witness. His blessed promise, “ *Lo! I am with you alway,*” is never forgotten; and some pure and spotless spirit, has still been permitted to remain on earth, to remind us of our relation to heaven; to instruct us, by its virtues, how to act; to learn us, from its sorrows, how we should suffer; and, at length, intertwining round our hearts the golden and silken cords of piety and love, to draw us in the still “ *lingering light of its upward track,*” to its own blissful mansions of virtue and repose! When such a one goes before us, it is impossible to speak what we feel; to describe our own sense of the loss, or give others an idea of its poignancy. Yet is it proper and fit, that those who loved Mrs. WHITE as fondly as ourselves, should share our sympathy, and that those who knew her not, should be told of the inspired talents, the refined and trembling sensibility, the mild, silent, and elevated virtues, which bless and embalm her memory. A mind of brilliant and commanding genius, all whose energies had been fostered and cultivated to an unrivalled extent, united its expression in her features, with that of feelings ardent, chastened, and sublime. Her countenance, indeed, discovered something so unobtrusively interesting, so unearthly, so spiritual, that we could only regard it as an image of the impress of God on the soul, when it first came forth in the morning of creation,—lovely, meek, and amiable from the hands of its Maker. Her society and her writings breathed the purest spirit of piety, of benevolence, and religion. These, indeed, were her muses. “ *They inspired her conversation, as they animated her life; and she never approached the sacred ground on which they dwelt, without an expansion of mind, and elevation of language.*” I knew her once, when her spirit was

buoyant as the breath of summer; joyous, animated, and sportive as the bland visions of youthful fancy; when light and happiness were scattered in her path; when she appeared only to cheer, to console, and to bless; when her gentle spirit flew out to meet the mourner; when her pittance was shared with those, "who are not the world's friends, and her bountiful hand scattered food to the hungry, and raiment to the naked." I knew her too, when, as if to show that the "smiles of religion can banish its tears," that the heart is sometimes permitted, even here, to shine forth in all its moral sublimity and grandeur, the hand of God was laid heavily upon her, and her languishing body seemed sinking to earth, as it were, to exhibit in broader and fairer light, the purged sanctity of her soaring and celestial spirit. It appeared, indeed, totally abstracted from the world, its pleasures, its affections, and its bonds; separated from time and sense, its interests, and its kindred. Her eyes beaming with that hallowed splendour, which sometimes irradiates them before they are to "close forever," seemed fixed on the smiles of her Saviour, and her soul bending before the footstool of her God. One would almost have thought her shadowy form, that "incorruptible body, which is destined to be the soul's last covering."

May that gracious Being, who is the wisdom of God, and the power of God, who was himself once on earth, to bear our sorrows, and expiate our sins, support the heart-broken mourners, under the dispensation which has taken her to himself. May he bind up where he has bruised; may he heal where he has smitten, and pour balm where he has wounded.

O! from her sorrows, may we learn to live:

O! from her triumphs, may we learn to die.

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The strictures on the Drama, accompanied by a critique on Mr. Payne, are postponed for want of room.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

DURING the autumnal and midsummer months of the last year, which has forever fled away, on the pinions of Time, the Editor of this Journal was *compelled* to relinquish its duties, and to be regardless of its delights, in consequence of the furious onset of three potent adversaries, Sickness, Sorrow, and Adversity. Under the ardency of the summer solstice, and while *"the dog star's unprofitable ray was flaming"*, he was confined to the couch of Languor and Anguish; and, in the decline of autumn, he was afflicted by one of the most tremendous domestic calamities,† which can agonize the Sensibility, nourish the Melancholy, and *overpower the Fortitude*‡ of man. The influence of infirm health, in marring the operations, both of manual and mental industry, is familiar to every patient, as well as to every physician; and when to corporeal Pain and yawning Lassitude, the "Sickness of the Soul" is superadded, from such an abhorred alliance all the brilliant powers of Invention, and all the strong body guards of Labour keep obstinately aloof, or fly timidly away. The pen of the readiest writer corrodes in the standish; his papers and projects reposing, ingloriously, on the shelves of dust, or in the pigeon holes of oblivion. His desk is overthrown, his manuscripts are mouldy, and his vase of ink is as dry, as the vessel of the gospel outcast, while wandering in the parched wilderness of Beersheba. What Johnson emphatically calls the *load of life*, is then truly wearisome. Society presents nothing to gladden, and Solitude nothing to sooth. In vain do we fly to the sequestered shades of the country. Let all the beauties of Nature solicit our notices—let all the *diver-*

\* Pope.

† The allusion is to the regretted demise of one of the dearest and most venerable of his family friends. A mortuary and biographical sketch of the late Mr. DENNIE will appear from the pen of his son, as soon as the excited sensibility of the latter will allow him to do ample justice to the merits, and to hallow the memory of the deceased. Of this amiable and accomplished parent, a very elegant eulogy has been pronounced in many of the public papers, by a faithful friend of the family, and one of the most eloquent lawyers in Newengland.

‡ Edmund Burke.

§ Dr. Johnson.



*sities of Pleasure* court our acceptance—let the birds carol enchantingly in the grove, and the flowers bloom odoriferously in the meadow; let the breeze whisper softly in the wood, and the sun dance gayly on the water; *each rural sight, each rural sound*\* is equally lost to him, who is under the dominion of that relentless Power, which the poet Gray energetically calls the TAMER OF THE HUMAN BREAST,

Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour  
The bad affright, afflict the best.

By one, who was himself a severe sufferer, it has been remarked, with truth and eloquence, that there are, perhaps, very few conditions more to be regretted than that of an active mind, labouring under the weight of a distempered body. The time of such a man is always spent in forming schemes, which a change of wind hinders him from executing; his powers fume away in projects and in hope, and the day of action never arrives. He lies down, delighted with the thoughts of to-morrow, pleases his Ambition with the Fame he shall acquire, or his Benevolence with the Good he shall impart. But in the night the skies are overcast, the temper of the air is changed, he wakes in languor, impatience and distraction, and has no longer any wish but for ease, nor any attention but to misery. It may be said that Disease generally begins that equality, which Death completes; the distinctions, which set one man so much above another, are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortal beings finds nothing left him but the consciousness of innocence.

This dismal description of the despotism of Disease the Editor *feels* to be no fable. Partially rescued from the galling shackles of Pain, he is now so far convalescent, as to invoke, with languid voice, *some* inspiration from the Muse.

\* Cowper.

\*WINTER, *sullen and sad, with all his rising train, Vapours, and Clouds and Storms*, which oppresses other men, less valetudinary, often ministers, by an agency, at once magical and mysterious, to the invigoration of his body, and the burnishing of his mind. Though his Imagination never blooms, and his Judgment never ripens, yet his humble faculties are rarely more vigorous, than during the austere season. His drooping Spirit, like certain *lowly* evergreens, reveals some *sickly* signs of animation, amid frosts and snows: while the PRIDE OF THE GARDEN, the Rose and the Hyacinth, reserve the glorious expansion of *their* beauteous flowers, until the return of the fostering gale, the warbling bird, brilliant skies, and genial sunshine.

Personal and domestic misfortunes, however acute to the temperament of Sensibility, are gradually mitigated by Meditation. By the benignity of the Great Author of our existence, we are created, not merely with hearts to feel, but with minds to ponder. Reflection and Contemplation, lovely sisters, are often within our call, in the gloomiest night of Horror. Moreover, the moral consolation, so liberally imparted by the BEST AND BRIGHTEST OF BOOKS,† affords more solace to Grief than all the manuals of Epictetus, or all the dogmas of Zenon. Time, which on all things lays his *lenient* hand, supported by the puissant auxiliaries, already indicated, though they may not *vanquish* the troops of Care, yet, unquestionably, they always *keep in check* the enemy.

During that painful and protracted period, when the Editor was interdicted from the exercise of a favourite employment,

\* Thomson.

† The Editor humbly hopes that, by the sternest critics, this figure will not be deemed too puerile, on the one hand, or too daring on the other. Even in our Hyperborean climate, the Rose may wait, in pleasing expectation, for the arrival of any warbler; but the Author's allusion is to one of the wildest, though certainly not the least delectable of the oriental fictions, in which the Nightingale is said to be *enamoured* of the Rose. Without *gross* violence of metaphor, therefore, the timid Beauty may be supposed not to *blush*, until the arrival of her lover.

‡ The Sacred Scriptures.

The Port Folio was very ably and assiduously conducted, by a literary Friend and a Gentleman,\* whose Genius and Industry are brilliantly conspicuous. But no literary *locum tenens*, no deputy editor, however alert and indefatigable, however affluent with all the riches of Learning, however glittering with all the diamonds of Wit, and glorious with all the gifts of Fancy, can possibly, at all times, supply the place of the *Principal*. From the very nature of his office, the latter must have more experience in editing, and more *technical* knowledge, with respect to the *details* of literary labour. Here the comparison ends. The Editor of The Port Folio is too painfully conscious of his *innumerable* imperfections, not to confess, with alacrity, how unworthy he is of his station, in comparison with a host of other scholars.

But the habitual and inveterate partiality of his Booksellers still urges them to retain in the ranks a man, who has little more to contribute to the noble cause of Learning and Science, than the most eager Solicitude, and the most ardent Zeal. The Editor, therefore, REMAINS AT HIS POST; and, to pursue the allusion, whether he is a partisan officer, or a humble sentinel, he will strive to do his duty.

Notwithstanding the illness and rustication of the Editor, and the consequent suspension of his labours, the interest of the proprietors of The Port Folio has not been affected. The subscription list has increased, is increasing, and SHALL NOT BE DIMINISHED.† The kindness, candour, liberality and *long suffering* of the reading classes of the American nation deserve, and *they shall receive* all the gratitude, which we can display. By that coy mistress, the Public, the Editor has always been treated, as a sort of favoured lover; though, unquestionably, for this fond preference, he is indebted much more to *her* graciousness, than to *his* gallantry. In the artifice of courtship he never was an adept; but his suit has been listened to, in spite of all his awkwardness, rudeness and rusticity.

\* PAUL ALLEN, Esq.

† The allusion is to a celebrated declaration in the House of Commons, by the brilliant Mr. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, the friend of Sir W. Jones, the ornament of the bar and the delight of society.

Whether the pages of this Journal be dull, or bright, whether its contributors recline on the sofas of **INDOLENCE**, repose in the bowers of **RETIREMENT**, or ramble over the regions of literature, still the work is munificently patronized, not by \* *Politicians*, not by faction, not by the vulgar, but by the most illustrious descriptions of American society, by the Liberal, the Ladies, the Lawyers, the Clergy, and all the Gentlemen and **CAVALIERS** of Columbia.

This *↑zeal of kindness* merits a liberal return.

Accordingly, a few days, prior to the festivities of Christmas, the senior proprietor of this paper, with that **LIBERALITY** and ardour of enterprize, for which he is justly characterized, and which we promptly and sincerely acknowledge, resolved that the resources of the Port Folio shall be augmented, its spirit quickened, and its **POPULARITY PERPETUATED**. The junior partner of the house is now in the metropolis of the British Empire, and invested with *full powers*, as a literary ambassador, to negotiate with artists, booksellers and writers for an ample collection of the most spirited and splendid plates which can be purchased, accompanied with **ORIGINAL** elucidations and **ESSAYS**, to adorn this Journal. In future, the engravings for The Port Folio will be equally numerous and captivating. With respect to the mechanical execution of the work, it is agreed, even among the prejudiced, that no Magazine, or periodical pamphlet, issuing from any of the presses of Europe, exceeds The Port Folio in the brilliancy and correctness of typography. With respect to the price, a consideration in the purchase of a pamphlet, not to be slighted, even by *liberal* **ECONOMY**, it is capable of logical and legal proof that it is sold at a very fair, as well as just valuation. In fact, no Journal of similar workmanship, and presenting the same quanti-

\* The pernicious influence, or interference of a certain description of this class of American *animals* has frequently jeopardized the interest of the Editor, and driven him repeatedly to the very verge of ruin. He has felt their ingratitude; he abhors their meanness; and, contemptuously assures them, in the language of an indignant writer, that they do not **RISE TO THE DIGNITY** of being hated, and are only despised with moderation.

† Johnson.

ty of letter press, is afforded at so cheap a rate, either at home, or abroad.

It now remains for the Editor to speak audibly, concerning the cardinal point of this enterprize, the LITERARY MANAGEMENT, on which the reputation of the work demonstrably depends. Well printed pages, and magnificent plates have their charms, and due consideration; but the public justly expect fine writing, as well as striking illustrations. Men call clamorously for specimens of ORIGINAL GENIUS, and for all, which TALENTS and assiduity can impart to strengthen, or to divert the mind. This call, it is proposed, to answer as distinctly as possible.

The *confederacy of men of letters*, associated at the commencement of The Port Folio, in its *Phanix* form, having dissolved, almost as soon as they convened, for reasons which, in a future number, we shall fully detail to our laughing readers, the Editor ever since, has been obliged, in long and frequent intervals of indisposition, to rely, principally, upon fortuitous and eleemosynary aid. Hence, like any man depending upon alms for his support, his literary supplies were equally scanty and precarious. The character of his journal has been impaired, and his own mortification intensely aggravated in consequence of the frequent penury, or flimsiness of his materials; although many of the communications, with which he has been honoured, are of the very first class of composition.

Fully to atone for the Editor's negligencies, absences, and indispositions, a scheme equally specious and solid has been, at length, happily devised. Conscious that the character of a lettered confederacy was exactly of that crumbling nature, as the allied army under the duke of Brunswick; the Editor, for a very long season, has been anxious for a *colleague*, who should have a *direct interest* in the enterprize, who should be a confidential and favourite friend, and who should be capable of unlocking the stores of Learning, and revealing the glories of Genius. This plan is of no hasty adoption. *Two years* ago, all the keenness of the Editor's inquisitive optics was intensely fixed upon a gentleman and a scholar, who, from his liberal leisure, and still more liberal mind, was, of all men, the individual, whom the

Editor would select, after the maturest deliberation. Fortunately for his gratification, the interest of The Port Folio, and the satisfaction of its subscribers, this beloved and accomplished associate is now in *full communion* with the Editor. With the joyful acquiescence of the Proprietor, they have formed a literary coparceny; they *have* embarked in a joint adventure to the regions of wit; the Editor contributing nothing to the common stock, but the bankruptcy of his mind, while his opulent associate furnishes the amplest capital.

In the painful progress of his literary labours, while the Editor has had frequent occasion to exclaim with Paul, *\*Demas hath forsaken me, having loved too much the things of this world*, it is a source of the most pleasurable sensation exultingly to announce that LUKE is *with me*. Such is the *invincible* modesty of our friend, that he will not permit the Proprietor to point out to the public, who is *Luke*. We foretell, however, with Mr. Pope, on a similar occasion, that our classical companion will not long be concealed. The most heedless adventurer in the regions of Peru, or the mines of Golconda, in spite of partial concealment and incidental obscurity, must, from bursting radiance on every side, recognize the shining ore, and the precious fossil.

The Editor, therefore, once more engages in a task, which is generally considered as drudgery for the blind, as the proper toil of artless industry; a task, which requires neither the light of Learning, nor the activity of Genius, but may be successfully performed without a higher quality than that of bearing burdens, and beating the track of toil, with sluggish resolution. This is an injurious and false opinion, however promulgated by the arrogant and the envious. The province of the Editor, *if it be low, is certainly safe*. If the fruits it yield are not high flavoured, nevertheless, they are wholesome. As the drudging cultivator of this field, the Editor has a thousand times doubted his qualification. But the opinion of his employers, masters, and patrons have great weight; and let it be added, not in the words of an insidious flatterer, but one of the honestest men

\* See the second most eloquent Epistle of St. Paul to his beloved Timothy.

† Johnson.

that ever existed—Ansonius thought that modesty forbade him to plead inability for a task, to which CÆSAR had judged him equal.

From its peculiar nature, and many auspicious circumstances, attendant on its present projection, the Proprietors and Conductors of this Journal are not without pleasing prospects, although they may be obscured, as heretofore, by the clouds of misfortune.

Uniting, in one plan, the grand compartments of Science, Literature, and the Arts, it combines whatever is pleasing with whatever is useful, the advancement of speculative knowledge, with the history of practical results. It makes liberal provision for the CAPRICIOUS VARIATIONS OF LITERARY PURSUIT; and, embracing numerous objects of rational inquiry, it ought to obtain the cooperation of the learned of *all parties*.\*

We now commence our career; and hope that, at least, we may *approach* the goal. We are governed by every noble Power, thaving a laudable influence over the mind of man: by the desire of glory and the ignominy of defeat; by the goadings of that blessed instinct, which will not suffer our faculties to rust with slothfulness, or droop in lethargy; by all the documents of Reason and Experience which demonstrate that such exertions are salutary; by generous Emulation; by honest Pride, and by A VIVID SENSE OF THE POWER AND RESOURCES OF OUR COUNTRY. We call, and we hope, audibly, upon our contemporaries for literary, for scientific, for MORAL AID. To such a call the most accomplished of the Americans cannot be inattentive. The Tutelary Genius of the country will then smile benignantly on our labours, and we shall be lighted to success, by a ray from Heaven.

\* A note, appended to a preceding paragraph, pertinent to politicians, the Editor avers, upon the faith of a Cavalier, has no sort of allusion to the reigning administration, its admirers, or adherents. What are called, in the language of party, democrats, or republicans, often contribute liberally to this journal, which is nothing like the journals of faction, and is wholly vacant of political and theological discussion.

† Many references are had in this paragraph, to the glowing and energetic language of one of the most accomplished scholars of Trinity College, Dublin.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE letters from L—— excite the most vivid interest; but, alas! their object cannot be suddenly realized. He, to whom they so pathetically refer, is under the harrow of Pain and the bleeding thongs of Adversity. Still "gay Hope," sometimes irradiating his gloom, points to the BRILLIANT FUTURE, and urges him to exclaim, in the loftiest tone of independence,

Although my limbs Disease invades,  
Her wings IMAGINATION tries,  
And bears me to the peaceful shades,  
Where DENNIE's humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,  
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,  
Where first great Nature charmed my sight,  
Where Wisdom first informed my heart.

Here let me through the vales pursue,  
My guide, my FATHER, and my FRIEND;  
Once more great Nature's works review,  
Once more on Wisdom's voice attend.

From *false caresses, causeless strife*,  
Wild Hope, vain Fear, alike remov'd,  
Here let me learn the use of life,  
Then best enjoyed, *when most improv'd*.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,  
Cool Meditation's quiet seat,  
The GENEROUS SCORN of MUSHROOM POWER;  
The silent grandeur of retreat.

When Pride, by Guilt, to greatness climbs,  
Or *raging Factions* rush to war,  
Here let me learn to shun the crimes,  
I can't prevent, and WILL NOT SHARE.

But, lest I fall, by subtler foes,  
Bright Wisdom teach me MARY's art,  
My *swelling passions* to compose,  
And QUELL THE REBELS of the heart.



The idea so fondly cherished by one, who, in familiar correspondence, frankly denominates himself "an Idler," is one of those dreadful delusions, by which, as by the *false fire* of the meadows, darkling man is so often beguiled. The *sporting with Amaryllis in the shade*, or hearkening to all the songs of Melody may become the luxurious, but not the aspiring. Ambition and Enterprize must "scorn delights, and live laborious days."

Not on beds of fading flowers,  
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,  
Not with swains, in Syren bowers,  
Will true Pleasure long reside.  
On awful Virtue's hill sublime,  
Enthroned sits the immortal FAIR,  
Who wins her height MUST PATIENT CLIMB;  
The steps are PERIL, TOIL, and CARE;  
So, from the first, did Jove ordain,  
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

To the observation of the Editor the manners, habits and principles of "a Cheerful Christian" are perfectly familiar. Our correspondent enjoys the "viridis Senectus" of Virgil, combined in happy alliance with the "animosus infans" of Horace. He may well exclaim, in the language of a virtuous man and pure song writer,

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,  
And when I am dead, may the BETTER SORT say,  
In the morning when sober, in the evening *when mellow*,  
He's gone and has left not behind him his fellow;  
For he governed his Passions with absolute sway,  
And grew wiser and better as Strength wore away.

The *most catholic*, liberal, and indulgent Public are respectfully and earnestly entreated to suspend their opinion, with respect to the character of this miscellany *under its novel and animated arrangement*, until the appearance of The Port Folio of February, and the ensuing months. The holidays of this festive season had commenced their cheerful career, prior to the projection of a plan, which, auxiliary to some of the noblest

projects of the *studious* brain, SHALL *succeed*, if human Power can effect the object. Meanwhile, a *section* of the contents of this number has been, in the technical phrase of the typographer, *made up* rather hastily. Nevertheless, the *leading* articles are, in despite of the disadvantages alluded to, amply entitled to the highest praise which the Editor can impart. Few articles even in the Edinburgh Review, or the Gentleman's Magazine, when CAVE was its conductor, and JOHNSON its contributor, possess more sterling merit than the Review of the life and writings of Henry Kirke White, the Biography of Dunbar, and, above all, the admirable letter from Ornithologist WILSON, and the elegant and profound remarks upon the famous picture so much extolled by the partisans and admirers of sir BENJAMIN WEST.

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The present literary *Partners* in The Port Folio, though of pretensions sufficiently modest, and without a particle of Pride, Arrogance, or Vanity, are so *justly conscious of the resources they possess*, or can COMMAND that they disdain piteously to *beg* literary aid, from any quarter. If men choose to decline a correspondence with us, be it so. In our way to the Temple of Fame we can march on, *without a staff*.

On the other hand, the Editors are too sensible of the value of adventitious aid, scornfully to shun communion with men of letters. The cultivators of Polite Literature, therefore, men of literary research, men of Science, the sons of genuine Genius, the votaries of Pure Taste, are *cordially* invited to the most liberal intercourse of mind. He, who writes for fame, shall be strenuously supported. He, who writes for gold shall, if his productions be deemed meritorious, receive, from the Proprietors, a liberal remuneration.

While we thus adjure LEARNING and GENIUS *to come over to Macedonia and help us*, we wish, at the same time, to discourage the visits of pert Pretention. All pseudo critics, literary quacks, literary dabblers, witlings, punsters, poetasters, the constructors of conundrums, the researchers of rebusses, the resolvers of riddles, and the artificers of an acrostic are conjured to abstain from tampering with The Port Folio. More-

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over, *for sweet Charity's sake* let us not be afflicted with insipid elegies upon milliners' and seamstresses' apprentices, and dead girls in general. We earnestly deprecate all the doleful varieties of canting, whining, bleating, and bellowing. We are determined not to be the pastors of silly sheep; and, in our literary purlieus, we shall be vigilant against the admission of *bulls*, whether of the *Irish* or American breed. Against that *tumid* style, so much in vogue in this country, we enter our most solemn and decided protest. While, from the literary loom, we can manufacture, or furnish rich brocade, and stuff, *which will wear well*, we wish not to *expose* for sale a single sample of American *fustian*.

Not without trembling, the Literary Partners of The Port Folio now wait for the return of that *impartial verdict* in which the Public sooner or later are always agreed. In the Court of Criticism our cause is to be tried by the *Supreme Judges*, and the Grand Jury of Literary Inquest. If we be culprits, let us be branded; if otherwise, let the *Foreman*, with a manly voice, pronounce NOT GUILTY.





*H. Edwin sc.*

*General Knox*

# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.  
COWPER.

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VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1812.

No. 2.

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## GENERAL HENRY KNOX.

WE have already prefixed to our miscellany for August last, an engraving of that eminent hero, statesman, and patriot, the late general Henry Knox, accompanied with a sketch of his biography. Unfortunately, the plate was engraven from a portrait, which was taken many years since, and which of course did not give entire satisfaction to the friends and relatives of the deceased. As they were desirous of perpetuating the memory of a man who shared the dangers and the confidence of Washington, both in the field, and in the cabinet, they have transmitted to us from Boston a more recent portrait, from the pencil of that eminent painter, our countryman Mr. Stewart. From this portrait, an engraving has been executed by Edwin in his best manner, and may fairly challenge a comparison with any work of a similar kind, executed in this country or abroad.

VOL. VII.

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## REVIEW.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.

Horace.

*Tableau des Prisons de Lyon, pour servir à l'Histoire de la Tyrannie de 1792 et 1793, par A. F. Delandine, cidevant bibliothecaire à Lyon, l'un des prisonniers.*

*Picture of the Prisons of Lyons, forming materials for a history of the tyranny of 1792 and 1793, by A. F. Delandine, formerly librarian at Lyons, and one of the prisoners.*

THE more prominent events of that disastrous period are sufficiently familiar to us all. But general description, however accurate, or highly coloured, excites only a feeble sympathy, compared with the minute detail of individual misfortune. Happily for human nature, our sensibility to the distress of others seems to weaken as its sphere enlarges—we may lament the misery of a nation—we may regret its ruin—but our tears are reserved for domestic sorrow; and, withdrawing our eyes from the loose indefinite gloom of public calamity, we fix them with an anxious interest on some wretched solitary victim, whose private wretchedness, or whose very name serves to render his situation more touching. With whatever vigour or brilliancy, therefore, the corruption of the cabinet, and the ravages of the army, the bloody scenes of the capital, and the devastation of the provinces may be depicted, it is from works like the present that the future Tacitus of France must draw his most afflicting representations. Composed in prison, with the objects described immediately before the writer, his work has every claim to authenticity, and we do not err in supposing that the interest which a perusal of it has inspired, will be equally felt by our readers, and by posterity. It will be remembered that in the year 1793, whilst the jacobin faction predominated in France, Lyons was besieged by the republican army on some pretence of loyalty; that at last, reduced by death, and exhausted by famine, the city opened its gates to the deputies of the government. Among these was a wretch named Collot d'Herbois, who having been once hissed from the stage in this city, determined to revenge himself amply for his disgraces. In the very theatre itself he established a ja-

cobin club; a temporary commission of legal spies was created, and the persons denounced by them were carried before a tribunal of five members. An immediate proscription of all the respectable inhabitants, the clergy, the nobility, all who had taken a part in the siege, now began; and it is of this scene that the author has given a description. He was denounced, and fled to the country; but was taken at night and carried to a prison called the Cloister—with what anticipations we may collect from the following account, which gives a clear view of the summary judgments of this tribunal.

“On my arrival at the cloister, it was occupied by about twelve hundred inhabitants of Lyons, who had been arrested since the siege. Of these it was calculated that at least four-fifths would be put to death, so that it was scarcely worth the trouble to think of safety. This was indeed, less a common prison than a vast sheepfold, where the victims quietly waited for the day on which they were to be butchered by the government. The first with whom I conversed on our common lot, and their frail hopes, did not escape the fatal knife. Among these were the honest Jourdan, who, believing that he could have nothing to fear, had himself carried, although he was sick, to the tribunal, which sent him to the scaffold; the good Sémenol de Montbrison, who was saying to all of us, “I am not afraid, for out of prudence, and to ensure my safety, I went twice to the club.” Bianchi, full of honour, Goyot of Villefranche, an interesting and learned old man; his countryman Girardet, who hoped soon to be free, and offered to every prisoner to execute his commands with zeal. They were part of a hundred prisoners who left the cloister at eleven o'clock, arrived at the town-house after twelve, and at half after twelve, seventeen of them were already condemned and executed. Fifteen days before another hundred had been led out on the first day, and by the tenth, all except three fell under the axe. It was here, too, that I saw Imbert Granier, a man of great acquirements, but now keeping a constant silence. The architect Dupoux, arrested for having extinguished the fire in his own house, when it had been in flames from a bomb thrown during the siege; the two brothers Perussel, the youngest of whom said to me, ‘They may do what they please with us now. My father, who was arrested, has been liberated; as for us, we are easy and can die without regret.’ They both were soon after put to death.”

The feelings of the prisoners in such a situation are equally well drawn. “It is in the cloister that the days seem to consist of more than twenty-four hours. We read and wrote, and played; but the continual images of ravage and destruction, the



feebleness of their hopes, and the proof of their danger, had given to all the prisoners a stoical serenity. By the force of fearing they have ceased to fear. The sacrifice is already made; the mind is accustomed to it, and life seems like the rarest prize of this bloody lottery. The conversation partakes of this character; it is less serious than reflecting, always mild, and never desponding." They even sometimes amused themselves in a manner characteristic of the amiable levity and the buoyant spirits of their countrymen. During the great crisis, only one song was made in the prison, but some time afterwards when a number were condemned to remain in prison till peace, and existence was therefore more certain, they recurred to every mode of lightening the burden of life. We doubt, indeed, whether the annals of any, except a French prison, could supply so amusing a chapter of songs and charades, and bouts, rimés, and enigmas.

After remaining in this prison till the guillotine had cleared their way, a chain of prisoners were on the first day of every decade, led out from the cloister, and from the other two prisons, St. Joseph and Roanne, to the town-house, the great reservoir, where the tribunal sat. In one part of it, such as had not yet received their trial, were crowded, to wait till it was their turn to be sacrificed. As the moment approached, their anxieties increased.

"While the judges are sitting in the morning, from nine to twelve, and from seven to nine in the evening, nothing can be compared to the anguish of every prisoner, who is uncertain whether he is to be called before the tribunal. At every instant the doors are opened, and the keepers, whom they seem to have chosen for their coarse and sepulchral voices, cry out "to the interrogatory, such a one advance and take your bundle." The accused shudders as he immediately takes this bundle, consisting of his basket and covering, and goes out with his eyes on the ground, and terror on his countenance. The door closes after him, and he scarcely ever returns again, being conducted at once either to the vault of delivery, or of death. He is now led to the vestibule before the hall of the court, where three or four prisoners are made to sit together, before they are introduced. They do not, however, wait long, for it is calculated that every quarter of an hour seven prisoners are called and judged; when the instant arrives, he is led before the judges, and seated on a stool; two soldiers stand by his side, behind is his introducer, who waits the signal of the judges. This is various. Commonly the judges touch

the little axe suspended on their breasts, to designate the guillotine; put their hands to their foreheads in condemning the accused to be shot, and stretch their arms on the table as a sign of liberation. If one could choose the moment of his trial, the morning would be preferable; for in the evening, the judges are harrassed, worn down, and out of order from solicitations or drunkenness. The interrogatory is precise and short; often no more than three questions are asked—What is your name and profession? What did you do during the siege? Are you denounced? The answers are compared with the papers sent to the tribunal by the temporary commission. As soon as the sentence is pronounced, or the secret signal given, the jailer puts his hand on the shoulder of the accused, and saying, “follow me,” leads him down stairs, either into the good or the bad vault; the first, the receptacle of those condemned to detention, the second, for those who were to be executed. Sometimes, however, after the first interrogatory, the prisoner is remanded into the great hall, till he is questioned a second time. This is an additional punishment. More than two hundred prisoners breathe the infected air of this hall, which was once the assembly room of the happy, at all their festivals, but is now devastated by bullets and bombs, the walls spoilt, the ceiling opened, to admit the inclemency of the weather, the joists loose, and threatening the sick and wretched beings who are stretched on the straw beneath them. What increases the horror of this room is, that at half after twelve the judgments of death are distinctly heard, as they are pronounced on the steps of the town-house; they hear too, the voices of the victims crying out, “People, you are deceived—the republic needs no assassinations—I am falsely accused—I have not been questioned—I have not had time to answer—they have mistaken me for another—abominable judges, you will perish—I call you before God. Oh, what a dreadful silence reigns among the prisoners; how all conversation is suspended, every countenance is painted with fright, an enormous weight is on every heart. Presently is heard the soldiers’ step leading off the condemned to another end of the square; then every stroke of the guillotine, the number of heads may be counted as they fall; but the windows are closed in order not to see them.

In the confusion of the crowd, many extraordinary mistakes occurred. The executioners themselves could not know all the prisoners, and had not time to identify persons, so that the safety or the death of a being, very often depended on their caprice, or their haste. Of this an instance is given in a wretched man, by the name of Revolliere, who was mingling among the crowd of prisoners, when the executioners came to bind him, and carry him off. He protested that they must have mistaken him for some other person—that he had never yet been interrogated—

never even seen the judges. It was in vain—he was taken out and shot. A more fortunate case, was that of a curate, named Ivernal. He was already stripped and tied, when, just as they were about to carry him before the tribunal, the clerk came down to call over the list of names. Ivernal heard his own pronounced wrong, and declared that such was not his name. The clerk examined the register, and finding actually, that he had been mistaken for another person, had him released. A similar instance is given in a person by the name of Laurensen, who

“Had been tried, and judgment given that he should soon be liberated; but in the mean time he was detained with the prisoners. Whilst he was there, he received a very energetic remonstrance in his favour, and even those who had caused his imprisonment, retracted their denunciation. He considered this paper as no longer useful, since his life was now saved; but he had scarcely put it into his pocket when his name was called. He went out into the entry, where he was instantly tied to a file of other prisoners, and led towards the guillotine. Perfectly stupified, and scarcely believing that he did not dream, he was recalled to his senses, by seeing the important paper fall from his pocket. As one of the soldiers picked it up, Laurensen exclaimed to him, “If the judges could only have read it, I should not be put to death, but I have just received it.” In a moment the soldier left his rank, and making his way through the crowd to the tribunal, exhibited the document and procured an order to stay the execution. As his deliverer hastened back, he found that a moment's delay would have been fatal. Laurensen was fortunately the last of forty persons who were to be guillotined. Thirty-nine had already fallen. He was already tied to the block, when the soldier arrived out of breath, cried out to stop, showed the order, and had the prisoner untied. He had in the mean time fainted, and was carried back to the town-house perfectly insensible. After bleeding him three times, he opened his eyes, but the dreadful impressions of the bloody spectacle deprived him of reason, and he was obliged to be carried to the hospital.”

But these single trials exhausted the patience of the judges, who adopted, at last, a more expeditious scheme. Strings of prisoners were tried and executed in mass. It was thus, that sixty-nine of the flower of the youth were led out to be shot: and this was followed by another example of still more extensive barbarity.

“It was from the prison of Roanne, that the two hundred and nine Lyonese, who were condemned in mass, during a single day, were led out to exe-

cation. Each one, indeed, scarcely did more than appear before the tribunal. A long rope was fixed to each tree of an alley of weeping willows; to this the condemned were tied with their hands behind their backs, and a picket of soldiers more or less strong placed at four steps before each of them. At a given signal the first shots began. Some had their arms carried off—some their jaw-bones—some a part of their heads. As they fell and raised themselves up, on every side was heard the frightful cries of “finish me—my friends do not spare me;” cries which resounded even on the other side of the Rhone. It was thus that all the executions were made, but the multitudes of the victims in this case, doubled the time of immolation. After it was accomplished, the bodies were stripped and thrown into deep ditches, where they were covered with lime and a little earth. On counting them, it appeared that there were two hundred and ten, instead of two hundred and nine, though one of the prisoners had broken loose from the chain, and escaped. It was then recollected, that in tying the prisoners in the court-yard of the prison, two persons had violently declared that they did not belong to the prison, but had been hired merely to do jobs for some of the prisoners. In spite of their remonstrances, however, they were tied like the rest, were forced to march, and had perished.”

From this dreary waste of crime and destruction, we turn with pleasure to the various instances which are recorded of signal and heroic magnanimity. Fond, as we are, of every thing which vindicates our nature from the common charge of interested selfishness, we are cheered by the contemplation of such examples, which still prove, that no dangers can extinguish our affections, or our sense of duty. These principles lie deep in our nature—they sleep in the common intercourse of the world, and the superficial do not perceive them, till they are roused into energy, by the powerful stimulants of calamity. Thus, even among the inhabitants of Lyons, a plain manufacturing people, a soil not favourable, we might suppose, to the nobler virtues, a thousand examples occurred of the calmest contempt of death, and the proudest scorn of danger, or dishonour.

“I am sorry, said Dargeon, that they do not decide my fate sooner. What have I, indeed, to fear? The end of life, even in this world, is too often only a fatiguing servitude; here it is a punishment. To-morrow I will go voluntarily before the judges—I make you my adieus in advance.” The next day he presented himself to the tribunal, and his adieus were eternal.”

“The brother of one of the prisoners had been distinguished during the siege, and was afterwards denounced. The commissaries who were in quest of him, came to the house of the prisoner himself, and mistaking him for his brother, brought him before the tribunal, where he was condemned. He dis-

dained, however, to correct an error, which would be the means of saving his brother, and was fatal only to himself. He even congratulated himself on his devotion, though without thinking it at all extraordinary, and went joyfully to the scaffold."

"Among others brought before the tribunal, was a young woman, who refused to wear a cockade. They asked her the reason of her obstinacy. "It is not," said she, "the cockade itself which I hate, but since you wear it, it seems to be the signal of crimes, and it shall not be seen on my head." One of the judges made a sign to the guard, to tie one to her bonnet, saying to her, "Go, in wearing this you will be saved." She rose with great coolness, took off the cockade, and answering only, "I give it back to you," was led out to perish."

"The greatest examples of cool firmness and courage, were particularly displayed by timid nuns, and humble curates. If your duty, said one of the latter, is to condemn us, obey your law; I, too, must obey mine, and it orders me to die."

"Do you believe in Hell, asked they, of the curate of Amplepuy. "How can I doubt it," replied he, "when I see you, and hear what is passing; were I an infidel, this would convert me."

"Bourbon, curate of Agni, had passed forty years in the exercise of all the virtues, and in the midst of the poor, of whom he was the father. Perfectly calm, and determined on death, he regretted only the good which he might still have done. He sat down one day to write, and having finished his letter, blessed it, and then raising his hands to Heaven, addressed a fervent prayer. I was moved, and shared, without knowing them, his prayer and his feelings. When he came to his bed by the side of my own, I asked him the subject of his letter—he declined—but, as I ventured to insist, "My friend," said he, "my sacrifice is already made. For more than thirty years I have had the happiness to consider death, and prepare myself for it. Should I go to purchase some feeble days, which remain, by rejecting publicly, the principles which I have taught during life, and which have seemed worthy of rendering men virtuous. But, before finishing my career, I had forgotten one duty, which I have just fulfilled with transport. I have written to the person who denounced me, and caused my arrest. Unhappy creature! he is more to be pitied than I am. I have thought of his torments, I have wished to soften them; I have blessed his existence, I have desired that his last hour should be tranquil and happy. I will shortly go to ask it, myself, from the God of mercy." As Bourbon spoke, a ray of divine glory seemed to beam on his countenance. He was soon led to execution.

"By the side of such examples, how low appear the equivocations, by which the weak vainly hoped to escape.

"A priest expected to save himself by feigning atheism. "Do you believe in God," said they to him: "A little," answered he. The president instantly pronounced, "Die, wretch, and go and acknowledge him."

We shall close this article, by extracting an account of an attempt to escape, made by a number of prisoners. We offer no apology for its length; since we have never seen, even in the marvellous adventures of Trenk, a more lively representation of a similar incident.

"On the 9th of December, seventy-two prisoners were condemned, and transferred into the bad vault. The next day, being the decade, there was no execution; and Porral, one of the prisoners, determined to profit by this circumstance, and attempt an escape. His sisters, having by a bribe, of three thousand livres, obtained access to him, burst into tears. "This," said Porral, "is no time to weep—we must arm ourselves with activity, and try to escape. Bring me some files, a crow-bar, and other instruments, plenty of wine, and even daggers, for we must defend ourselves before we perish. Through that high narrow window, you can pass down every thing, and I will stay under it to receive them." The sisters left him, and in the course of the day, brought the files and crow-bar, scissars, large butcher knives, twelve chickens, and more than sixty bottles of wine. Porral then joined four others of the most strong and adroit prisoners in the scheme. As soon as night came, they proposed a general supper; the last they should ever make. It was accepted, and during it, the prisoners exhort each other to brave tyranny, and die without weakness. The wine passed plentifully, till at length the greater part of the prisoners were overpowered by it, and went to sleep. At eleven o'clock, the conspirators began their work. One of them was placed as a sentinel with a dagger, to strike down the jailer, if in going his round at two o'clock he should appear to suspect any plot. The other four put off their clothes, and began to seek for a passage. At the extremity of the second vault, there was a dark part, at the end of which they found a strong double door of oak. This they attacked. By degrees the hinges gave way, and the lead which soldered them was filed off. They then raised it with the crow-bar. Still the door would not open; again and again they tried, and could not conceive what held it. At last they widened, by means of the scissars, the hole till they saw that it was tied to a distant beam by a large rope fixed to a ring on the outside of the door, and neither the scissars, the crow-bar, nor the file could reach it. This was a moment of despair, but a ray of hope succeeded. One of the workmen returned to the vault, and asked for a wax candle. The notary, Fromental, half asleep, recollected that he had a piece, got up and found it. With this the conspirator returned, and after unrolling it, and tying it to a thin piece of wood to make it reach as far as possible, lighted one end, and passing it through the hole, the rope took fire, and they soon opened the door. They closed it gently behind them, and now found that they were in a second vault, in the middle of which was a piece of free-stone, on the ground. They struck

it lightly, and it returned a hollow sound. "Might not this be the entrance of a canal which led towards the Rhone, and if the workmen, who made it, could pass in this direction, why cannot we?" This conjecture appeared certain. They cleared the earth from round the stone, and raising it with the crow-bar, saw, with transports of joy, a subterranean passage, which must have some outlet. In order to descend it, all their handkerchiefs were tied together, and Joseph la Batre holding by them, and supporting himself against the wall, reached the bottom. They passed down the light—he looked and sounded every where—another moment of distress and anguish—he found no door, no air hole, no means of going farther. The place seemed to be some neglected well, or rather some dungeon, which had, perhaps, formerly received its wretched victim. La Batre came up, and they now sought some other resource. At the end of the vault there was still a door, which offered the only means of escape. They again set to work, but after breaking all that seemed to detain it, the door still resisted. As before, they made a hole, and on looking through, observed two large stones, one on top of the other, which propped it. They were forced to make another opening, through which they passed the crow-bar, and at the same moment raised the door with a stick of wood, which they fortunately found at hand. At last, the first stone gave way, fell on the ground, and with it the door swung open. Every thing was then surmounted. The conspirators were now in a large deep vault, which was used as a national dépôt, for sequestered goods—a trunk full of shirts was open, and each of them took one in exchange for their own, covered with dirt and vermin. This hasty toilet seemed a good omen. There were now two doors before them. After hesitating which to attack, they approached one, but scarcely had the file made a slight noise, when on the other side of the door, a dog growled, and began to bark—an instant terror seized them all—every arm was suspended—each workman was motionless with astonishment and terror. This door was near the jailer's lodge. They now recollected that this was the time at which he was to take his round, and that it would soon strike two o'clock. One of the conspirators went back to the first vault, to see if all was safe. In the mean time, the rest suspended their labours, and their strength being almost exhausted, they breakfasted. "I am not fond of wine," said one of them to me, "but never did I drink any with more pleasure, than under this gloomy vault. At every glass I felt my courage revive, and my arm strengthen. On this occasion, wine did seem to be the true support of misfortune." The man who had been sent to examine, now returned. On entering the first vault, he shuddered at seeing the jailer already there to take his round. This had, however, prevented his hearing the noise of his dog. The man placed as sentinel, requested him not to refuse him a last favour, which was, to empty a bottle of hermitage. They then sat down together, and when the jailer left them, he had drunk so much wine, as to need sleep during the rest of the night. They now resumed the work with vigour. They

leaving the fatal door where they had heard the dog, found that the other was a folding door closed by an iron bar, fixed to a chain of iron. At the first attempt the ring broke—the bar was raised, and the door opened. This was not, however, the end of their labours, which seemed to multiply, as they advanced. The door opened into a long entry. On one side they perceived a door, but as it opened towards the court-yard, they passed on to the end of the entry, where there was a second. Behind this they heard a noise—they listened, and through the cracks observed some men stretched on straw, before the embers of a fire. “Can these be prisoners? Let us join them, and escape together.” At that moment one of the men rose. He spoke *Patois*—he wore uniform, and mentioned the number of counter revolutionary brigands whom they intend soon to shoot. These *brigands* now discover that this is the guard. They have then come thus far to see all their hopes vanish. To what have all their fruitless labours and anxieties brought them? To a guard, who at the slightest noise, would alarm the whole soldiery. Despondency of mind, united with personal weariness. Still, however, there was one hope left—the door which they had passed. They withdrew gently the bolt—the door opened—what sudden joy—they find the stair case which leads into the court-yard. Four o’clock and a half just then struck. The night was dark and cold—it rained and snowed at the same time. The associates embraced each other and prepared to escape, when one of them cried, “Wretches, what are you about to do—if we attempt to escape now, we are ruined—the eastern railing is now shut, and if we pass at this unusual hour, before the guard, the alarm will be given. At eight o’clock every one has the liberty of going into the court-yard—the executioners will not come for us till after ten, and between eight and ten, we may all escape, for by suffering only three at a time to go every four minutes, they may mingle unperceived in the crowd. During the three hours before us, let each of us reveal the secret to two other prisoners—we shall then be fifteen, and the last of that number will apprise fifteen others, till in this way we may all escape. After having had the courage to come thus far, let us have that also of not going farther.” They had the firmness to yield; and returning to the vault, each began to choose those whom he would first save. Among the first, was Montellier, a man of mild and amiable character. “I thank you, my friend, said he, but I do not wish to aggravate my case—I will tell you in confidence, that I have been mistaken for my brother—the judges are now convinced of it, and this very morning I am to obtain my liberty.” It is thus that hope trifles with man, even to his grave. At noon, Montellier was not in existence. They spoke also to the Baron de Chaffoy, a fine young man in the flower of his age. “Life,” said he, “no longer offers me any charms. All the ties which bound me to it are broken. I had thirty thousand livres a year; they have taken it from me. They have just guillotined my father. His virtues did not merit such a lot—nor do I think that I deserve it, but I will submit.” His courage was without ostentation—his resolution unshaken. In spite of in-



treaties, he remained, and wished to die. Fifteen were at length procured, and went to the head of the stairs. The first who ventured down was Porral. As he passed the sentinel, he said to him—"Comrade, it snows—this is very bad weather—were I in your place, I would not wet myself, but go into the guard house." The sentinel thanked him, and followed his advice; after which the flight of the rest became much easier. The imprudence of the fifteenth destroyed the effects of the plan. According to the agreement, he was to have given notice to only fifteen others—but, in his haste to escape, he cried out—"Let every one take care of himself—the passage is open." The prisoners started up, and at first thought him out of his head. A few began to look for the outlet, when hearing the noise, the sentinels rushed in, secured the doors, and sounded the alarm. At ten o'clock, a domiciliary visit was made throughout the city, but of the fifteen who left the prison, only four were retaken."

In a work like the present, the style is a subject of altogether subordinate consideration. But the narration is sprightly; and, although not as methodical in some instances as might have been wished, yet, still presents a clear and spirited picture of the objects described.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Sketch of the origin and progress of the Medical Schools of Newyork and Philadelphia. Being an extract from the introductory Lecture, delivered in the University of Newyork, on the 8th day of November 1811, by David Hosack, M. D. Professor of the theory and practice of Physic and Clinical Medicine.*

INSTRUCTION by lecture has ever been considered one of the best means of imparting knowledge; and if we inquire into the literary history of different nations we shall find, that according as they have been more or less enlightened, institutions for this purpose have been established and supported.

In corroboration of this fact it may be remarked, that the city of Athens, in its most flourishing period, was proudly preeminent in this respect, and justly boasted of her numerous schools, as well as of her philosophers who presided over them.

Those who are conversant in classical literature, need not here be reminded of the '*Academy of Plato*,' the '*Lyceum of*

*Aristotle*, the '*Porch of Zeno*,' the '*Cynosargum of Antisthenes*,' or of the '*School of the garden*' in which *Epicurus* delineated the '*origin and nature of things*,' and delivered his first lessons of '*tranquillity*' and '*temperance*' to a crowded and delighted audience.

In like manner medical schools have ever been considered among the most efficient means of educating youth designed for the practice of physic. Their institution is almost coeval with the first dawns of medical science, and their utility has been sanctioned by the experience of all ages.

The medical schools of *Cnidos*, *Rhodes*, *Cos*, and *Epidaurus*, existed among the Greeks even anterior to the days of *Hippocrates* and were founded by the same family, the *Asclepiades*, from whom he descended; and since his day such is the connexion between philosophy and medicine, that every nation distinguished for the cultivation of letters has also been celebrated for its medical institutions. From the declension of the school of *Cos* that of *Alexandria* became the most distinguished seat of learning, and continued to be so until the middle of the eighth century. But it was no less celebrated for its medical school, at which not only *Ætius* and *Paulus*, but all the Greek physicians after the time of *Celsus* received their education. Even during that dark period which intervened between the subversion of the Roman empire and the revival of learning in the commencement of the sixteenth century, several medical institutions were founded by the *Arabians*, and to which we are in a great degree indebted for the preservation of that knowledge which had been derived from the *Greeks*. Since that period medical schools have been established in almost every city of the civilized world. I need not here recount to you the numerous institutions of this sort which have been successively established in *Spain*, *Italy*, *France*, *Germany*, *Holland*, and in the last century in the principal cities of *Great Britain*. They are too familiarly known to require such recital. But the utility of medical schools is not confined to the youth who frequent them, nor even to the benefits which the profession may afterwards derive from the talents and learning of the *pupil*; but such are the labour and inquiry, so extensive and varied the researches which the office of teach-

ing necessarily imposes upon the *instructor*, who duly regards the welfare of his pupils, and the honour of his profession, that in this respect also medical schools have led to numberless discoveries and improvements. In this view they have been, perhaps, of all others, without exception, the most faithful source of improvement in the healing art. To this source we are not only indebted for the inestimable writings of those celebrated teachers, *Hippocrates*, *Galen*, and others among the ancients, and for those of *Hoffman*, *Haller*, *Whytte*, *Boerhaave*, *Albinus*, *Cullen*, *Fordyce*, and the *Gregories*, among the moderns. But to the discoveries of *Harvey*, a teacher of anatomy in the university of Cambridge, of *Asellius* of the school of Paris, *Rhuyssch* of that of Amsterdam, *Morgagni* of Padua, *Walther* and *Meckel* of Berlin, the *Hunters*, *Hewson*, and *Cruikshank* of London, *Black*, and the *Monros* of Edinburgh, who were all distinguished teachers in the several schools to which they were attached, our profession owes its most important improvements. But let us not confine our remarks to the eastern hemisphere: the light of science has also reached our shore, and we trust, has kindled a spirit of improvement which will not only reflect, but multiply the rays which have been borrowed. In this country medical schools are comparatively of recent date. Although the American colonies could boast of several medical characters distinguished for general literature as well as professional erudition, no attempt was made to establish a regularly organized school for the purpose of medical instruction until the year 1762. As early, however, as 1750 the body of Hermanus Carroll, executed for murder, was dissected in this city, by two of the most eminent physicians of that day, doctors John Bard and Peter Middleton, and the blood-vessels injected for the instruction of the youth then engaged in the study of medicine; and is the first essay made in the United States, for the purpose of imparting medical knowledge by the dissection of the human body of which we have any record. But notwithstanding this first laudable effort of individuals, a regularly constituted medical school was not completed in this city, until the year 1769. In the meantime, a few gentlemen who had been distinguished for their literary and professional attainments, undertook an establishment of this kind

in the city of Philadelphia. In 1762 Dr. William Shippen, the late eminent professor of anatomy of that city, returned from Europe, where he had finished his medical education, under the direction of that celebrated anatomist and physician, Dr. William Hunter of London. The pupil, fired with the spirit of his master, resolved to extend the benefits of his instruction to the youth of his native city, then engaged in medical study. His first class in 1764 consisted of ten pupils, but he lived to see that small beginning extend into an establishment, that annually educated between two and three hundred.

In 1765 Dr. Morgan met a few students, in like manner, unfolding to them the *institutes or theory of medicine*, including the *materia medica* and the principles of pharmaceutic chemistry.

Dr. Adam Kuhn who had been a pupil of the celebrated Linnæus, upon his return to his native country was also appointed in 1768 to the joint professorship of botany and *materia medica* in the college of that city. And in 1769 Dr. Benjamin Rush, the present distinguished professor of the theory and practice of physic in the university of Pennsylvania, and who had just completed his course of medical studies at the university of Edinburgh first became a teacher of chemistry in the then college of Philadelphia. Long may his useful labours be continued to the advantage of his numerous pupils, the benefit of the profession, and the honour of our country. While those gentlemen were all zealously occupied in the several departments of *anatomy, surgery, the theory and practice of physic, materia medica and chemistry*, the venerable Dr. Thomas Bond exhibited to the pupils, at the bed-side of the sick in the Pennsylvania Hospital, a practical illustration of those principles in which they had been instructed, and which were the first *clinical lectures* that had been delivered in this country. The meed of praise is certainly due to the trustees of the college of Philadelphia, and the distinguished president of that body Dr. Franklin, who at that early day established the first medical institution in this country. New-york did not long remain an inactive spectator of the important example set before her by her sister colony; as early as 1768 a similar establishment for medical education was opened in this city, in which were united the learning and abilities of Drs. Cles-

sey, Jones, Middleton, Smith, Tennent, and the present president of this college.\*

About the same time, in consequence of a public address delivered by Dr. Samuel Bard at the first medical graduation in 1769, a very important addition was made to the means then afforded of medical education, by the establishment of the *New-york Hospital*. The necessity and utility of a public infirmary, to use the language of Dr. Middleton, "was so warmly and pathetically set forth in that memorable discourse," that upon the same day on which it was delivered, a subscription was commenced by his excellency sir Henry Moore, then governor of this province, and the sum of eight hundred pounds sterling collected for this establishment. The corporation of the city, animated by the same public spirit and active benevolence, in a short time added three thousand pounds sterling to the first subscription, when the united amount was employed in laying the foundation of that valuable institution, now the pride of our city, and alike devoted to the purposes of humanity, and the promotion of medical science. The medical school of Newyork thus provided with professors eminent for their abilities and learning, and an infirmary for the purpose of clinical instruction, promised to be productive of all those advantages which were reasonably contemplated at its first institution. But those prospects in common with those of every other literary institution in our land, were not only interrupted, but totally destroyed, by the revolutionary war.

Shortly after the peace of 1783 the regents of the university attempted to revive the medical school of this city, and created professors for that purpose. But this attempt, owing to circumstances which need not here be detailed, proved abortive. Although lectures upon many branches of medicine were afterwards delivered by several gentlemen in their private capacity, no public measures were adopted for reorganizing the medical school until the year 1791, when an act was passed by the legislature, for the purpose of enabling the regents of the university to establish a *College of Physicians and Surgeons* within

\* Dr. Samuel Bard.

this state. But that power, thus vested in them by the state, the regents did not think it expedient to exercise until 1807.

In 1792 the trustees of *Columbia College* made another effort, by annexing a medical faculty to that institution. By this connection it was supposed by its friends and patrons, that the medical school thus restored, would at least have recovered the celebrity it had attained previous to the revolution. How far the liberal views of the trustees of that college, or the expectations of the public have been realized, is too well known to require a single remark on this occasion.\* About the same period of time the present medical school of Pennsylvania was revived, and since that event has acquired so much celebrity, that in the number of its pupils it is probably not even surpassed by the university of Edinburgh. That institution has not only become a source of honour and emolument to its professors, and the means of advancing the literary reputation of the state of Pennsylvania, but has become no inconsiderable source of revenue to the city of Philadelphia. It is calculated that at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars are annually expended in that city, by the students resorting to its medical school from the different parts of the United States.

Without dwelling upon the inquiry to what causes the comparative failure of the medical school of Columbia College and the unexampled success of that of Philadelphia are to be ascribed, I proceed to observe that the hon. the regents of the university of Newyork, after the most mature deliberation, after devoting the most serious attention to the respective rights and claims of the colleges of this state, as well as to a remonstrance which was presented to them by certain individuals of this city in the year 1807, did unanimously resolve immediately to grant a charter for the establishment of the present College of Physicians and Surgeons; as an institution, which, in their opinion, would be calculated to reflect honour upon our city, and in its advantages would be commensurate with the wealth and commercial importance of this great and growing state. The legislature actuated by the same spirit, and sensible of the benefits to be derived to the community at large, from such an establishment; in the follow-

\* See observations on the establishment of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, &c. by David Hosack, M. D. Newyork, 1811.

ing year expressed their approbation of the proceedings of the regents, by liberally appropriating twenty thousand dollars to its support. During the first three years the success of this school exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and gave abundant evidence that the state of Newyork possesses the most ample resources for establishing a system of medical education, equal in all the means of instruction with any institution of this or any other country. Such too were the favourable impressions, which had been created upon the minds of the regents, its founders, that upon receiving information of the events which had lately occurred to produce a temporary check to the progress and usefulness of this hitherto promising institution, they immediately, and with the same activity and zeal that led them to the first organization of the college, adopted the most efficient means not only of removing out of the way every impediment to its prosperity, but at the same time of reorganizing the institution in such manner as they conceived calculated to insure its permanent success and usefulness. Such, young gentlemen, has been the solicitude manifested by the regents of the university and the legislature of the state, in providing for you the means of medical education. But to the liberality of the legislature, you are not only indebted for the *appropriation* which has been already noticed. By the purchase of the *Botanic Garden*, which has recently been placed by the regents under the direction of the professors and trustees of this college, you have also access to an additional source of instruction, which is enjoyed by no other medical seminary in the United States, and one highly necessary to every accomplished and well educated physician; nor are these the only advantages which are now presented to the student of medicine in the city of Newyork. In the *College of Physicians and Surgeons*, he has not only, by means of private dissection and an anatomical museum, the opportunity of obtaining a correct knowledge of the structure of the human body,—he not only enjoys the benefits of an extensive course of chemical experiments, and, under the direction of the learned professor of natural history, of becoming acquainted with the various subjects which are embraced in that very extensive and interesting department of human learning; but in the *Newyork Hospital*, which encloses within its walls nearly four hundred patients, he has ample op-

portunities of observing the diseases which most frequently occur in this climate and country, and which he will have occasion most frequently to meet with in practice, than in any other similar institution in the United States. Even the infirmary of Edinburgh, the Hotel Dieu of Paris, or the hospitals of London, do not afford to their students more advantages than can be obtained by the American pupil at this well regulated asylum.

In this excellent institution, you also have access to an extensive medical library, consisting of the most respectable writings both of ancient and modern times.

I cannot pass by this circumstance without bearing testimony to the liberality of the gentlemen who compose the board of governors of that institution. Entertaining a due sense of the importance of that establishment, as a place of instruction to the student of medicine, they have not only embraced every opportunity, but they have eagerly sought for occasions by which they could render it most profitable to the pupils who attended the practice of the house, as well as a comfortable asylum to the sick, who are the objects of its charity.

Upon the advantages which the liberality and paternal care of the regents of the university, aided by the munificence of an enlightened legislature, have thus secured to our profession, I congratulate you with the utmost sincerity. Let us now by our exertions demonstrate to the world, that the zeal and public spirit which those respective bodies have manifested for the general interests of learning, have been no less honorable to themselves than beneficial to this community. Although the city of Newyork by its geographical position in the union, the continued intercourse which it holds with the different states, as well as with most of the commercial cities of Europe, is thereby entitled to many preeminent advantages, it must be acknowledged, that it has not hitherto sustained that high literary character that has distinguished the metropolis of Pennsylvania. But we trust the time is at hand, when the state of Newyork, and this otherwise flourishing city, will be rendered the *literary* as it is now the *commercial* emporium of our country. Shall the state whose commerce renders her first in wealth; whose population amounts to nearly a million of inhabitants, and whose annual revenue to the union has exceeded five millions of dollars, not contribute her



quota in wealth, talents and exertions to the promotion of science? Shall her literature only consist in the means of multiplying her number of dollars. Shall the Tontine Coffee House be her only university? and the receipts of customs, and insurance companies, her colleges? Our patriotism, our pride of character, our love of life, or what is still stronger, our *love of gain*, forbid such apathy. No, we will not consent that such negligence shall continue to mark the character of our state. And I see in this auditory, gentlemen whose talents and literary attainments have enabled them to appreciate the importance of this subject, and whose patriotism and merited influence in our public councils, have given us every assurance that our exertions will continue to receive that support, which a liberal and enlightened government has it in its power to bestow. Let us then be animated by these prospects, and redouble our efforts. With these impressions, I enter upon the duties assigned me in this university.

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#### TRAVELS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OUR readers will recollect, that some time since we anticipated the pleasure of gratifying them with a perusal of the unpublished letters of Mr. Sansom, the Pennsylvania tourist, but it subsequently appeared that we had misapprehended the extent of that gentleman's views in his proposed communication; we have, however, now the pleasure of presenting to the public, the account of his voyage to Europe; which will, we flatter ourselves, be only preliminary to other and more detailed extracts from the materials originally intended for a continuation of the published travels. Those interesting volumes, which are familiar to our readers, have been recently republished in London; and we have no doubt, that the same habits of strong and original observation, and the same perspicuity of style, which distinguish the published works of Mr. Sansom, will be easily recognized in those with which he may enrich our miscellany.

#### NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE FROM PHILADELPHIA TO LONDON, IN THE GOOD SHIP DISPATCH, CAPTAIN B——S.

*London, May 2, 1799.*

As day-light shut in [March 17] we passed rapidly by the light-house on Cape Henlopen with a brisk North-Wester, in

company with twenty or thirty sail; that, like ourselves, had been impatiently waiting the favourable moment to put to sea. Its twinkling flame seemed just lighted up to cast a livid gleam over the impending horrors of that dreadful night; for by ten o'clock the air thickened, and a head gale springing up, sent us all sick to bed. But bed was no longer a place of refuge from fatigue and terror. It was impossible to sleep for the creaking of the masts, the rattling of the cordage, the occasional clanking of the pumps, and the melancholy chorus of the crew tugging at the ropes in laborious concert, oh! he! yo! to take in sail and make all snug as the wind was now north-east, and we were obliged to lay too, though scarcely clear enough of the coast to avoid the terrible apprehensions of being driven on shore.

We lay in the starboard state-room, [a name one might suppose ironically applied to a little nook of six feet square] in which it is impossible to turn round at one's ease. My birth was next the ship's side, against which the sea often rushed with a crash that seemed to be tearing away the bows. My B—— had her's fitted up opposite to mine, and frequently sat up to catch the fresh air, at a little window that we had cut into the companion way.

A bottle of Schuylkill water was our only refreshment for two days and nights, and such was the inertia produced by sickness and despair, that when the water dropped upon our faces as it rushed over the deck, we scarcely thought it worth while to wipe it off again, much less to complain of so trifling an inconvenience, while the poor souls on deck ran the risk of being washed overboard every moment.

In this dismal situation, not a ship in sight the next morning of all those which sailed with us the evening before, we were tossed about all the next day and night; the raging blasts only dying away at intervals, as if to gather strength at a little distance; and then approaching with a hollow roar to fasten upon the ship again, with the fury of ravening wolves.

The sea sometimes broke clear over us, and rolled the ship sideways, as if every creen would turn her bottom upwards.

All this time we kept close to our sleepless beds; for had we not been too sick and sorry to stir, or even to speak, much more to think of eating and drinking, or any other terrestrial comforts, we could not have found room to have set our feet among the loose heaps of trunks, chairs, &c. that strewed the cabin, and rendered it dangerous to stir.

The dead-lights being in all the time, it seemed to us like one long and dismal night, only relieved every four hours by the captain and mate changing the watch, and exclaiming as they threw themselves down on their chests, "It blows a heavy gale I'll promise you."—"I never knew it blow harder in my life."—"It was just such a time when the *Ville de Paris* was lost."—"Well we've got a good ship under us."—"It's well for us we've got such a good offing."—and such like terrifying consolations.

About day-break, however, the second morning, the wind began to abate, and we had the satisfaction to learn that the vessel had suffered no other damage than the shivering of a stay-sail, though the wind had been sharpened by sleet, and every part of our tackling was stiff with ice.

When I first crawled out of my birth, and cast an eye over the wet floor, and quenched fire, by the gloomy light that came in at the cabin door, what a fool thought I to myself have I been, to exchange all the comforts of life for this miserable vault; and, although the image of death no longer stared me in the face, I would gladly have been thrown without a farthing to help myself with, upon e'er a sand hill among the pines of Jersey.

Next day the sea ran lower, and the sun shone out warm, with favourable winds,—a sail in sight, supposed to be the *India*. This drew us all upon deck, and inspired a sense of gratitude to him that "holdeth the winds in his fist; whose voice is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

On the ninth day we reached the banks of Newfoundland, which seems to have been providentially designed for a baiting place between the two continents; but we were disappointed of fish, as the wind continued high from the west, excepting for an hour or two, when we first got soundings; during which the sea was perfectly smooth on the surface, though gently swelling.

We crossed the banks in latitude 44 to 46, and on the 14th day quitted them; then first seeming to begin crossing the Atlantic, as we had never yet been more than a hundred leagues distant from land upon our left, and frequently saw gannets, gulls, and other sea fowl, of whom it is remarkable, that they never alight on a ship; though land birds will perch on the rigging, and often suffer themselves to be taken by the sailors, who let them go again, under an idea that it is unlucky to do them any harm.

This day we saw several islands of ice at a distance, apparently as motionless as fast land; they being anchored as it were, by the solid mass below the surface, which is supposed to be at least equal to that above. In the afternoon a small one appeared ahead like the spire of a steeple. The captain ordered the helmsman to steer for it, and about four o'clock we passed it a hundred yards distant, under the brilliant reflection of sun beams playing upon its glossy surface. It was about fifty yards square, irregularly indented, particularly on one side, which formed a small bay, through and over which the sea broke and fell in showers of spray; but the angles next us were perpendicular, and as the waves rose against their white sides, the water showed its transparent blue. The greatest part was not more than ten or fifteen yards above the surf, though the cliff next us was supposed to rise fifty or sixty feet in the shape of a ruined tower, of which a flock of sea-fowl had taken undisturbed possession, perhaps from the time of its being torn by some convulsion of nature, from the eternal frosts of Hudson's bay.

In the dusk of the evening we saw a small whale brushing along close by us, without seeming to notice us in the least.

That night I paid dearly for the sight of the ice mountains, (rather unusual so early in the year,) with continual apprehensions, whether sleeping or waking, that we should run foul of some of them—a Danish brig having struck one sometime since in a fog, without a moment's notice; the first report being that of the tremendous fall of loose fragments from a height of a hundred feet, which killed the man at helm, broke through the quarter deck, and so filled the vessel with ice, that they had enough to

do to clear the decks of it, and put back again to Baltimore with the loss of their bowsprit.

It was now cold again, with piercing airs from Greenland, and a few days more brought us into the longitude of the Azores, or Western Islands; when the mate, whose attention was unre-mitted, and his judgment infallible, told us we should have rough weather, and that many a good ship had lost her masts there.

We had yet had scarcely time to make ourselves uneasy about French cruizers, though before we left home, we had thought it prudent to provide ourselves with letters for general Toussaint, in case of being carried into St. Domingo, and we now began to think ourselves out of danger.

On the very day we reckoned ourselves in the middle of the ocean, uncertain whether nearest to Europe or America, the wind freshened to as heavy a gale as the former. This, however, was fair; but, by the time the ship was got under reefed topsails, in ordering which the captain, who has naturally the voice of a stentor, was obliged to use a speaking trumpet, night closed in upon us; our dead lights were again put in with considerable difficulty, and the vessel began to jirk and pitch amazingly. Every now and then a wave overtaking us with redoubled roar would seem for a moment, by the tremulous and sinking motion of the ship, as if it was striving to engulf us; and then, after an awful interval, breaking furiously over the stern, would rush over our heads like a clap of thunder.

Amid all these horrors, it often cheered us to hear the mate cry out in the pride of his heart, at our making eight or ten knots an hour, "A fine breeze! a fine breeze for the owners." But if any body came down, (and one fellow-passenger often did with apparent design) to tell us how high the sea ran; how it broke over our bows, as high as the fore-top; how hard it blew, and that it would blow harder; our spirits sunk within us, and we could only dissipate the melancholy gloom in reading the Psalms of David, which have such frequent reference to the waves of the sea, for examples of danger, fluctuation, and dependance upon God. as to suit the situation of persons at sea, as if they had been composed on purpose.

The one hundred and seventh psalm, in particular, seemed to us a kind of promise, because it had occurred undesignedly, the first time we took up a bible on board.

“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the Heaven, they go down again to the depths, their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh a storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.”

From this time, till we had soundings in the British channel, the weather was such that we could sleep but little, in broken slumbers, and rarely ate our meals with any relish.

When I ventured to look out upon the raging sea, which now seemed as if it would toss us into the air, now swallow us up, in an opening gulf, I found my confidence greatly increased, by observing how wonderfully a light ship will reel, and twist, and dash, and dive, and yet mount again, ride the roaring waves, bound over the boisterous element, and live through all. Nothing can be imagined more dismal than an approaching tempest, coming on just as the shades of night begin to thicken around you,

“And swell the boding terrors of the storm,”

while you see yourself committed, as it were, to the mercy of the great deep, terrified with ideas of the possibility of splitting in an instant upon sunken rocks, or the more probable shock of vessels steering athwart your course, when one or the other, sometimes both, go down at once into a watery grave. But let the storm be never so furious, the long wished-for day relieves, even when it cannot remove your fears; and enlivens, with a gleam of hope, the most disastrous situation.

Once the sea broke into the fore-top, and rolled so deep over the main deck, as to hide the men in the fore-castle from those on

\* Psalm cvii. 23—30.

the quarter. This attracted our curiosity, and we must needs stand in the door-way looking at the raging billows, till a surge leapt over the gunnel, and soused us all over from head to foot.

We were often obliged to take our dinner in our hands, and sometimes my B—— was fain to set down upon an old great coat, spread over the wet floor, to make tea, and send it round to the births in tin cups; the steward on one side to hold the kettle, which was often upset two or three times before it could be made to boil, and the cabin boy on the other, to save the tins from rolling away.

She was panic struck, whenever I attempted to move, as my weight frequently drove me headlong from one side of the cabin to the other. Once three or four of us were tossed several times backward and forward on the cabin floor, before we were able to recover ourselves.

We reconciled ourselves however to every thing, short of imminent danger, with the idea of making two hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours.—No idle work for a body of three hundred tons.

The first indication we had of approaching land was from a brace of ducks, that had been blown off the coast by a strong north-easter, the swell of which we met after the wind was spent.

Next day we fell in with a small fleet of Newfoundlandmen, beating up against the wind, one of which we spoke, with difficulty, the sea running very high, out six days from Poole, a sea-port half way up the channel.

These were the only ships we had seen since leaving the American coast, and as they tossed by us on the roaring waves, we felt our hearts glow at the unusual sight of new faces, with a sensation that proved to us what moralists so often fruitlessly inculcate, that all mankind are of one family.

A day or two after a small land-bird lighted on a spar. In the evening we hove the lead but could find no bottom.

Next morning, the twenty third day from the Capes, we fetched ground at sixty fathoms, and I could have jumped for joy, but for a seasonable corrective from my tranquil companion—"Don't rejoice till we are out of danger!" Imagine how my tune was changed, when the wind chopped about, and we were obliged to drive before it several hours, under great apprehension of being

forced out to sea again, as our captain had been once before, and beat about for two weeks before he could regain his ground.

The wind, however, changed in our favour, and we that night passed the Scilly islands, surrounded with sunken rocks, ever terrible to mariners, but especially since the memorable loss of sir Cloudesly Shovel, one of queen Anne's admirals, in a first rate man of war.

Next day the colour of the water became sensibly paler, and about four o'clock we had the welcome sight of land; which, before night, we discovered to be the Lizard point, by its two light-houses, which we could just discern through a thick mist.

We passed Plymouth, and the Start, in the night; and next day by noon, perceived the chalky cliffs of the Isle of Wight.

Before daybreak next morning I was on deck to see Beachy Head, a promontory that projects perpendicularly into the sea—its sides so white as to render a light-house unnecessary.

As the day broke we could distinguish a town or two, far inland, first smoking with morning fires, and then glittering with the beams of the rising sun.

By noon we sailed close under Folkstone, an old dusky place, with a huge square tower for a steeple, surrounded with bleak hills, without tree or shrub. The country improved as we advanced, but the few trees that lined the hedges here and there, were lopped of their branches, and fringed with moss.

All this time we had seen only one vessel in the channel, a West-Indiaman, inward bound, that had lost a mast in the late gales, and been separated from a large fleet, which had been long at sea.

But taking in a pilot at Dover, and doubling the South Foreland, we suddenly opened upon a fleet of a hundred sail, some of them ships of force, at anchor in the Downs, waiting for a wind.

Passing by Deal, and Ramsgate, and rounding into the bay of the Thames, we met a number of fine ships coming down; and anchored for the night (to my great dissatisfaction) in Margate roads, a place no less exposed to the sea, than the Hoar-kills of Delaware, and where many good ships have been lost.

The weather, however, favouring us, and the wind chopping round to suit our course, which was now almost right about, we



got up our anchor again about midnight, and sailed prosperously up the Thames, with a train of colliers on the right, stretching in from the eastward, as far as the eye could reach.

We were told that two hundred and forty sail arrived on this and the following day, having been kept back by the winds that had favoured us, till an unusual scarcity of coal prevailed in London.

In the afternoon we passed another great fleet, chiefly men of war, and transports, anchored at the Nore, (the mouth of the river,) after which we were near enough to see the improvements on its banks, highly cultivated, and interspersed with towns and country seats, beautifully ornamented, upon smooth shorn lawns of the richest verdure, bordered with shrubbery.

Toward evening, on the 12th of April, our twenty-seventh day from Port Penn, we were suddenly awakened from this pleasing dream, off Gravesend, by a preemptory summons for all the passengers to go ashore, and give an account of themselves at the alien-office.

At the same instant we were boarded by a press-gang that rushed in upon us like prowling wolves, demanding the seamen's protections, and examining them with merciless voracity.

A river pilot threw himself aboard at the same instant, with a couple of custom-house harpies; and as the captain was determined not to lose the tide, which he thought would carry him to London, we picked up a few necessaries, and trusted ourselves to the boisterous civility of a Gravesend waterman.

He soon rowed us ashore, and we scarcely felt the pleasure of setting our feet on dry land, as we tagged about after him to find the alien-office—the custom-house—the mayor, from whose custody we were told foreigners were not permitted to stir, till they could obtain permission from the duke of Portland, secretary for the home department, to go up to London, there to be further examined before they could have permission to reside in *the land of liberty*.

The chief clerk, however, treated us with the utmost civility, only taking away our letters to be put into the post-office, in behalf of the revenue, and politely dismissing us with permission to reside at an inn till passports could be obtained.

Here it was with some difficulty, that we could get enough to satisfy our sharpened appetites, for nothing was served up to table but what was expressly ordered, and the next morning at breakfast we were perfectly tantalized by the powdered waiter, and one toast at a time, to serve half a dozen hungry stomachs.

Our friends at London procured us passports in a day or two; and, contrary to all advice, we took passage in a Gravesend boat, crowded almost to suffocation by a ragged rabble, for the sake of completing our voyage by water; and, to the great joy of our captain and his crew, to whom we had endeared ourselves by a liberal use of our sea stores, went aboard of the *Dispatch* again, at Wapping, winding our way through amazing crowds of ships, moored side by side, till there was but a narrow passage left between them.

We have since taken lodgings in Union-court, Broad-street, where we have a pleasant dining room and bed chamber, and the family serve us with what we choose; so that we seem quite at home, and very much at our ease, after the fatigues and dangers of a winter voyage, which we promise ourselves never to risk again.

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*Postscript.*—Having preserved a few notes of cross questions and silly answers, of which a sea life is uncommonly fertile, I cannot forbear attempting to amuse you with them in a postscript, though they seem inconsistent with the gravity of sober description.

First then of the first. When we were all recovering from the effects of the first storm, the cabin boy again shewing some disposition to nauseate, "Eh! you Jack," says the captain! "If you get sick again, I'll make you swallow the broad axe."

Another time that the poor fellow was toppling on the main yard, "you Jack," says he, "take care you don't go overboard, I'll heave a billet of wood at you, if you want to die soon."

But our poor steward was his chief butt, for he had never been to sea before, and was so astonished at every thing about him, that with the best disposition in the world, it seemed impossible for him to learn what was to be done.

"It confuses me" he would say, "to see our steward move. He makes me think of an elephant. He's a week a turning round. I had a boy once that would skip round this cabin, like a cooper round a cask."

One stormy day when he was coming down stairs, with a dish in each hand, the captain cries out, "mind your weather helm boy! Take care and don't fetch way now."—All in vain: Down comes the steward, and breaks all to smash.—"Aha!" says the captain, "take care of the pieces. Did not I tell you never to fill both hands at once. Always keep one hand for the owners, and one for yourself."

Another time; "steward if you don't make fast that candle-stick, I'll make you stand guard over it all night. You choulder-headed fellow, you can't stand yourself, no more than a scupper nail and you expect that to stand."

When he'd come down into the cabin as if he did not know what to do next, "well Supple," the captain would say, "what part of the play are you acting now?"

After having called him till he was tired of a morning, when we collected to breakfast, he would say dryly, "did you hear how many times I called the steward before he waked this morning. Poor fellow! He gets no more sleep than one of the ground tier butts—He's in the cats' watch."

When he would handle any thing a little sparingly, "Steward, are you afraid your hands won't last your life time."—*Ah! sir*, he once replied, *it's very easy to look on. If you had as much to do as I have, you'd not work any smarter than I do.* "Well, well," said the captain, "that story's long enough."

When the men were slow reefing the sails, the captain would cry, "Don't freeze to the main yard!" Or if they pulled heavily at the ropes, "I believe in my soul you han't got the frost out of you yet."

To one great clumsy fellow, in particular, he would often call out, "pull, elephant, pull;" and when he had put him out of patience, by mistaking his orders, "go along you elephant (he was himself a small sized man) and set yourself on the end of the studding sail beam to keep it down." And the dolthead, never smoking the jest, would have attempted to have done it,

had we not interfered. "You ought to be stripped, and have your joints greased," says he, "at your age I'd ha' jump'd over the top gall'n yard."

One of the passengers would often pester the mate about getting married. He was an Irishman born, a bachelor of five and thirty, and had followed the seas twenty years.

"Hough!" he would say, "What should I do with a wife, that am never in port above a month at a time. No! no! I'll never be bothered with a wife. I'm botheration enough myself."

The *captain* told us he had a good deal of money in *his* hands, without the scrip of a pen to shew for it. And that he had persuaded him to bring some of it along for a venture. But "no, he said, *he* might as well have it as for the French to get it."

He seemed to enjoy himself best when the wind blew hardest. Once when he had been roused out of bed with a severe head-ach to take his watch one dismal night, my B—— compassionately inquired how his head-ach was. "Why, Ma'am," says he, "I believe the wind has blowed it all away." But it soon returned again, and she was continually sending him one thing or other to take; till he sent the steward back with a flat refusal, "he did not want to be plagued with any of them things."

His judgment of the weather, arising from long and close observation, was actually astonishing. He seemed to foresee the changes of the wind by intuition, and could tell how long they would continue. "Well, mate," I would say, "how long will this wind hold?" *So many hours.* . "What sort of weather shall we have to-morrow?" *So, and so.* "Will the wind blow any harder?" *No, sir! we've got the strength of the wind.*

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#### CORRESPONDENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PERMIT, Mr. Editor, one of your correspondents to express the gratification he has felt in attending the Theatre during the nights of Mr. Payne's engagements. I had reason, particularly, to admire the wonderful facility and adroitness by which self

was lost in the character personated. In other actors, I have seen an occasional recurrence of this conception, when some favourite passage was to be spoken. When this was done, they were no longer the characters they acted, until another brilliant speech was to be made, when they seemed to assume the disguise solely for that purpose. Such conduct breaks that continuity of sensation, so requisite to make us feel the whole force of the author's sentiments, and prompts our memories to hover round mutilated passages only. The person speaking, does not preserve his identity by his words and actions, it is his habiliments only that designate the character he acts. That integrity of conception, that enables him to bear the character throughout, Mr. Payne possesses in a very eminent degree. When he is silent, an "expression of eye, or of countenance, fills up the chasm," and he appears to wait with impatience for the time, when he shall give his thoughts utterance again. By this happy accommodation, the most unimportant passage in the speaker's discourse, partakes of character and identity; and the author's sentiments, are literally embodied. The audience are thus gradually prepared for that burst of frenzied laughter, with which they hear the death of Hermione.

"I thank you, Gods! I never could expect  
To be so wretched.—You have been industrious  
To finish your decrees, and make Orestes  
A dreadful instance of your power to punish."

We are likewise prepared to see the same character, when driven to insanity, exclaim, while wrapping his head with his mantle—

"Look! where they come!  
A shoal of furies, how they swarm about!"

This brought to my recollection the fine lines of Virgil.

"Aut Agamemnonius scenis agitatus Orestes,  
Armata facibus matrem, et serpentibus atris,  
Cum fugit, ultricesque sedent in limine Diræ."

This continuity of character, so happily preserved, enables the actor to make the sentiments of his author the thermometer of his looks, language and actions. The passion and interest be-

fore excited and preserved, as the catastrophe deepens, allows still additional energy, without overstepping the boundaries of nature; whereas when the actor flags, all our sympathies collapse, and even proper stress laid upon passages distinguished for their energy, appears in that state of exhaustion, like cold and unmeaning rant; for we cannot conceive what should make him so suddenly rouse and relax from his efforts. An actor, who knows his business, never will forget the necessity of exciting our sympathies in the first place, or of preserving the impression so excited, by reiterated efforts afterwards. Notwithstanding, Dr. Johnson asserted of David Garrick, that "if he did really believe himself to be Richard the Third, he ought to be hanged every time he performed the play;" unless a portion of this credulity does reside in the bosom of an actor, he does not do his author complete justice. It is hypercriticism to argue philosophically on the greater or less degree of pliancy inherited by the passions; it is something constitutional; something inherent in nature; something too subtle to be grasped by the cold and frost-bitten fingers of metaphysic inquiry. Dr. Johnson was no judge of such matters, and his own tragedy of Irene, is proof positive, and recorded, that nature did not design him for such a critic. The Dr. pronounces such credulity impossible; but Mr. Payne has convinced me that such a thing is possible—nay, that such sentiments are for the time epidemic. "Deserves to be hanged!" Is there no medium between a glow and impression of character received for a particular occasion, and which expires with it, and that deliberate and murderous villainy that could perpetrate such enormities afterwards?

Philosophers assume to themselves more credit by far, than they are entitled to, by pushing every principle of this sort *in extremes*, and claiming to themselves all the glories of a victory, without having endured the hazard of a battle. Opinions of this sort do well enough for paradoxes, if they are deserving that dignity; but they are in sober truth entitled to no more. They go to the destruction of all the pains as well as pleasures of fictitious sympathy; and a man would be interdicted from shedding a tear on reading a tale of fanciful distress. I have, sir, thrown out these few hints in justification of that line of acting that Mr. Payne has adopted.

I. R.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE FINE ARTS.

Docti rationem artis intelligunt, indosti voluptatem.—QUINTILIAN.

[IMPRESSED with a conviction that in no other way could we more successfully accomplish that refinement of taste which is a primary object of this journal, we have determined to establish a permanent section for the Fine Arts. This alliance between the sister kingdoms of literature and the arts is of no difficult negotiation; it is a sort of family compact, disturbed neither by the ceremonials of etiquette nor quarrels for precedence, but where the claims of both are admitted without jealousy. To give to this new and brilliant department a more systematic form, it is proposed to exhibit in a regular series the progress of the respective schools of painting from the fifteenth century to the present time. Of every distinguished artist, wherever it is practicable, a portrait will be given, accompanied by an original biography, prepared for The Port Folio, and a sketch of some one of his most celebrated paintings. The series may therefore be made to comprise a complete history of the modern arts, with such representations, as, without aspiring to a high degree of elegance, will furnish to those who have not enjoyed the advantage of examining the originals, correct notions of some of the most prominent characteristics of the respective artists.

Sir Joshua Reynolds declared that the last word which he wished to utter from the academic chair, was the name of Michel Angelo. We feel an equal pleasure in beginning our labors with a humble effort to honour the same transcendant genius to whom we may apply, in all its vigour, the lofty praise which his favourite Danté bestows on Homer:

Quel signor dell' altissimo canto  
Che sovra gli altri com'aquila vola.

And on whose tomb alone has justly been laid the triple crown of sculpture and painting and architecture.—“Ter geminis tollit honoribus.” For ourselves, too ignorant to be the pupils of any school, and guided by the mere impulse of natural feeling, we have been accustomed to esteem most highly, because we have felt most intensely, the sculptural powers of this accomplished artist: and we suspect that on them will repose his permanent reputation. Defaced and degraded in colouring as are the won-







*Painted by S. del Piano*

*Engraved by C. Dobson, F.S.A.*

derful works in the Pauline and Sixtine chapels, his figures have already lost nearly all but their anatomical perfection. His paintings are become statues—With the Pantheon before him, the cupola of St. Peters might, perhaps, have been raised by a feebler hand, and the porticos of the Capitol might possibly have been more airy, without losing their senatorial dignity. It is not, therefore, at the Vatican or at the Capitol, that we are to seek for the most splendid exhibitions of Michel Angelo—It is before that awful statue of the Jewish lawgiver—It is in presence of those tremendous figures, and amidst the gloomy and sepulchral solemnity of the Laurentian monuments—it is here that we are affected—it is then we feel how superior are even the mutilated fragments which he disdained to finish to the polished surfaces, and the labored tameness of his successors—it is then we almost pardon the extravagance of Falconet: “J’ai vu Michel-Ange il est effrayant.”—It is therefore with some regret that we have found ourselves unable, at present, to offer an engraving from one of his statues.

The picture which we have chosen, however, is, of all his smaller productions, the best calculated to exhibit the masculine vigour and the almost unyielding fierceness of his manner. Still it can convey but a very imperfect image of

Buonarotti's car,  
Midst epic glories flaming from afar;  
With him in awful frenzy fired to rove,  
The regions of sublimity above;  
Seize Grandeur's form astride the lightning's blast,  
On death's dark verge, or danger's summit cast.]

#### LIFE OF MICHEL ANGELO.

Michel Angelo Buonarotti, was born in Tuscany, in the year 1474. Lorenzo de Medici, with a view to excite the competition of modern artists, appropriated his gardens adjacent to the monastery of St. Marco, to the establishment of a school or academy, for the study of the antique, and furnished the different buildings and avenues with statues, busts, and other pieces of exquisite workmanship. The attention of the higher ranks was incited to such pursuits by the example of Lorenzo himself, that of the lower, by his liberality; for he not only allowed competent

stipends, but considerable premiums to reward their industry. These gardens became the favourite resort of men of genius, and amongst the rest, of Michel Angelo. He was placed by his father, when young, under the care of the painter Ghirlandajo, who accepted the invitation of Lorenzo to permit two of his pupils to pursue their studies in his gardens. These two pupils were Michel Angelo and Francisco Granani. Michel, on his first visit, found Torrigiano, his future adversary, modelling figures in clay. He applied himself to the same occupation, with so much success, as to attract the notice and favourable regards of Lorenzo. Encouraged by this success, he now attempted sculpture, and produced the head of a fawn in marble, the design of which was taken from an antique sculpture. This astonished Lorenzo, who, nevertheless, ventured a criticism that the lips were too smooth, and the teeth too perfect for the face of an old man. The young artist, in pursuance of this hint, struck out one of the teeth, and gave it the appearance of its having been lost by age. Lorenzo delighted with the disposition and genius of the artist, took him under his own patronage. He was from that time, to the death of Lorenzo, which happened four years afterwards, his companion at the table, and placed amongst the most honoured guests. His leisure moments were occupied in the study of gems, intaglios, medals, &c., of which Lorenzo had procured an astonishing number. He formed an intimacy with Politiano, who resided under the same roof with him; at whose recommendation he executed a basso-relievo in marble, the subject of which was the battle of the Centaurs. The highest panegyric which was probably ever paid to this work, was from the lips of the artist himself. Severely critical as he was, on his own productions, on beholding this, some years after, he lamented that he had not given his attention to sculpture undivided. Pietro, the son of Lorenzo, continued towards our artist the patronage of his father; but his prodigality was such, that he was compelled to seek a refuge in foreign climes. Michel Angelo, under his care, was obliged to raise a statue of a man in snow, for want of marble, or some such durable materials. This residence, however, inculcated in the young and ardent mind of the artist, a love of the most beautiful forms of antiquity.

from whence he derived his taste for painting, sculpture and architecture. Some of these specimens in sculpture still remain, although in an unfinished state, particularly the statue of a female figure, in the gallery of Florence. The sculptor, Falconet, having censured, on all occasions, the style of our artist, without having inspected any of his works, when he came to see a specimen, exclaimed, "I have seen Michel Angelo, *he is terrific*." It is beautifully remarked by an author, from whose page these incidents are taken, that the merit of Angelo consists not so much in the specimens of sculpture, architecture, and painting, although of themselves sufficient to immortalize his name, as in the general emulation and enthusiasm he excited.

On the expulsion of Pietro de Medici from Florence, in the year 1494, Angelo left his native place, apprehending the approach of calamities. He resided at Bologna, where he shone conspicuous, not only as an artist, but also as a polite scholar. Afterwards, on the reestablishment of the government under Pietro Soderini, our artist returned to Florence, and executed a statue of St. John, in marble, which is now lost, and likewise a figure of the sleeping Cupid. The president De Thou expressed himself in terms of warm admiration of this work, but on being convinced that it was not a piece of antiquity, he no longer regarded it with reverence. Angelo received an invitation from cardinal Raffaele Riaviol to repair to Rome, where he remained for the space of a year, and executed in marble sundry splendid proofs of his genius, amongst which were Cupid and Bacchus, Madonna, and our crucified Redeemer. The date of his glory had not, however, yet arrived. On his return from Rome to Florence, he contended with Lionardo da Vinci, for the palm of sculpture. Lionardo was a veteran in glory as well as years. Their first trial was occasioned by this incident. A block of marble belonging to a Florentine artist, had remained for more than a century neglected, on which a representation of a human figure was attempted to be given of gigantic size, and which on that account was supposed to have been incurably marred and deformed. The magistrates of Florence were desirous that this opprobrium should be converted to the ornament of their city, and applied to Lionardo and Angelo. Lionardo declined the task,

and declared that the work could not be executed without sundry additional pieces of marble. Angelo engaged to form it into one entire piece, and from this he executed the colossal statue of David, with so much success, that in several parts his chisel left untouched the labours of his predecessor. Their next contest was with a change of weapons, and the pencil was substituted for the chisel. The magistrates had resolved to decorate the council hall of Florence with a representation of some of the successful battles of that republic. Lionardo and Angelo were employed with this view, and the subject was the wars of Pisa. The cartoons, or the designs for this purpose, were immediately commenced. Lionardo represented a combat of horsemen. In the varied forms and contortions of the human body, he displayed his knowledge of anatomy. Sedate courage, vindictive malevolence—hope, fear, the triumph of victory, and the despair of defeat, were all represented in the most powerful and impressive manner. The horses mingle in the combat with all the ardour of their riders. The whole is said to have been executed with a style and vigour of conception never to have been excelled. Angelo, always devoted to the study of the human figure, scorned to employ his time on other animals. He selected his story, in which he supposed a body of Florentine soldiers halting in the lines. Arno had been summoned to the battle. Here were represented the clothed, the half clothed, the naked, in a promiscuous group. One with vehement impatience is forcing his dripping feet through his wet cloathing, another calls to his companion, who is grappling the rocky sides of a river—another is buckling on his armour, and is just on the point of stooping for his sword and shield, lying ready at his feet. This spirit of emulation between these two illustrious rivals, marked a new æra in the art of painting, and the great painters who afterwards conferred such honour on their country, were formed from the study of these models. When Julius II. came to the pontifical chair, he invited Angelo to Rome, to form the design of a superb monument. This was so engrossing to our artist, that for several months he brooded over it, without even tracing the outline, and the result was a plan, which for magnitude, grandeur, elegance and ornament, has never been exceeded, in ancient or mo-

dern time. Angelo engaged in this work with all the enthusiasm and fire of genius, and executed the colossal figure of Marco. This was denominated an "astonishing piece of art," but the slow process of the workmanship, did not correspond with the impetuous temper of Julius. He became cold and remiss. Angelo, irritated at this, caused it to be made known to the holy father, that when he should wish his society again, he would be found in Florence. Five successive couriers were despatched, but still the artist was implacable. An application was at last made to the magistracy of Florence, who persuaded Angelo to return to Rome, as they apprehended his holiness would declare war against them in case of his refusal. A reconciliation was thus brought about, and Angelo proceeded in his work. He executed in bronze a statue of the pontiff, in whose person he combined grandeur, majesty, courage, promptitude, and fierceness of features. After the return of Angelo from Bologna to Rome, the pope formed the design of decorating the chapel built by his uncle Sixtus, with a series of paintings, on scriptural subjects, in grandeur of design superior to any before that time produced. Angelo, diffident of his own powers, employed sundry other painters, but they fell so far short of his own lofty standard, that he destroyed their labours, worked without any assistance, and with his own hands prepared the colours. The pope impatient of delay, enquired "when they would be executed?" "When I am able," replied the artist.—"When I am able," rejoined the pope; "thou hast a mind that I should have thee thrown from the scaffold."

This bull of the Vatican, hurried the labours of the artist. There were represented the figures of the sybils and the prophets, and over the altar piece, the great picture of the day of judgment. When Leo the Tenth was called to the pontifical throne, he entertained a design of rebuilding in a more superb manner the church of St. Lorenzo, at Florence, and sent for Angelo, who was then employed in finishing the tomb of Julius the Second. This order was reluctantly obeyed by Angelo, and he proceeded tardily with the work; and, during the pontificate of Leo, it never extended further than the basement story.

Such are some of the hasty outlines of the life of the man whom the simpering poet Hayley denominates the Homer of the pencil.

Of the character of his works in general, an eminent painter remarks, "sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner, are the elements of his style. By these principles he selected or rejected the subjects of his imitation. As a painter, as a sculptor, as an architect, he attempted, and above every other man, succeeded to unite magnificence of plan, and endless variety of subordinate parts, with the utmost simplicity and breadth. His line is uniformly grand—character and beauty were admitted only as far as they could be made subservient to grandeur. The child, the female, meanness, deformity, were by him indiscriminately stamped with grandeur. A beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of beauty, the hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity, his infants teem with the man, his men are a race of giants. To give the appearance of the most perfect ease to the most perplexing difficulty, was the exclusive power of Angelo. He is the inventor of epic painting in that sublime circle of the Sixtine chapel, which exhibits the origin, the progress and the final dispensation of theocracy. He has personified motion in the groups of the cartoons of Pisa, embodied sentiment on the monuments of St. Lorenzo, unravelled the features of meditation in the prophets and sybils of the chapel of Sixtus, and in the last judgment, with every attitude that varies the human body, traced the master trait of every passion that sways the human heart. Though as a sculptor, he expressed the character of flesh more perfectly than all who went before or came after him; yet he never submitted to copy an individual, Julius the Second only excepted, and in him he represented the reigning passion, rather than the man. In painting he contented himself with a negative colour, and as painter of mankind, rejected all meretricious ornament. Such, take him for all in all, was Michel Angelo, the salt of the earth; sometimes, he no doubt, had his moments of dereliction, deviated into manner or perplexed the grandeur of his forms, with futile and ostentatious anatomy; he met with an army of copyists, and it has been his fate to have been censured for their folly." After this blaze of panegyric, it will be sufficient briefly to state, that the series of frescoes he executed in the Sixtine chapel, occupied the artist for the space of twenty months, and that his last judgment, which is denominated his "immense composition," was accom-





The PARCIE.



Michel Angepina

H S Tanner Sc

plished in seven years. He led a life of celibacy, and was distinguished for the regularity of his manners. His genius was held in such respect, that Cosmo de Medici always addressed him with his head uncovered, and several popes caused him to be seated in their presence. He died at Rome at the age of ninety, worn out with infirmity and fatigue. In conclusion we may remark, how nearly allied is painting and poetical epic. The productions of Angelo are beyond the size of mortals, and as Mr. Shee expresses it, "he pours a race of giants from his hand." How analogous is this to the character of Ajax, as delineated in the poems of Homer, "Grimly he smil'd, *Earth trembled as he trod.*" Epic always delights in the vast and terrific, and whether expressed by the pencil, or the pen, bears the same characteristic stamp of its origin.

This picture represents the three powerful sisters, who preside over the birth and the life of mankind. Clotho, the youngest, who governs the moment we are born, holds the distaff in her hand. Lachesis spins out the events of our life, and Atropos, the eldest of the three, cuts its thread with the fatal scissars. It is difficult to find heads more varied, and scientific. The minutest details are studied and rendered with an admirable exactness and delicacy. It is the same with the draperies, the folds of which are disposed with great care, though they display with an almost affected precision, the muscles which they cover. The colour of the picture gloomy, and concurs with the austerity of the forms to produce an involuntary shuddering on the part of the spectator. A tradition founded on some passages of Greek and Latin authors, has caused the Fates to be represented under the figure of old women, and an ancient painting in the Barberine place, represents one of them spinning in this way. The Etruscan and Grecian bas-reliefs, on the other hand, present them to us in the shape of beautiful virgins with wings. But the genius of Michel Angelo, induced him to prefer the fierce and austere, to the agreeable.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## MR. WEST'S PICTURE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

It is to be regretted that the author of "Remarks on Mr. West's Picture," in the last Port Folio, so capable as he appears of doing justice to the excellent work of a great painter, if it were before his eyes, should have consumed any time or talent in making remarks, so obviously premature, that it would be unnecessary to notice them, but for the purpose of exposing a practice too common in our country; that of condemning the artist if his work equals not the perfection of nature.

We are not a new people—as the offspring of Europe, we enjoy a full share of its patrimony, with this peculiar advantage resulting from our situation, that from the talents, art, and science of Europe, we demand the latest and most perfect that they can give, and then begin where they have finished. But however advantageous this may be in other matters, it is of some detriment to the Fine Arts, whose most esteemed productions have not been introduced here, upon which to establish any system of superior advancement; and therefore, it is that our men of taste accustomed, and with undisputed right, to decide on the merits of all literary productions, have contracted the habit of expecting corresponding excellence in the Fine Arts, and of condemning every effort that falls short of absolute perfection.

Painting, perhaps, is yet but in its infancy; but shall its eager attempts at imitation be discouraged? Shall its smiles call forth nothing but frowns, and its genius be overwhelmed with censure?—No, it required all the aid of wealth and approbation, supported by religious enthusiasm, to raise the arts in Italy to the perfection which Raphael, Titian, and the other great painters displayed. Yet neither the veneration of the people, the esteem of the nobility, nor the friendship of the learned could make *gods* of them, and therefore, their best works are not without faults—but these faults have not obscured their merits, and the *boldness* of Michel Angelo, and the *magnificence* of Rubens; the *colouring* of Titian, the *grace* of Corregio, the *expression* of Domenichino, the *design*

of Raphael, as well as the *composition* of WEST, will forever command the admiration of mankind, notwithstanding the abuse of those terms by pretended connoisseurs.

Even now in Europe, when a painter does *any one thing well*, his taste or talent is distinguished—for this his works are solicited—for this he is rewarded—and from this he is stimulated, perhaps, to further combinations of excellence—himself perceiving in his own works more faults than others are disposed to single out for unproductive censure.

The painter's principal object is to please—sometimes to instruct—sometimes to console—but *always* to please; then should we be pleased to dwell on the good, nor ever stop to censure the bad till all the good is exhausted. To those who practise this pleasant task, life is too short to dwell any longer on the dark side of the picture, than just enough to heighten their enjoyment of the fair side.

The outline of Mr. West's picture which has appeared in The Port Folio, was a copy from an imperfect one made before Mr. West's picture was finished. How little could such an outline speak for the painter who had been nine years unfolding the resources of his art on this his master-piece! Therefore, "we cannot rely on the truth of this sketch."\*

Those who have seen Mr. West's original picture, are authorized to make the assertion, in contradiction to the concluding paragraphs of the "Remarks"—That Christ *does* benignly look on the sick man whom he heals like a God, and not like a posture-master, or a doctor helping his patient to rise.

2dly. If the expression of face, attitude, and manner in the picture, did not far surpass this copy of a copied outline, then truly had the painter lost his labour.

3dly. A little less care in this outline might have left the face of Christ even twice as old, without rendering it much more worthy of criticism.

4thly. The authority of ancient usage, as well as of faith and adoration, sanctify the glory round the head of Christ—yet here Mr. W's artifice is to be commended, as it need not be objected

\* Remark, page 24, 2d paragraph.

to the lamps in the temple, that they shed a ray of light around the Messiah's head.

5thly. As to the colour of the dress of our Saviour, there can be little objection, if it be considered as a coarse or cast-off garment, especially as he is bareheaded and barefooted.

6thly. It will probably appear from the contemplation of the picture itself, that no object is more disgusting and unnecessary than the scene, or the painter's art required—the outline exhibits none.

7thly. Every body will *not* agree that there ought to have been no old or elderly persons introduced among the sick; and that the feelings of the spectator are *not* interested by age and infirmity.

8thly. A temperate climate and ancient habit, authorise the painter to profit by the occasion of some naked limbs to vary the colour and character of his composition, especially if the costume is preserved.

I am happy, however, in agreeing with our critic, "That the picture is a very fine one, we may well conjecture, and reasonably too, from the profuse admiration paid to it in England;" to which I would add my hope, that when it comes to this country (improved as it will be in a second edition) it will be found equally honourable to the painter, profitable to the funds of charity, and advantageous to the American School of Painting.

R.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### MR. BURKE'S PRINCIPLE EXAMINED, THAT WORDS AFFECT US WITHOUT IDEAS.

A GENTLEMAN, Mr. Editor, was sometime since engaged in a controversy, in which he denied the principle contended for by Mr. Burke in his admirable essay on the sublime and beautiful. Mr. Burke maintains that words are capable of affecting us without ideas. He produces as an instance the poet Blacklock,

who was blind from his birth. This bard describes objects of sight in some cases with singular beauty and felicity. He likewise produces another instance, that of professor Sanderson, who was afflicted with the small-pox in his infancy, and could afterwards retain no recollection of light. He nevertheless delivered very learned and philosophical lectures on the nature, quality, and properties of that substance. These works are still in print and held in high estimation. We all conceived Mr. Burke, completely to have established his point, with the exception of the gentleman above mentioned. He differed from the rest of the company and undertook to explain the phenomenon in this way. Green was the garment worn by Spring, a season of which the blind bard was capable of enjoying all the delights, but the visible delights. He had inhaled the spirit of the gale—breathed its mingled varieties of sweets—listened to the enchanting tones of Nature's musicians, or heard the soothing murmurs of the running brooks, and to this season had often been annexed the appellation of *green*. That epithet would, therefore, awaken all those kindred sensations. He would learn from such combinations, not indeed the distinctions of green and yellow, but verdure would be the harbinger of gay and delightful ideas, and he would so appropriate the word in his poetical description. The gentleman continued his remarks. The poet had undoubtedly from his melancholy situation, harboured gloomy and desponding ideas. He had often heard the terms black melancholy, black despair, black misfortune, and to all such sensations, he would afterwards apply that monosyllable. Thus he observed, Mr. Burke's hypothesis is false and unfounded, that words are capable of affecting us, when destitute of ideas. This train of argument appeared to me to proceed smoothly on, nor was I at the time furnished with any weapons to encounter these objections. I was, Mr. Editor, to speak fairly, in that awkward state of mind which a man feels when he is not convinced, and is still incapable of convicting his opponent of a blunder. Subsequent reflection has nevertheless taught me to doubt the infallibility of this conclusion. I have therefore, Mr. Editor, thrown together a few thoughts on this subject, and I hope it is unnecessary to say that I shall be always happy to re-

tract an error when convinced of having committed one. The gentleman according to his own hypothesis, admits, that the poet did not entertain the most distant conception of colours—Green in the first instance, and black in the second, he allowed to have been associated merely to casual objects. The poet by his acceptance of the word does not describe any quality existing in the object. It will not be contended, that light or the diversities of shade have any agency in the production of sensations so agreeable. Green thus associated in the mind of the blind man, to pleasant gales, cheerful suns, and delicious sweets, reminds him constantly of such enjoyments, but this goes only to prove that he misconceives the meaning of the word. He here attributes to green not a single quality possessed by that colour; it does not make the rays of the sun pleasant to the touch, the gale refreshing, or the sweets more exquisite to the scent; it is only found in the community of such pleasures, and its constituent part in their promotion, is totally misconceived by the blind man. He attributes to green, the properties of touch and scent alone, neither of which it possesses. What he thinks of this colour, is only a history of the agreeable sensations he has enjoyed, which is compounded of objects that verdure had no agency in producing, such as mild suns, pleasant gales, exhilarating sweets, and, very probably, delightful sounds. If all the universe were black, still these delicious objects would remain in the same perfection as they now do, and this affords ample proof that green is not a constituent part of these pleasures. To a blind man then, this colour is no otherwise acceptable, than as it serves to remind him of enjoyments which his remaining senses are capable of relishing, and which are usually found in the society of green. It brings to his memory something entirely separate and distinct from all perceptions of colour, and which all the endless varieties of light and shade intermixed, can, in his estimation, neither heighten or diminish. The same observations may be applied, and with the same force, to the colour denominated black. This stands as the representative of melancholy thoughts, desponding ideas, and the connection is equally plain. We know that danger may exist in the night, when our senses are locked in sleep, and we are rendered in-

capable of defence; or if awake, our eyes are unable to forewarn of the danger, however imminent. So, if we are given to gloomy meditations, they come with augmented force in the night, because our senses are unoccupied by the conversation of external objects. From this cause such thoughts are usually denominated black. A man blind from his birth, is often made familiar with such ideas, because he is reminded by his associates of the pleasures they enjoy, dependant on a sense which Nature has refused to him, in the dispensation of her bounties. The intimate connection between his own forlorn condition, and the sensations of others he has known so often by the name of black, that this term, when used, awakens them. The question then, when fairly analized, amounts to this; whether words are not capable of affecting us, when destitute of ideas, since those ideas which they do excite, are distinct, different, and independent of the meaning conveyed by the term? I think they clearly may: for these arbitrary combinations are, so far as regards this word, no ideas at all, nor has the person to whom it is addressed, the slightest conception of the thing it imports. If such false and erroneous opinions are regarded sufficient to overthrow the principle contended for by Burke, there is no question in the issue whatever. Green is thus made to mean, mild sun-beams, pleasant gales, exhilarating sweets, and delightful sounds, and a construction so wide from its legitimate import, is produced as an example, that words are incapable of affecting us, without ideas. That we must be affected in some way or other, the very state of the question presupposes; it is therefore, an assumed point, and in which both parties litigant agree. Now it remains to be determined, how we are so wrought upon? Burke brings an instance, where, from the nature of the case, it is impossible that the man can have *any conception of the term he employs*. His opponent answers him, by proving that this man *entertains a false conception of the term*. Now wherein do these parties differ? Both agree that the man is *affected*—both agree that he is not affected by *the example they produce*, and both agree that he is affected by *something adventitious*. It is, therefore, a preposterous argument, to tell us that this unhappy being, is wrought upon by something else than



what the meaning of the word conveys, and to consider this as an evidence, that words may not affect us, without ideas. The fact I cordially admit, and it proves the existence of the very principle for which Mr. Burke contends, that words are thus capable of affecting us. My friend, then, was all this time arguing in favour of Burke's system, while he was attempting its overthrow. The latter said words were capable of affecting us without ideas—the former, though unintentionally, agreed to the fact, and produced as evidence, the false associations by which the man was so affected. It does no violence to common sense, or to the most rigid phraseology, to say that a man entertains no conceptions of a subject, if he harbours wrong conceptions of a subject, and this is precisely what Mr. Burke meant in his treatise on the sublime and beautiful. Every word is connected with some idea of some sort, or else it would never have found a place in any language, living or dead. Mr. Burke would not be found contending for such nonsense as this, that words are the representatives of no thoughts whatever, for the thing is next to impossible.

This construction then, being abandoned, as it must be, if we suppose Mr. Burke capable of writing common sense, no other one remains but this; do not words affect us, by being the representatives of things they were never designed to stand for? Mr. Burke's opponent answers without hesitation, yes. The consequence then is, that words are capable of affecting us without ideas.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### A RETROSPECT OF THE YEAR 1811.

ON the commencement of each new year, it is a practice not only becoming the historian, the philosopher, the moralist, and the christian, but we had almost said incumbent on every rational being, to take a calm and cautious retrospect of that which has just concluded its circle; to collect, and faithfully enregister, if not on paper, at least in the memory, the most striking and instructive

events and phenomena, whether physical, moral, political or accidental, that have fallen out within its compass. A view like this, embracing such a mighty and diversified mass of anterior occurrences, can seldom fail to be pregnant with sources of something desirable,—amusement, delight, improvement, or amelioration—to every feeling and contemplative mind. It furnishes both matter and motives for reflection on the past, enjoyment of the present, and useful calculation and arrangement, as to that which is to come. It addresses itself to every spring and power in our nature that are worthy of cultivation—to the heart, through the medium of some event that has excited the passions, or awakened the affections—to the understanding and the judgment by an expanded and practical representation of nature and society, the laws of our Creator, and the institutions of man—to the imagination, by means of the beautiful, the terrible, or the sublime—and to our sense of religion, by enabling us to trace, at times, the finger of Providence in the administration of sublunary affairs.

The present is a period, which, in a manner the most earnest, and with a voice peculiarly loud and solemn, calls on the American people to employ their minds in such a retrospect. On the ever-restless pinions of Time, the year 1811 has passed away; but its *events* are not of so transient a nature. While the present inhabitants of our country shall survive, *they* will cling to the memory with an indissoluble adhesion, and some of them will be transmitted to posterity in a recorded form,

—“*Ære perennius, si non  
Regalique situ Pyramidum altius,*”

more durable than bronze, if not more lofty than the heaven-supporting pyramids.

To such of our readers, then, who are more inclined, for the moment, to be serious and contemplative than sportive and gay—whose souls are attuned rather to solemnizing thought, than to exhilarating fancies—to “salutary wo, rather than to useful mirth”—to such of our readers we especially address ourselves. We invite them to accompany us, in imagination, to some ele-

vated and commanding spot, where our prospect of time, and space shall be equally unobstructed. In this situation, where all must be silence, and where no perplexing cares must be suffered to intrude, we will endeavour to present them with a mirror, in which they may behold, on a miniature scale, a few of the principal events of the year that has just elapsed. It is not, however, our intention, nor would it comport with the limits of the present article, to attempt to trace these several events to their causes. Equally foreign is it from our view to draw from them, in a spirit of censorship and uncharitable denunciation, all those moral and theological conclusions, which, in the opinion of some, they might seem to warrant. Our chief business shall be to represent facts, leaving to our readers to make such application and use of them, as each one's feelings may incline him, and his judgment direct.

Recollecting, then, the words of the poet, "*omnia ab Jove incipiuntur*," all things begin from above, we will first direct our attention to the heavens. We are here presented with a "burning sphere," a "fierce, fiery form," threatening in its aspect, and stupendous in its dimensions, which had lately made an eruption into the solar system. One of those rare and erratic bodies denominated comets, alike unusual for its magnitude and brilliancy, with its "illimitable torch," lighting up the heavens like another moon, appears in the north, and with a rapidity of motion, altogether inconceivable to us, sweeps across the hemisphere, till it disappears in the south. Although happily emerged from that dismal night of ignorance and superstition, during which the approach of comets excited universal terror and dismay, these "meteor orbs" are still viewed by us with a lively interest and awakened feelings—we are still susceptible of very serious and solemn impressions from their appearance. When attentively examined, and considered in all the views and relations they present to the mind, their aspect is no less awful than sublime. Though it would be difficult to persuade us that they do literally, "from their fiery hair, shake pestilence and war," yet we cannot help regarding it as an extreme, almost equally extravagant, and certainly no less erroneous, to contend, that they are altogether inefficient in their passage through the solar system. That they produce some effect on the ecomony of this earth, as

well, perhaps, as on that of her sister planets, is a point respecting which our present views of the subject absolutely forbid us to cherish a doubt. On this topic, however, it is our intention to dilate in a future article.

Were we, at this time, to dwell any longer on the subject of comets, it would be to descant on the wonderful display they make of the infinitude of space, the grandeur of the universe, and the immensity as well as the power, wisdom, and goodness of Him who rules all, controls all, preserves all, and is every where present. In relation to these points, the comet seems to impart to us a more luminous and impressive lesson, than all the other bodies that roll through the heavens. More rapid in its motion than the lightning of the skies, travelling several millions of miles every hour, it journeys at this rate for many centuries, before it completes a single round of its customary orbit. How many other suns it passes, through how many other systems it sweeps, and what proportion of entire space it traverses during this stupendous career, it does not belong to us even to conjecture. Imagination itself, unable to pursue it through a field so unbounded, shrinks from the attempt in absolute despair. When we reflect on the inconceivable impetus with which the comet moves; the number of other celestial bodies it must necessarily pass in its course; the thousand fragments into which it would shiver both itself and them, were it to impinge against them; the disorder and confusion likely to ensue in the grand system of nature, from such an event, and the difficulty of regulating and controlling millions of such bodies, all flying in swift and simultaneous motion—when we reflect on these points, we are lost in amazement, at the power, the wisdom, the vigilance, and the benignity of that Being, who sits at the helm of creation, and directs the movements of the mighty machine. Such is the lofty, and pious style of reflection, which the appearance of comets is calculated to inspire; and, should it not be thought to savour of self-commendation, we might safely, because truly, add, such is the style which oftentimes took possession of our own mind, on viewing the comet of 1811. It is, in a peculiar manner, when looking on these bodies, that we are inclined with the poet, emphatically to exclaim,

———“An undevout astronomer is mad.”

On the 17th day of September last, the sun suffered an annular, amounting almost to a total eclipse. The skies were unusually serene, as if fitted up for the grand celestial exhibition. The spectacle bespoke, in the loftiest language, the boundless power and magnificence of its author. It displayed a most impressive combination of the terrible and the sublime. Solemnity and awe were its necessary effects on the minds of mortals. Even the inferior animals seemed fixed, for a while, in deep apprehension and mute amazement. While the astronomer applied this instructive phenomenon to the cultivation and improvement of his favourite science, the pious and reflecting mind could not fail to derive from it a freshened recollection, and to perceive in it a faint image, of that great day, when the moon and the stars shall withhold their light, and the sun himself be turned to darkness.

From this brief survey of the heavens, we must now direct our view to the atmosphere and the earth. Here, again, we are presented with a series of events, during the year 1811, not, indeed, new with regard to their nature, but certainly new, in relation to the scale of magnitude on which they occurred. In the United States, the intensity of our summer heats was, for a short time, unparalleled within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Perhaps it would not be extravagant to assert, that it was without a precedent in the annals of our country. Certainly thermometrical registers do not, at any former period, place it so high.

In one place the earth was unusually parched with drought, in another, drenched with torrents of rain. In Europe, whole plains and forests consumed by fire, and thousands of peasants either reduced to beggary or destroyed by the conflagration:

“ —————ignis  
 “ Robora comprehendit, frondesq: elapsus in altas  
 “ Ingentem cælo sonitum dedit: inde secutus  
 “ Per ramos victor, perque alta cacumina regnat,  
 “ Et totum involvit flammis nemus, et ruit atram  
 “ Ad cælum picea crassus caligine nubem.”

In the United States, various places overwhelmed by unheard of inundations, sweeping along with them, in promiscuous ruin, the works of nature and the monuments of art, the products of the “ unvanquished forest,” and the labours of the cultivated farm.

“—————ruit arduus æther,  
Et pluvia ingenti sata læta, boumque labores  
Diluit: implentur fossæ, et cava flumina crescunt  
Cum sonitu, fervitque fretis spirantibus æquor.  
Proluit insano contorquens vortice sylvas  
Fluviorum rex Eridanus, camposque per omnes  
Cum stabulis armenta tulit.”

As far as records entitled to credit are extant on the subject, the inundations of the year 1811 appear to have been more formidable and destructive in the United States, than those of any former period since the settlement of the country.

Of these overwhelming floods the ultimate effects were by no means made manifest on their first appearance. Their aspect was terrible, and their devastations great, on the tracts of country over which they immediately swept. Beyond these limits they were not, in the first instance, felt, except through the medium of public sympathy. Disasters, however, of a more melancholy and extensive nature they still kept in reserve. Bodies of stagnant water which they every where left behind them, being impregnated with vegetable and animal matter, and acted on by the rays of an ardent sun, were soon converted into vast and offensive repositories of putrefaction. From these numerous and prolific sources issued a noisome odour, accompanied by a pestilential vapour, which soon infected the atmosphere to a great distance around them. A state of things like this could not long remain ineffective or innocent. Diseases of a malignant character and dangerous tendency overspread the adjacent country, in some instances, to a very alarming extent. Whole families and settlements were prostrated at once, the well being insufficient to minister to the wants and distresses of the sick. Under such circumstances, the mortality could not fail to be great, although not always in proportion to the extent of suffering, or the amount of disease. In no instance does Death appear to have been sparing, in many he was unusually prodigal of his visits; in no instance had the Grave a right to complain that he was defrauded of his due. This is no exaggerated picture of real, much less a mere fancy piece of fictitious calamity. It would be easy to demonstrate by authentic documents, that if it

be in any respect false to nature, it is below the truth. Our large-commercial cities have, indeed, been happily exempt from the devastations of those wide-wasting epidemics, which, on former occasions, poured their thousands into the tomb. Notwithstanding this, it is, we think, susceptible of distinct and incontrovertible proof, that, within the limits of the United States, the year 1811 was as fruitful of disease, as any other since the middle of the eighteenth century. The general amount, therefore, of our national suffering from this source, constitutes an event which is strongly entitled to our remembrance and serious reflection as a people.

Having glanced at our calamities inflicted by the waters, we must now turn to those that have so fiercely assailed us on the wings of the wind. When we take a view of the sea-coast, we behold the Atlantic, from the banks of Newfoundland to the Gulf of Mexico, frequently lashed into wide-yawning vallies and mountains of foam, by the fury of the tempest. Our liveliest sympathies are awakened, and our feelings even roused to horror, at the sight of numerous vessels within the very jaws of destruction, now tossed to the heavens, now sinking as low in the fathomless abyss.

*"Hi summo in fluctu pendent, his unda dehiscens*

*"Terram inter fluctus aperit."*

Here they are dashed against the rocks and shivered into fragments,

*"Tres Notus obreptas in saxa latentia torquet,"*

there they suddenly descend into a wide-gaping chasm, and the surrounding waters enclose them forever;

*"\_\_\_\_\_ et rapidus vorat æquore vortex;"*

while such as are enabled to ride out the storm, are left in the condition of floating wrecks.

*"Rudes cedunt, et mali et franguntur antennæ—*

*"\_\_\_\_\_laxis laterum compagibus omnes*

*"Accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimisque fatiscunt."*

It is a melancholy truth that, during the course of the year 1811, such "sea-scenes" as this have been unusually frequent. In no former year has the "spirit of the tempest" revelled with a sterner delight on the bosom of the Atlantic, or marked his course through the elements with more dismal commotions.

It is not, however, on the ocean alone, that the winds have been productive of signal disasters. On the 10th day of September last, the city of Charleston, from being in a state of profound security, was suddenly assailed by one of the most fierce and tremendous hurricanes that ever brought dismay and calamity on a people. No tongue can describe, nor can imagination conceive the horrors of the scene. The roaring of the element was like the voice of thunder, and the impetus of its course more dreadfully irresistible than the lightning of heaven. Every thing was prostrated or driven in fearful confusion before it. Bricks, tiles, beams, stones, and even large and ponderous metallic bodies, were swept through the atmosphere like the thistle's beard. To consummate the terrors and grandeur of the spectacle, Darkness dropped from the whirlwind his ebon wings, and shrowded the city in the gloom of midnight.

In the midst of such a "war of elements,"—such a seemingly impending "wreck of nature,"—what power was competent to rescue the inhabitants from inevitable destruction? We answer,—*His*, and *His alone*, who sends forth, and controls alike, the howling tempest and the whispering breeze;

Who knows no high, no low, no great, no small,  
But fills and bounds, connects and governs all.

*He* spoke, and the voice of the whirlwind was no more—*He* smiled, and the face of the heavens was serene. While the war of the tempest was raging around them, Mercy threw a shield over the humbled inhabitants, which the sword of the destroying angel was unable to pierce. People of Charleston! awful has been your visitation, and powerful the arm made bare for your deliverance! may the event tend to strengthen your reliance on a protecting Providence, and your gratitude evince that you are worthy of its signal interposition in your behalf!

Directing our attention from the air and the waters to the solid ground, we are there presented with a phenomenon of a charac-



ter still more formidable and destructive. Staggered by the throes of some fierce imprisoned agent struggling to get free, the earth itself on which we tread, trembles beneath us, and swells into undulations that are visible to the eye. In one place the waves of the ocean, without any apparent cause, retreat from the shore, in fearful agitation, in another assail it with unwonted fury. On the mountains, rocks are shaken from their beds, where they had reposed for ages, and hurled into the vallies in thundering commotion. In some places the "sure and firm set earth," loosened in its texture by the mighty concussion, sinks from its level and rises no more. Our dwellings quake around us like the leaf of the aspen. For a moment all is dismay and trembling expectation of immediate ruin. Even the inferior animals, struck with amazement at the impending horrors, stand mute and motionless, or hurry about in the wildest disorder.

This is but a faint picture of what occurred in various parts of the United States on the 16th and 17th of December last, when our country was shaken by an earthquake from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. The shocks were several times repeated, at short intervals, and some of them are believed to have been the severest that have occurred in this part of the American continent within the memory of our most aged inhabitants. There is strong ground of apprehension, that what *we* experienced was nothing but the expiring throes of an earthquake which was felt in all its force, in South America or the West Indies.

From the calamities inflicted by the operations of nature, let us next direct our view to one which is the offspring of the human passions. For many months, a clan of savages, associated under the directions of a fanatic chieftain, appeared to be meditating hostilities against our western frontiers. Preparations are made to repel the threatened invasion, and to carry the war into the enemy's country. A small but gallant army, composed of soldiers fit to stand by Cæsar himself, are assembled and put in motion for this purpose. Besides regular officers of high distinction, some of the bravest hearts and noblest minds, "the choice and master spirits of the age," had volunteered their services on the occasion, and thrown themselves as a shield be-

tween their country and danger. After a toilsome march through the difficulties and privations of a savage wilderness, our band of heroes, eager for battle and panting for glory, arrive on the 6th of November within sight of the foe. Induced by false appearances and treacherous promises, to hope that the effusion of blood might yet be spared, they defer their meditated attack till the following day—a day, which many an eye ardently beaming with martial fires was forbidden to behold. Before the arrival of morning, their camp is surprised. The silence of the night is suddenly interrupted by the war-whoop of the savage, and its darkness is fired by the flash of his rifle. It was an occasion to try the souls of the bravest. With the heart and swiftness of a lion, bounding on his prey, our troops are in array, and the battle commences. On the field of strife, Night maintains his reign no longer. His thickest shades are instantly dispersed, and a dismal day succeeds, lighted up by the fiery gleam of arms. The conflict is fierce, determined, and sanguinary. The combatants intermix and grapple in death. Not a hostile weapon is unemployed, and scarcely a hand but is dripping with gore. The tomahawk and the bayonet, the sword and the scalping knife, toil promiscuously in the work of destruction. Heroic deeds and noble darings consecrate the spot where the warriors contend. Valour himself is satisfied with their achievements, and Carnage is sated with the blood that is shed. For a while the scales of fate hang doubtful; and uncertainty rests on the fortune of the day. But courage and discipline ultimately prevail over impetuosity and rage. The savages are dispersed, and Victory crowns the arms of our country. But alas! her favours are dearly purchased! her laurels are stained with the choicest blood of the army.

To particularize merit, where all did their duty, might seem invidious. By some, it might, perhaps, be accounted unjust. But all the brave are not equal in bravery, nor are patriots alike in their devotedness to their country. The hero will tower above the common warrior, and a Regulus and a Decius must forever stand conspicuous in the annals of glory. To pass without a special tribute, the gallant but unfortunate Davies—to suffer his fame, like his dust in the wilderness, to mingle with that of the

common chieftain, would argue insensibility to peculiar merit, and a disregard for the most sacred of claims. This distinguished officer, who fell in a desperate charge against the enemy, was calculated alike for the senate and the field. His figure was formed in the prodigality of nature, and cast in one of her happiest moulds. The look, the air, the fire of the warrior, shone forth through the veil of his civil occupations. His sense of honour was refined and chivalrous. His eloquence was equalled only by his bravery, his powers in debate by his skill in arms. In each, the palm of preeminence was his. He loved science, and he loved his country; but his master passion was his love of glory. He courted her with the ardour of enthusiasm, obtained her favour, and perished in her embraces. As a man, he possessed all that is pleasing in private, and all that is amiable in domestic life. His fall is felt as a national loss; may his memory be honoured by a national tribute. Could our breath embalm for immortality the hero's glory, the name of Davies should triumph over time. Loud be the note of Fame that tells his story to after ages, and sacred the page that records his achievements! Light be the sod, and unfading its verdure, that rests on the manly bosom of the brave! May the laurel and the bays, springing fresh from his ashes, intermingle their foliage, and decorate the spot where their favourite reposes! and may the savage chieftain, as often as he visits the battle ground of the Wabash, present at the humble tumulus his choicest offering, in honour of the grave of a brother warrior!

Let not this imperfect eulogy so feebly bestowed on the memory of Davies, be construed into disrespect for those of his companions in glory who fell by his side. Though their graves are in the wilderness, their memory is enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen, and their fame shall be as an evergreen in a cultivated soil. Hedged around by the public care, and fanned by the genial breath of Gratitude, it shall be plentifully watered by the tears of Affection. In after times, when that which is now a wilderness shall be converted into pleasant fields, the owner of the spot where their bones lie entombed, will glory in the possession of the soil, consecrated by the achievements and fertilized by the blood of the heroes of the Wabash.

Rest! honoured soldiers, rest! May the dews of the night distil in mildness on your narrow dwellings, and the winds of heaven brush gently over them! Let the coward shrink from your fate, and the ignoble spirit undervalue your fortune! In the estimation of the brave, in the eye of Glory, the earth that forms a pillow for your heads, is softer than "the thrice-driven bed of down."

In the field of proud Honour, their swords in their hands,  
Their friends and their country to save;  
While Victory beams on life's last ebbing sands,  
O! who would not rest with the brave!

Bending our view towards the southern regions of the hemisphere we inhabit, a spectacle suddenly breaks on us from that quarter, at which Nature shudders, and Humanity mourns. With a convulsive struggle and a hideous yell, as if volcanic thunders shook the earth, the Fiend of Discord severs her chains. With giant step and frantic air, she hurries from her cell, brandishes her torch, and breathes into a people her own envenomed soul and sanguinary temper. Wherever she turns, the olive withers beneath the fiery flashes of her eye. Peace flies her baleful presence. With such a joy as kindred dæmons know, she treads and crushes to pieces all the arts and monuments of civil life. At her maddening call the fierce, malignant passions, "Hate and his furious colleagues," rise in wild disorder. Ancient friendships are forgotten, long subsisting harmonies subverted, and even the ties of consanguinity burst asunder like the spider's thread. The father arms against the son, the son against his sire, and a brother's hand is deeply tinged with a brother's blood. Civil War makes bare her arm and rears her crimson banner. On either side her hosts increase, alike resolved and anxious for the field. Fierce in the van appear the Pompey's and the Cæsars, the Brutuses and the Antonies of modern times. Like the Condors of the mountain they rush to battle, and on the plains of Mexico and Paraguay, Peru and Caraccas, renew the scenes of Pharsalia and Philippi.

Such are the tragic events, which, in the year 1811, have drenched the Spanish American provinces in blood.

The next and last event we shall have leisure to notice is the result of accident. Though in its real limits contracted almost to a single point, yet from a concurrence of circumstances peculiarly affecting, it swells to an affair of national importance, and excites an interest as wide as the reign of Sensibility itself. Could it be adequately delineated, it would subdue, as by enchantment, the savage bosom, though schooled in the practice of human torture. Like the head of Medusa, it can scarcely be looked on without converting the spectator into marble. We beg pardon of our readers for resorting to fable. The dismal reality is alone sufficient—far beyond the powers of fiction.

The event which it now becomes our melancholy duty to relate, is in its aspect the most horrid—in its circumstances the most touching—in its issue the most tragical, and in its consequences the most afflicting, that ever wrung the souls of a people. To describe it is impossible, though the pen were held by the hand of an angel: to paint it, beyond the powers of the pencil, though capable of more than mortal expression, and equal to every shade and combination of colouring, from the brilliancy of the sun-beams to seven-fold darkness. In approaching it, Imagination starts appalled from its horrors, and Fancy sickens at the shocking panorama of woes. Even the powers of Utterance become for a time, suffocated by Sympathy, or paralysed by Dismay. The reader must be sensible that we allude to the conflagration of the Theatre at Richmond.

On the 26th of December, 1811, that devoted building was unusually thronged by youth and beauty, age and respectability, genius and wealth. The worth, the virtue, the flower of Richmond was gayly assembled on the fatal spot. The crowded boxes, where, from lightness of heart and brilliancy of attire, beauty shone with superior attractions, rendered the scene indescribably interesting. Each one having left the "load of life behind him," a more animated assemblage no eye has beheld. The evening passed away in cheerfulness and mirth. Friendly salutations, flashes of merriment, corruscations of wit, social converse, and scenic representation, winged the hours with unusual speed.

The play was out and the after-piece had commenced. Every eye beamed with satisfaction at the past, and with anticipated plea-

sure from what was yet in reserve. But, O God! what a reverse is at hand! Nature shudders at the prospect, as at the approach of Fate. Flakes of fire are seen descending on the stage. A performer comes forward, points to the ceiling in unspeakable anguish, and calls out to the audience, "the house is on fire!" The voice of thunder had been music to such a sound. Terror and dismay pervade the building with electric velocity, and with little less than the lightning's force. The door of escape was narrow and difficult of access. To every mind the scene presents itself in all its horrors. The manliest bosom feels now the shock of consternation, and the sickening of despair. Hearts utterly incapable of fearing for themselves, shudder for the fate of some beloved object. One has his Anchises, another his Creusa, a third his Ascanius, and a fourth, perhaps, the three relations together, to rescue from the burning.

All rush for the door in tumultuary confusion. The husband clasps his wife, his son, his daughter; the brother his sister; the pious son his mother, and the lover the idol of his affections, in hopes to bear them in safety through the throng. A narrow, dark, and winding stair-case becomes suddenly choaked up by the crowd pressing ahead, precluding those in the rear from all possibility of escape in that direction. In the mean time the fiery, all-devouring element, comes rolling from behind with an unprecedented rapidity. Its fierce and flickering spires, darting through volumes of pitchy smoke, are more awfully terrific than the yawning of the grave. Spreading, thickening, strengthening as it advances, every thing reddens into cinders at its touch. Immense columns of flame mount impetuously to the top of the building, and thence reflected towards the audience below, pour among them a hot and suffocating vapour. Respiration becomes difficult and agonizing, the pabulum of life being consumed by the flame. Every light is suddenly extinguished, and impenetrable darkness prevails, except where it is broken by the gleams from behind.

The prospect of escape thus irrevocably snatched away, and the last whisperings of Hope forever put to silence, all turns to terror and frantic despair. A scene of ineffable horror ensues. Five hundred souls, most of them females, many in the spring-

time and blossom of life, but a few feet in advance of an ocean of flame, fiercely and rapidly rushing to devour them!—Overcome by their fears and suffocated by the deadly vapour which they breathe, numbers sink down and expire without a struggle. Others are trodden under foot by the fury of the throng. The survivors are overtaken by the raging element; their clothes are in flame, and agony unutterable is their only sensation. Convulsive exertions, imploring attitudes, frantic contortions and contagious horror madden in the spectacle, and shrieks of anguish resound through the walls. Some, mounting by preternatural efforts on the heads of their fellow sufferers, rush towards the adjacent windows, and, with their clothes in a blaze, throw themselves into the street, gleaming like fiery meteors in their fall. Hundreds come tumbling down in this deplorable condition. Through these avenues some escape without injury; but wounds, contusions, dislocations, fractures, or death are the lot of most. Those still enclosed in the burning pile,—anguish unspeakable, even to relate it!—prevented from falling by the compactness of the throng, stand writhing, screaming, literally roasting, till voice and motion and sense become extinct, and the stillness and silence of death cover all.

“Grim horror shook! a while the living hill

“Heav’d with convulsive throes, and all was still.”

To put the finishing touches to this maddening picture, the rafters give way, and in the presence of the spectators, the roof comes down in crashing, fiery ruin, on the already broiling carcasses of their friends.

In such a scene, it is difficult to particularize. A dismal indistinctness, a gloomy obscurity pervades the whole; prevents the eye from discriminating, and keeps subordinate parts out of view. Every thing individual, every thing private, is swallowed up in the general and mighty mass of misery and woe.

In the calamity, however, at Richmond, one scene of a secondary character, demands our notice. Eight females of rank and respectability, all mothers of families, all known to each other, and connected by the ties of affection and friendship, are thrust into a corner by the violence of the throng. Thus associated in

danger, the flames overtake them, and they are instantly in a blaze. They embrace, they writhe in anguish, as if united in one body and actuated by one feeling; they shriek as if possessed of one power of utterance; they cling closer and closer in the agonies of death, and sink together into the lap of eternity. What a scene for a Raphael!—what a group for a Praxitiles! Could it be faithfully committed to canvass, or sculptured in marble, the fable of Laocoon and his sons would be neglected.

Were we to select from this dismal chaos of horrors, another feature worthy of distinct commemoration, it would be that which involves the fate of the much lamented Gibbon. This amiable, brave, and accomplished young man, was the son of an officer, who, during our revolutionary struggles, had valiantly fought the battles of his country. Enterprizing in his disposition, and inheriting an instinctive attachment to arms, he had early entered as a midshipman, and was now a lieutenant in the navy of the United States. Though young in years, and younger still in naval services, his life had been a tissue of affecting vicissitudes. Scarcely was he initiated in the rudiments of his honourable profession, when the chalice of misfortune was presented to his lips, and he was compelled to drink deeply of the bitter draught.

When the frigate Philadelphia sailed for the Mediterranean, young Gibbon was on board. The fate of that vessel is known to the world. By one of those unforeseen disasters, which could neither be prevented by prudence, nor remedied by valour and skill, she was forced to surrender to a squadron of Tripolitans. On this occasion, Gibbon, with his gallant associates, was thrown, by the fortune of war, into the power of a barbarous and mercenary foe. The tedious and hope-sickening moments of their captivity, have been already numbered by the sensibility of their country. The only American bosoms that did not swell with the sigh of despondency, the only American eyes that did not overflow with the tear of affliction, were those of the high-minded sufferers themselves. Superior to every reverse that could befall them, they submitted to their privations and hardships without a murmur. With souls of a truly heroic temperament, their spirits rose as fortune forsook them, and they smiled at all their oppressors could inflict. Their unbending fortitude under the



pressure of their chains, was more highly honourable, more permanently glorious, than the renown of victory. By none of his companions in misfortune, was young Gibbon surpassed in firmness and magnanimity.

After his release from captivity and his return to his native country, he contracted an attachment, which was feelingly reciprocated, for a young lady in Richmond, of ample expectations on the score of wealth, and possessed of every quality and accomplishment, requisite to render her an ornament to society, and to contribute to the happiness of domestic life. For some time, difficulties and crosses, which he had not the power to control, threw a cloud over his prospects, and embittered, not a little, the cup of his existence. At length, however, all obstacles were removed, all preliminary arrangements completed, and beauty, wealth, and virtue, were inviting his footsteps to the Bower of felicity.

On the fatal night, Gibbon and the young lady to whom he was affianced, were among the most engaging ornaments of the theatre. When the tumult arose, his own escape he could have effected with ease. But into the heart of the magnanimous and the brave, personal considerations are the last to enter. The idol of his affection was in danger, and her safety constituted his only care. Overpowered by her sensibility, and fainting from her fears, he raised her in his arms, and endeavoured to force his way through the crowd. A friend offered him assistance, which he generously declined, declaring himself to be competent to the task, and entreating the gentleman to fly to the rescue of some other females, who were without protectors. With great coolness and incredible exertions, he continued to make his way through the opposing multitude. But coolness and strength, and firmness and perseverance, were of no avail. The raging element was too rapid in its progress for so tardy a retreat. The flames overtook him, yet he retained his fortitude even to the last. While all were shrieking around him, his manly bosom uttered not a groan. While all were writhing in ten-fold agony, his graceful and nervous form, refused to shrink from the devouring element. Partly overcome by the flame, and partly by the suffocating vapour which he breathed, he sunk on the

stairs, to mingle his ashes with those of the lovely burthen which he bore.

Thus falls the brave, who sinks to rest,  
With all his country's honours blest!  
His turf shall form a greener sod  
Than ever fairy footstep trod;  
And Faith and Love shall oft repair,  
To hold their hallowed converse there;  
And Valour's self be often seen,  
A pensive wanderer o'er the green,  
And oft exclaim, with dewy eyes,  
Beneath that turf a favourite lies.

We must bring this afflicting narrative to a close. For our own feelings, as well, we fear, as for those of our readers, we find that we have dwelt too long on it already. If, however, we have erred, our sensibility is in fault, and we hope, therefore, to be forgiven by a generous public. We will not, because we cannot, depict the perturbation, the agony, the speechless horror, the frantic despair, which overspread the streets of Richmond, while the theatre was in flames—in one instance, relatives and friends tortured to frenzy by a dismal uncertainty as to the fate of those that were dear to them—in another, gazing with unsupportable anguish on beloved objects perishing in the flames, without having it in their power to snatch them from destruction—in a third, receiving, with keen and conflicting emotions, their blazing and half-burnt bodies, precipitated from the windows—and in a fourth, prevented by some friendly hand from rushing into the conflagration to attempt their deliverance. Nor will we follow to their chambers, examine their defaced and distorted features, probe their wounds, and listen to their piercing groans, those who were burnt or otherwise maimed and disabled in effecting their escape.

We shall only add, by way of narrative, that on that ever memorable and melancholy occasion, Virginia was suddenly deprived of nearly one hundred of her principal inhabitants—females, who would have added lustre to a court; and males, who would have been distinguished in Greece or Rome, in their proudest days of wisdom and glory. The ashes of most of them are en-

tombed on the fatal spot—their virtues and memories live in the hearts and affections of their surviving fellow citizens—their immortal part, we trust, is with their God.

How mutable, how uncertain is the condition of man!—how perishable his hold on mortal existence! Behold a gay and crowded audience, now intent on scenes of delight, a moment afterwards, writhing in agony and sinking in despair—another, and the stillness of death is upon them! an entire city reduced, in an instant, from merriment to mourning—from the seat of pleasures and the garden of joys, to the abode of calamity and unutterable wo!

Richmond! afflicted Richmond! accept our sympathy, sincere though unavailing! May He who has given the blow provide the balm, and heal in mercy the wound He has inflicted!

Such is the melancholy picture we have to offer of the memorable and calamitous year 1811. While we acknowledge it to be feeble, thousands and millions can testify that it is just. Whether it be in any measure calculated to move the feelings, excite the imagination, or gratify the taste of our readers, it is theirs to determine, not ours. In the serious and contemplative mind, it will tend to awaken a two-fold sentiment—*Gratitude* at not being numbered with the sufferers of the past, and a *deep conviction* of the necessity of being prepared to encounter the calamities that may befall us during the present year.

C.

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#### POLITE SCHOLAR.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I SHOULD be most disgracefully unworthy of the title which I have *assumed*, if I did not speak, in the tones of rapture, of the merits of JOSEPH ADDISON. The most accomplished *artificer of words*, “sweet and voluble,” of any author, OLIVER GOLDSMITH excepted, that ever moulded the manners, refined the taste, purified the morals, or enkindled the genius of the nations. A polite scholar, unless he be a very idle one, reads, it is well known; every thing which falls in his way, pertinent to his favourite studies. I am at a loss to discover the opulent

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exchequer, whence I derived the following *golden* sentences, plausible of an admired author. It is enough, if I pronounce them *sterling*, at once *current*, solid, and shining.

So much has been written upon the writings of Addison, that it is almost equally superfluous to condemn or to praise him. His beauties have gained him admirers who have considered him as an example of every excellence; while his imperfections have raised against him a host of enemies, who have denied his claim to the title of a philosopher, a critic, and a poet.

The style which Addison has chosen, however it may have been praised by Johnson, as being equally free from pomposity and weakness, is undoubtedly defective. His selection of words, to express the common occurrences of life, is eminently happy, and he produces the ease of common conversation, without debasing his diction by vulgarity of expression. But while he is exact in the choice of his words, he has paid no attention to the harmony of his cadence. The words upon which the force of his sentences principally depends, are frequently placed where they cannot be pronounced, but by rendering the passage weak and inanimate, or the voice is exhausted by the length and confusion of the period. For these reasons, we ought not to consider him as a model of the middle style, but as an example of it. If we wish to gain a style familiar, but not coarse; elegant, but not ostentatious; we must apply our time to the volumes of the more modern moralists, some of whom have preserved his ease, without copying his weakness; and have united to his purity of language greater melody of period.

But it is not only the characteristic of a good writer, that his style in general is melodious and correct, but that the construction of his period, and the selection of his words, are varied according to the nature of his subject. On light subjects he should be easy, and on grave subjects dignified. He should discant with elegance on the topics of the day, and employ the pomp of language to give energy to greatness of thought, or splendour of expression. If we examine the compositions of Addison by this rule, he will not deserve much praise.

Whether he endeavours to elevate us by sublimity, or to please us by wit, his style is equally without animation. He

employs as little of the force of rhetoric, to paint the grandeur of the universe, as to describe the ornaments of a lady's head-dress, and discants with an equal profusion of words upon the extent of eternity and the affectation of a prude.

We sometimes, therefore, turn from a paper, in which every power of learning and of judgment has been employed, without being much impressed by its dignity, or pleased with its truth. The strength of his arguments, and the energy of his thoughts, are frequently insufficient to preserve our attention. We feel the merit of the writer, and admire his piety or his knowledge, but are dissatisfied, we know not why, and close his volume without regret. But this effect is not always produced. There is sometimes an ingenuity of remark, and a justness of conception, which even the demerit of his style is unable to conceal. He is particularly fortunate in his selection of all that can add to the interest of his subject. When he wishes to convince, he is generally powerful;—when he endeavours to persuade, he is always irresistible. To those papers, which are distinguished by wit, or which describe the daily occurrences of life, his style is more particularly applicable. We are not in them disgusted by a dissimilarity of sentiment and language; but our fancy is pleased, and our judgment is satisfied. It is true, that even in the style of these papers, he may be excelled; but his conquerors must owe their elevation to his aid.

If we consider the sentiments of Addison, independent of his style, we shall find much to admire and little to condemn. His writings display in every sentence the man of learning, the philosopher, and the gentleman. His remarks upon life are such as display that knowledge of the world, and that intimacy with the gay, the witty, and the polite, which are necessary to render the fruits of study more valuable and useful. He has the art of descanting upon trifles without minuteness, and of rendering the temporary follies of the day the vehicles of general instruction—the colour of a lady's slipper, or the magnitude of her fan, are converted, in the hands of Addison, into a theme for morality and wit. He seems to persuade as a friend, rather than to correct as a teacher; and rather endeavours to allure our attention by a smile, than to command our reverence by a frown.

But with all his beauties he cannot be considered as entitled to the applause of genius. He displays energy of thought, brilliancy of wit, and extent of learning; but he does not display that creative power, which animates the page of unlettered ignorance. The universality of his reading, has enabled him to illustrate his arguments, and to enforce his precepts by the talents and the authority of the writers of ancient and modern ages; but he never astonishes by unexpected splendour, and seldom delights by sublimity of thought. He has done all that the wit, the scholar, and the gentleman could do; but he has done no more.

His claim to the title of critic, has been denied by men who were remarkable for mistaking affectation for wit, and harshness for dignity; who from the throne of literary despotism, affected to look down with contempt upon all whose superiority endangered their power, and who considered the taste of Addison as a contrast to their own laboured and pedantic ostentation. But whatever reception may be given to the writer who endeavours to veil simplicity in learned obscurity, and to render sublimity unintelligible, the title of a critic must be finally allowed to that man who displays the beauties of an author, and corrects his errors, without deviating from the laws of nature and of taste. To this praise Addison is entitled. He does not judge of the beauty of a metaphor, by observing that it is equalled by Homer, or inform us that a simile is mean because it might have been more exact in the hands of Virgil: when the palm-trees of Asia are mentioned, he does not prove that the passage is contemptible, because it does not agree with the description of Strabo; nor censure Milton as a dunce, because mathematics will not show the propriety of his images.

His merits, as a critic, will be best displayed by inquiring of what his enemies have convicted him. They have proved that he praised an author in proportion to his adherence to nature and to truth; that he never disgusted his readers by mysterious nonsense, nor employed a chapter in rendering perspicuity intelligible; that he never soared upon the clouds of dullness above the bounds of comprehension, nor forgot the beauties of his author to admire the visions of Plato and Pythagoras. Such are the charges of which Addison has been accused, by men whose

formality will have consigned them to oblivion, when time shall have matured the laurels which Justice has planted around his tomb.

If it be allowed that he does not examine the merits of an author, with all the subtilty of refinement, and that he displays delicacy of judgment rather than profundity of reasoning, yet this concession places him as a critic in the first rank. The writer who examines the genius of an author with rigorous sagacity, and he who decides by the influence of taste, have perhaps, equally improved the judgment of the world, though their pursuits are different. The inquiries of the one are formed to gratify the scholar, the essays of the other to please and to improve the reader.

His poetry displays the talents of a man, who was incapable of sublimity and could avoid meanness. His compositions are ornamented by learning, but are not illuminated by genius. His metaphors are generally false, and his similies imperfect. He seems to have aimed at correctness, but is frequently faulty in his rhymes, and sometimes disgusts by repetition. Johnson has praised his Campaign as superior to the other poems which were written upon the same occasion; but this is not a proof of the abilities of its authors, but the dullness of his rivals. His letter from Italy and his verses to Kneller merit the praises they have received; but if these be retained as the productions of a man who appeared above contempt in whatever he pursued, the rest of his poetry may be suffered to glide into oblivion, without injustice to its author, or injury to the world.

As a perfect magician in the management of *style*, we have always admired lord BOLINGBROKE. He has more perfectly at command the "*ardentia verba*," than any of the moderns. He is an eloquent enthusiast, whether he speak logically in the praise of Virtue, or sophistically, as the apologist for Vice. A great and original genius, one of his contemporaries, who knew him perfectly, thus describes the character of the *all-accomplished* St. John.

It happens to very few men in any age or country, to come into the world with so many advantages of nature and fortune,

as the late secretary Bolingbroke. Descended from the best families in England; heir to a great patrimonial estate; of a sound constitution, and a most graceful person: all these, had they been of equal value, were infinitely below, in degree, to the accomplishments of his mind, which was ADORNED WITH THE CHOICEST GIFTS THAT GOD HATH YET THOUGHT FIT TO BESTOW UPON THE CHILDREN OF MEN. He was blessed with a strong memory; a clear judgment; a vast range of wit and fancy; a thorough comprehension and invincible eloquence, with a most agreeable elocution. He had well cultivated all these talents by travel and study; the latter of which he seldom omitted even in the midst of his pleasures, of which he had indeed been too great and criminal a pursuer. For, although he was persuaded to leave off intemperance in wine, which he did for some time to such a degree, that he seemed quite abstemious; yet he was said to allow himself other liberties, which can by no means be reconciled to religion or morals. But he was fond of mixing pleasure and business, and of being esteemed excellent at both; upon which account he had a great respect for the characters of Alcibiades and Petronius, especially the latter, whom he would gladly be thought to resemble. His detractors charged him with some degree of affectation, and, perhaps, not altogether without grounds: since it was hardly possible for a young man with half the business of the nation upon him, and the applause of the whole, to escape that infirmity. He had been early bred to business; was a most artful negociator, and perfectly understood foreign affairs. But what I have often wondered at, in a man of his temper, was his prodigious application, whenever he thought it necessary; for he would plod whole days and nights like the lowest clerk in an office. His talent of speaking in public, for which he was so very much celebrated, I know nothing of, except from the information of others; but men of understanding, of both parties, have assured me, that, in this point, in their memory and judgment, he was never equalled.



## VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Zeno rejoiced that a shipwreck had thrown him on the Athenian coast, and he owed to the loss of his fortune the acquisition which he made of virtue, of wisdom, of immortality.

*An account of three singular characters.*

Among the company I found at Harrowgate, were six Irish gentlemen, who had been my contemporaries in Trinity College at Dublin, and were right glad to see me, as we had been *Sociorum*,\* a word of Swift's, at the *convivial* house at Ring's-end, for many a summer's evening, and their regard for me was great. They thought I had long been numbered with the dead, as they could not get any account of me, for so many years, and when they saw me at their entering the public room, sitting by a beauty, in deep discourse, G—d zounds, says one of them, there he is, making love to the finest woman in the world. These gentlemen were, Mr. Gollogher, Mr. Gallaspy, Mr. Dunkley, Mr. Makins, Mr. Monaghan, and Mr. O'Keefe, descended from the Irish kings, and first cousin to the great O'Keefe, who was buried not long ago in Westminster abbey. They were all men of large fortunes, and, Mr. Makins excepted, were as handsome fine fellows, as could be picked out in all the world. Makins was a very low thin man, not four feet high, and had but one eye, with which he squinted most shockingly. He wore his own hair, which was short and bad, and only drest by his combing it himself in the morning without oil or powder. But as he was matchless on the fiddle, sung well, and chatted agreeably, he was a favourite with the ladies. They preferred *ugly Makins* (as he was called), to many handsome men. I will here give the public the character of these Irish gentlemen for the honour of Ireland, and as they were curiosities of the human kind.

*O'Keefe* was as distinguished a character as I have ever known. He had read and thought, travelled and conversed, was a man of sense, and a scholar; he had a greatness of soul which shewed a preeminence of dignity, and by conduct and behaviour,

\* A term equivalent to *boon companions*.

the faithful interpreters of the heart, always attested the most noble and generous sentiments. He had an extreme abhorrence of meanness of all kinds, treachery, revenge, envy, littleness of mind, and showed in all his actions the qualities that adorn a man. His learning was of the genteel and useful kind, a sort of agreeable knowledge which he acquired rather from a sound taste and good judgment, than from the books he read. He had a right estimation of things, and had gathered up almost every thing that is amusing or instructive. This rendered him a master in the art of pleasing, and as he had added to these improvements, the fashionable ornaments of life, languages and bodily exercises, he was the delight of all who knew him.

*Makins* was possessed of all the excellent qualities and perfections that are within the reach of human abilities. He had received from nature the happiest talents, and he made singular improvements of them by a successful application of them to the most useful and the most ornamental studies. Music, as before observed, he excelled in; his intellectual faculties were fine, and, to his honour, I can affirm, that he mostly employed them as he did his great estate. Though he was but five and twenty, he was a religious man; but his religion was without any melancholy; nor had it any thing of that severity of temper, which diffuses too often into the hearts of the religious, a morose contempt of the world, and an antipathy to its pleasures.

*Galkasby* was the tallest and strongest man I have ever seen; well made and very handsome; he had wit and abilities, sung well, and talked with great sweetness and fluency, but was so extremely wicked that it were better for him if he had been a natural fool. By his vast strength and activity, his riches and eloquence, few things could withstand him. He was the most profane swearer I have ever known; fought every thing, w—d every thing, and drank seven in the hand; that is, seven glasses, so placed between the fingers of his right hand, that, in drinking, the liquor falls into the next glasses, and thereby he drank out of the first glass seven glasses at once. This was a common thing I find from a book in my possession, in the reign of Charles II. in the madness that followed the restoration of that profligate prince. But this gentleman was the only man I ever

saw who could or would attempt to do it; and he made but one gulp of whatever he drank:—he did not swallow a fluid like other people, but if it was a quart, poured it in as from pitcher to pitcher. When he smoked tobacco, he always blew two pipes at once; one at each corner of his mouth, and threw the smoke of both out of his nostrils. He had killed two men in duels before I left Ireland, and would have been hanged, but that it was his good fortune to be tried before a judge who never let any man suffer for killing another in this manner. He seduced all the women he could, and to many, whom he could not corrupt, offered violence. In sum, I never saw his equal in impiety, especially when inflamed by liquor, as he was every day of his life, though it was not in the power of wine to make him drunk, weak, or senseless. He set no bounds or restrictions to mirth and revells. He only slept every third night, and that, often in his clothes in a chair, where he would sweat so prodigiously, as to be wet quite through; as wet as if come from a pond, or a pail of water had been thrown on him. While all the world was at rest, he was either drinking or dancing, scouring the bawdy-houses, or riding as hard as he could drive his horse on some iniquitous project. Yet he never was sick, nor did he ever receive any hurt or mischief. In health, joy, and plenty, he passed life away, and died without a pang, about a year ago, at his house in the county of Galway. This was *Jack Gallaspy*. There are, however, some things to be said in his favour, and as he had more regard for me than for any of his acquaintance, I should be ungrateful, if I did not do him all the justice in my power.

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He who considers merely himself—who cultivates his talents only for personal advancement, is little fitted to deserve the rewards of literary fame. The laurel of the Muses is, in worldly gains, indeed, but a *barren* laurel. But is there nothing in the possession of a cultivated understanding? Is there no delight in that mental superiority which is so far above titles, and wealth, and power? Is there no remuneration in the pleasures of composition and the exercises of the powers of the mind?

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A certain celebrated physician, now no more, took up his lodgings in an inn for the night. Being somewhat indisposed

by a violent cold, went early to his bed, and directed the servant to prepare a glass of warm punch, and to leave it by his bedside. This was accordingly done; but before the beverage was ready, the doctor was snoring in the arms of Morpheus. A fellow lodger in the same room, finding the doctor safely moored, sans ceremonie, emptied the glass. The doctor awaking in the morning, was asked by his fellow lodger how he slept? Never better, replied the doctor; and casting his eyes on the empty glass, further added, I knew that hot punch was with me a sovereign receipt for a cold.

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Bishop Warburton's opinion that the descent of Æneas into Hell, was a figurative description of his initiation into the Eleusinian Mysteries, was borrowed from Beaumont's "Gleanings of Antiquity." Gibbon was not aware of this when he wrote his "Critical Observations on the sixth book of the Æneid."

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Socrates piqued himself upon having lived at Athens. He used to say that he found no instruction in stones or trees.

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Balzac has been much admired for the remark that the girls of his village were too stupid to be deceived by a man of wit; but Simonides had said before him, that the Thessalians were too foolish to be the dupes of poetical illusion.

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Handel told one of the royal family, who asked him how he liked his playing on the violoncello,—“Why, sir, your highness plays like a prince.” Of the Prussian monarch, it may be said, that he writes verses like a king.

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The great Johnson, in deploring the disordered intellect of Collins, in a letter to Dr. Joseph Warton, thus freely expresses himself.

“How little can we venture to exult in any intellectual powers or literary attainments, when we consider the condition of poor Collins. I knew him a few years ago, full of hopes and full of projects; versed in many languages, high in fancy, and strong in retention. This busy and forcible mind, is now under

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the government of those who lately *would not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of its designs!*"

The moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune, and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is yet more dreadful to consider, that the powers of the mind, are equally liable to change, that understanding may make its appearance, and depart, that it may blaze and expire.

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I have always thought that Gray emulated the ruggedness of an Alpine mountain in the initial verse of his celebrated latin Ode;

O tu severi religio loci.

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The great Johnson was so ignorant of music, that he defines diapason a term in music; whereas the diapason is a set of pipes in an organ. It is curious that both Dr. Johnson and lord Chesterfield hated music. Johnson wished a difficult piece of music impossible, and Chesterfield writes to his son, "I insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling. Few things would mortify me more, than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth."

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It is laughable that Voltaire should speak of Warburton, as one who had *très mal commenté Shakspeare*.—*Il vaudrait mieux* (says the lively Gaul,) *que le Warburton commentât l'Opera des Gueux!* (Vernaculè Beggar's Opera.)

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Burke says finely, jealous Love lights his torch at the fire-brands of the Furies.

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Clifton, speaking of America, says,

"Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius dies."

The earl of Buchan, in eulogizing Thomson's works, says,

"And live they shall, the charm of every eye,

"Till Nature sickens, and the Seasons die."

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Camper has produced a table which expresses by figures, the extent of the facial angle in different animals. By this analysis,

the cranium and face of a negro have a nearer affinity to those of an ourang outang, than of a white man. In the head of a white man the facial angle is usually 80 degrees; in a negro 70; in the ourang outang 65. This subject has been illustrated in Bell's recent work, entitled "Essays on the Anatomy of Expression in Painting."

Sir John Hawkins, in his biography of doctor Johnson, has some very strange similies. He compares lord Chesterfield to a bear! Sir John makes some curious decisions, *ex cathedra*. He pronounces lord Chatam a pertinacious yelper, and Goldsmith an idiot. "We of the club," says the knight, "looked on Goldsmith as a mere literary drudge."—Sir John, it is to be hoped, understood fiddling, better than English. "Johnson," says he, "fixed on forty-nine subjects, but from the *versatility* of his genius, never finished one of them." Sir John has been compared to a snail that crawls over the Belvedere Apollo, and endeavours by leaving his filthy slime behind, to obscure the beauty of the figure.

When the great Johnson told some one that it was not for him to bandy words with his sovereign, a passage of Massinger was probably in his recollection. Pulcheria, in the Emperor of the East, says

I'll not *bandy*  
Words with your mightiness.

The translators of Virgil have grossly misunderstood a passage of his third Eclogue.

*Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis*  
*Diffusus cdera vestit pallente corymbos.*

Vitis here does not mean vine; the vine has no place on the cup, before described. The poet is describing the ivy only, its stem, foliage and fruit. Vitis implies nothing but the *arbutus*; the *vimen*, or branch of the ivy.

The French are still fond of what is called hieroglyphic writing; and many female ornaments are decorated in this fantastic manner. The petits maitres sometimes use it in billet doux; thus, the head of a horse, a branch of a tree, and number 12, mean, meet me at the wood of Boulogne at noon. An O, a 7, and a 2, imply, at the opera, the seventh box of the second row.

In the extensive garrets of the Hotel des Invalides, is a large and interesting collection of plans of all the fortified towns of France. They are only shown on one particular day of the year, and it is not easy to procure access. They are beautifully executed in relief with cork and other materials, the rivers and trenches being of looking-glass. This exhibition is one of the most rare and singular in Paris, and does honour to the magnificence of Louis XIV.

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## SELECTED POETRY.

### HORACE IN LONDON—BOOK II, ODE I.

TO MR. KEMBLE.

Motum ex Metello consule civicum.

IN battles, provok'd by the blood-tainted *Thane*,  
 When tempests assail aged *Lear*,  
 When Fortune deserts the poor lunatic *Dane*;  
 In *Richard* the cruel, or Hotspur the vain,  
 O! when shall your equal appear?

The wreath of applause what philosopher scorns?  
 'Tis a crown of the sweetest moss roses:  
 But when it the brow of an actor adorns,  
 The public oft mix a few good natur'd thorns,  
 To tickle his ears when he dozes.

Awhile to your theatre now bid adieu!  
 Fly, fly from the tumult and riot!  
 Attempt not your truncheon and staff to renew,

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But give them to *Townsend* to help to subdue  
The foes to *new prices* and quiet.

For hark! what a discord of bugles and bells,  
What whistling and springing of rattles,  
What screaming and groaning, and hissing, and yells,  
Till mad-headed *Mammon* his victims compels,  
To scuffles, *rows*, riots, and battles.

And now from the barracks of Bow-street, good lack!  
A band under *Townsend* and Sayers,  
Wave high their gilt staffs, while the dull sounding thwack,  
Falls frequent and thick on the enemies' back,  
Or visits their pate with a merry ton'd crack,  
In aid of *king John*, and the players.

The Billingsgate muses, indignant to find,  
*Catalini* and fiddlers from Paris,  
Usurping their place; in revenge have combin'd  
To kick up this dust in the popular mind,  
So fatal to *Kemble* and *Harris*.

What surly *brown bear* has not gladly receiv'd  
The misers who *old prices* stick to?  
At Bow-street, what knight is not sorely aggriev'd,  
When christians are cross'd, unbelievers believ'd,  
O story *mirabile dictu*.

To mix in this warfare, regardless of fear,  
What 'prentice or clerk is unwilling:  
From Smithfield and Wapping what heroes appear,  
Who fight, and acknowledge, for all they hold dear,  
When the object of war's the last shilling.

What fists of defiance the pugilists wield,  
What Jews have not had bloody noses?  
What victim of law, who to *Mainwaring* yields,  
But gladly, forever, would leave *Cold Bath Fields*,  
To fight here pro *ARIS et facis*?



But gently, my Muse, hush your angry ton'd lyre,  
 From *rows* so disgraceful remove,  
 And seated at home by your own parlour fire,  
 Let beauty and claret your numbers inspire,  
 To melody, laughter, and love.

BOOK I.—ODE XXXVIII.

*Pernicos odi, puer, apparatus.*

HERE, waiter, I'll dine in this box,  
 I've look'd at your long bill of fare,  
 A Pythagorean it shocks,  
 To view all the rarities there.

I'm not overburthen'd with cash,  
 Roast beef is the dinner for me;  
 Then why should I eat calipash,  
 Or why should I eat calipce?

Your *trifles* no trifle, I ween,  
 To customers prudent as I am,  
 Your peas in December are green,  
 But I'm not so green as to buy 'em.

With venison, I seldom am fed,  
 Go bring me the sirloin, you ninny,  
 Who dines at a guinea a head,  
 Will ne'er by his head get a guinea.

God save great Johnny Bull,  
 Long live our noble Bull,  
 God save John Bull.  
 Make him *uproarious*,  
 With lungs like Boreas,  
 Till he's victorious,  
 God save John Bull.

O, Johnny Bull, be true,  
 Oppose the prices new,  
 And make them fall!  
 Curse *Kemble's* politics,  
 Frustrate his knavish tricks,  
 Confound them all!

No *private boxes* let  
 Intriguing ladies get,  
 Thy night, John Bull!  
 From little *pigeon holes*,  
 Defend us jolly souls,  
 And we will sing, *by Godes*,  
 God save John Bull.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[We insert with great cheerfulness the following Anacreontic, and shall at all times be gratified by any further communication from the elegant scholar to whom we are indebted for it.]

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following is one of the first attempts of a tiro. He ventures it with diffidence; and should it be found unworthy of your approbation, he will not be disappointed.

Πρὸς Γυναῖκας.

Κόραι κάλαι, λίγητι  
 Ἐρως τί ἐστὶ μοι· νῦν  
 Χλόην ὅταν θιωρᾷ  
 Ἐνὶ κόραις ἱταίραις,  
 Αὐτὴ θέλω ἱπύηναι  
 Καὶ συλλαλῆν, ἐγὼ δὲ  
 Οὐ θαρσύνω, φοβηθεῖς·  
 Εἰ τοῦτ' Ἐρως, λίγητι.  
 Ὅταν Χλόη δ' ἀρίσκη  
 Λίγει, ἀμνημονεύω  
 Πάσι ταν δὲ καὶ ἑμαυτοῦ,

Φωνῆς μὲν ἀκρόαων,  
 Ἢ τῆς χαρᾶς μὲ πλῆροϊ·  
 Εἰ τοῦτ' Ἐρωὺς λέγῃτε.  
 Λέγει ὅταν Χλόη μοῖ,  
 Πάλλει ἄφαρ τὸ κ.ρ. μου,  
 Τρέμω, δ' ἐρυθρίαω·  
 Θέλω τῇ ἀντιφωνεῖν,  
 Λεῖπει, σιγᾷ δὲ γλῶσσο·  
 Εἰ τοῦτ' Ἐρωὺς, λέγῃτε.  
 Ὅταν Χλόη δ' ἀπεσῇ,  
 Ἢδιστα μοῖ τὰ πρὶν δὲ  
 Παύει μὲ τῶν ἀρέσκειν·  
 Μάτην τὰ ἔρος ἀνθ',  
 Ὑλῶν δὲ καὶ μέλος πᾶν.  
 Εἰ τοῦτ' Ἐρωὺς, λέγῃτε.

E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## HAPPY PAIR.

BY ROBT. BOLLING, LATE OF BUCKINGHAM CO. VIRGINIA, 1764.

The author's parents suggested the idea of the following canzonet, in which the husband speaks to the wife.

OLD soul, some thirty years ago,  
 (To think on't makes my bosom glow;)  
 You taught me, (may the Almighty bless  
 Thee doubly) what was happiness,  
 And since, calm Reason for our guide,  
 We've liv'd a life most satisfied,  
 Without a simple thought to roam,  
 On other joys than those at home.  
 Thou then, my dear, wert handsome: now  
 Old age has furrow'd o'er thy brow,  
 Right reverend white thy silver hair,  
 Some lack of teeth—what then my dear?

The beauties, which you erst possess'd,  
Beside in Nancy's face and breast:  
Her blooming cheek, her brilliant eyes—  
What yours did once, excite surprise;  
Yes, all your virtuous daughters share  
The graces, which you used to wear.  
The sons, which, under God, we've rais'd,  
Are worthy sons, His name be prais'd:  
Desire to please us all express;  
Sure this, my dear, is happiness.  
One only grief corrodes my heart:  
Who knows, alas! how soon we part?  
But part we must, to grieve is vain,  
Perhaps we part to meet again.  
That thought, O Death, eludes thy dart,  
And pours true comfort on my heart.  
I am not without trust, whate'er  
Confusing notions interfere,  
That, after death, creation's Lord,  
A new existence will afford,  
With greater powers of thought and sense,  
T' enjoy his free munificence;  
So let that rest, both now and then,  
His Heavenly will be done. Amen.

—  
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO MALVINA.

WRITTEN AT THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

ALONE on the banks of Passaic I roam'd,  
Oh clear flow'd its waters through vallies so green;  
O'er bold jutting rocks its wild cataract foam'd,  
All Nature combin'd to embellish the scene.  
O'er hills and through dales, and each wild tangl'd wood,  
As onward I wander'd, entranc'd with each view;

Babb'ling Echo replied to the loud roaring flood,  
And bright were the flowers bespangl'd with dew.

So wrapt was my soul in this dream of delight,  
My heart in its magic delusion so caught,  
All worldly reflections were driven to flight,  
E'en thou, dear Malvina, one moment forgot.

Oh yes! for a moment, thy memory slept,  
And Nature triumphant enjoy'd her full sway;  
But the next, to my heart the remembrance crept,  
That thou who gave joy to each scene wert away.

Then faded the landscape, and sorrow possest  
That heart which before was so joyous and light:—  
So transient the pleasure that dwells in my breast,  
Depriv'd of thy converse my fondest delight.

*July 29th, 1811.*

OSCAR.





## MORTUARY.

At the commencement of this year, the Editor of The Port Folio, animated by returning health and increased resources, ventured to speak with exultation of the brilliant prospects which dawned on his future labours. But the powers, even of the strongest, are precarious—and the hopes of the sanguine frail and delusive. A single month—a few short days—have outlived not only all these fond anticipations, but the fancy too that indulged them; and it is now our melancholy duty to announce the sudden death of

## JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQUIRE,

on the afternoon of the seventh of January.

Subdued and humbled as we are, by witnessing the recent and unexpected dissolution of one who had so many titles to our esteem, we know not in what language to convey our sensibility to the merits of this amiable gentleman, and accomplished scholar, thus lost in the maturity of his genius, and the full career of his usefulness. Though his existence was limited to forty-four years, they had been years of various fortune. The dazzling successes which had flattered his early life, were for some time gradually darkening, and to these misfortunes had been more recently added the pangs of domestic affliction, which have peculiar power to wound the irritable and sensitive feelings of genius, and to weaken the energies of the most exalted understanding. But the soothing arts of reflection, and the affectionate sympathy of friends, had vanquished at last all these enemies—the dreary images of sorrow were hastily receding—the gloom of disease and care, which had so long oppressed him, was now passing away, and the light of fairer hopes broke upon his slumbers. With renovated health, with a mind restored to ease, and a heart returning to all its affections, his friends gladly hailed the renewed and vigorous exertions of his genius. But it was only the hectic strength which wrestles over the tomb. On these



bright and cherished expectations the grave has suddenly closed. Scarcely had he returned thanks for the new health which the bounty of Providence assigned to him, when his gratitude for the possession of these blessings was interrupted by the loss of them. The glow of ambition—the high and generous flush of new projects of literature, or benevolence, was yet warm on his cheek, when the coldness of death invaded it. He had scarcely strewed on the recent grave of his father the offerings of filial reverence, when a similar duty to himself is thus feebly executed by the unsteady hand of mourning Friendship. It is on recollections like these, at once so painful and so consolatory, that the fondness of affection will long delight to dwell—and we reluctantly leave them to share with others our regret for his loss, and to speak of the deceased, not as a friend, but as he will be known to his country at large, and to posterity.

That country will be insensible of its obligations, unless it number MR. DENNIE among its most meritorious citizens.—Next, and next only to those distinguished beings to whom heaven has given capacity to lead a nation's arms to freedom, or guide her councils to happiness, may be safely ranked the few, who contribute to purify her morals, and adorn her name by elegant literature. Their value is not always appreciated, because the gradual revolution they accomplish, may escape the eye of vulgar calculation, but their efficacy is not less certain, nor their utility less permanent. In our own country, more especially, the avenues to political fame are so wide, the interest of public concerns so overwhelming, that they absorb, perhaps, too much of our attention. For the distinction they confer is momentary—the honours they bring are very precarious; and often after a few years of feverish notoriety, that man subsides into a mortified and sullen politician, whose talents, otherwise directed, might have yielded honourable distinction to himself, and permanent lustre to his country. MR. DENNIE gave to the powers of his mind a far more useful application. The great purpose of all his exertions, the uniform pursuit of his life, was to disseminate among his countrymen a taste for elegant literature, to give to education and to letters their proper elevation in the public esteem, and reclaiming the youth of America from the low career of sordid in-

terests, to fix steadfastly their ambition on objects of a more exalted character. In this honourable enterprize, he stood at first almost alone. But such is the power of a single mind in awakening the talents of a whole nation, so easily may the pliant materials of public opinion be moulded by the plastic hand of genius, that the establishment of his work may be considered as forming an æra in the literary history of America. His example had a magical power, not only over the circle who were influenced by attachment to his person, but on all who had the slightest tincture of learning. The attention of the people was excited by his brilliancy—the purest scholars of the country flocked to his standard, and the nation was seduced at once into the luxury of literature. This was the prominent object and the reward of his ambition—for no occasion was ever omitted to sustain our literary pretensions, and no man sought with more eagerness, or cherished with more enthusiastic kindness, the faintest glimmerings of American genius. The first efforts of the timid were encouraged by an attractive gentleness, their errors corrected with mildness, and none were repelled by superciliousness or dogmatism. How successful were his endeavours to purify the taste, and improve the morals of his countrymen—how long and how largely he contributed to their instruction and amusement, need not be told to any who are familiar with American society. Of the individual himself we may be permitted to speak with greater confidence. In the various acquirements which compose the character of a man of letters, Mr. DENNIE had unquestionably no equal in this country, and few, if any, superiors in Europe. At a very early age he abandoned the ordinary pursuits of life to offer his undivided devotion on the altar of literature. The love of letters was, indeed, his darling passion—the light which had charmed his youth, which illuminated his manhood, which still threw its mellow and wavering beam on the sickness and sorrow even of his dying hour. In the indulgence of this enthusiasm he had been a most laborious student—he had read every thing on every subject—so that if the rigidly exact sciences be excepted, there was scarcely a topic of human knowledge with which he was not

familiar. But he delighted most in the moral studies—in those inquiries which, diversified by a thousand hues, conduct us to the knowledge of man—of his history, his nature and his habits, the most splendid periods of his existence, the highest exertions of his intellect. These were the favourite studies to which he abandoned all his genius. He had ranged, indeed, with an excursive step over the entire field of literature; but he loved most to linger by those enchanting spots which the highest culture had embellished, and to gather from their exuberance the choicest flowers. So pure, indeed, was its texture, so delicate its conceptions, that his mind seemed, if we may speak so, to have been bathed at its birth in the very essence of literature—to be daily fed with the celestial dews of learning. The stores which his unwearied diligence had thus collected, were retained by a memory of extraordinary vigour, and animated by an ardent and almost oriental imagination. Such was the discipline to which his extensive acquirements had been subjected—so obedient to his will the powers of his mind, that we have never listened with so much fascination to the colloquial powers of any other individual. Abounding in felicity of expression, and a singular aptness of quotation, decorated with every ornament that did not border on gaudiness, it possessed a copiousness and elegance—and had about it a captivating originality which we have never seen before united. His written style was but the transcript of his conversation. It was marked by the same attractive grace, the same affluence and even luxuriance, which, if it be considered as sometimes above its subject, erred only by its elegance—like some spotless virgin, who, whether in the splendour of society, or the humbler cares of the household, was always attired with fastidious delicacy. Of his works it would be superfluous now to speak, since they will shortly be collected by his friends, and must then vindicate their own pretensions. It was, however, his own and the public misfortune, that his literary exertions were, for the most part, occasional and desultory—that his mind had never yet been seen in all its development—or occupied the high and ample space which its natural expansion would justify it in assuming. His works are therefore rather the promise of what he more seriously meditated, and what, but for his premature loss, he would not

have failed to accomplish. Yet, even imperfect as they now remain, they bear honourable testimony to his genius, and will always form a valuable addition to the literature of America—they will at least attest his sincere devotion to the great cause of religion and morals, and learning, which all his writings assisted to defend and disseminate.

But his literary attainments, however distinguished, his works however honourable, were only subordinate parts of his estimable character. The most exalted powers are not always united with the kindest tempers—and the flame of genius is too often discoloured by malignity. But in his harmonious composition the highest brilliancy of understanding was seen unshaded through the most transparent purity of heart. The fondness of friendship here hesitates with distrust of its own partiality. Yet on those who have enjoyed an intimacy with departed worth, there seems to devolve with the peculiar power, a peculiar duty to declare its value. We will not, therefore, so far wrong ourselves, or the memory of him whom we love to honour, as to suppress the conviction that it was never our lot to know a being more emphatically pure and amiable. Far from impairing his natural goodness, the embellishments of education served only to give it a bolder relief, and a more striking contrast. With all its rich variety of ornament—its festooned columns, its Asiatic magnificence, the inner temple of the heart, was of the most chaste and Doric simplicity. There was indeed in his character something quite new and original to our experience. It was not the simplicity of Goldsmith—nor the artlessness of Lafontaine. It was more amiable than either—it was the natural excellence of a heart occupied only with the honourable feelings of our nature, and shrinking intuitively from all the avenues by which the sordid passions might approach him. In the midst of the world, he did not seem to live so much in it, as above it—in his own abstract and unmingled sphere of goodness. Yet he was not negligent of his duties to society. In circumstances never beyond mediocrity, he gave with a generous disregard of himself to all who needed his bounty—in his least prosperous hour, he never withheld the liberal, though limited charity, and even the few to whom retaliation would have been injury, received only kindness and oblivion.

A man of letters by profession, he was totally free from literary jealousy; but, severe only to himself, and apparently unconscious of his own superiority, he gave to every one the fullest measure of applause. On his own high and scrupulous honour, his life was a practical commentary. His religious convictions were steadfast and uniform. His faith equally removed from intolerance and levity, was of that amiable cast which renders religion the guide of prosperity, and the solace of misfortune, and on his own death bed he derived from it those consolations which his writings have so often taught they were capable of imparting. To his private virtues let those who have long known him—let that wide circle of whom he was the delight and the ornament, bear testimony. So full of urbanity and gentleness were his manners—so amiable his deportment, that none could approach, without loving a man from whom there never escaped an unkind expression—who, in his graver mood, was an instructive friend; and in his social hours, a most gay, and captivating companion. However, therefore, his writings may be received by the world, or with whatever harshness its colder eye may regard the weaknesses incident to his nature, there are many who will long see with affectionate regret, the tomb which incloses a being once distinguished by all that can endear our sympathies, or excite our admiration.

These hasty and imperfect lines convey but faintly the feelings which his death has suggested. They do not aspire to delineate his character. That task is committed to abler hands; nor would the writer have permitted himself even this melancholy indulgence, were it not necessary in some way to introduce a topic, on which he could neither be silent with propriety, nor trust his feelings with safety.

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MONODY ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

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MYSTERIOUS Nature, at whose shrine I bow,  
How passing strange! how wonderful art thou!  
When on the couch the extended body lies,  
Lost to the world—incompetent to rise;  
A breathing mass—insensible of breath,  
The senses touch'd with temporary death;  
Then active Fancy haunts the slumberer's bed,  
And pours terrific visions round his head.  
Soft smile the hours of rest—we close our eyes  
On placid moonbeams and on sparkling skies;  
When horrid Fancies, worse than poets feign, '   
Rise from the grave of sleep, and haunt the brain.

Such fearful thoughts my drooping soul oppress,  
When calm Oblivion sooth'd each sense to rest—  
Methought the cloudless moon, in lustre bright,  
Alike the queen of Silence and of Night;  
Was rising to her full meridian tour,  
And bath'd the landscape with a silver shower.  
Heedless what course my wandering feet might take,  
I wandered by the margin of a lake.

Delighted with a prospect so serene,  
I stood and gaz'd on night's majestic queen;  
And mark'd her streaming rays of pallid white,  
That on the foilage fell with touch so light,  
As fearful Silence from her haunt should flee,  
And wake the quiet slumber of the tree—

Sudden methought in tones distinct and clear,  
The welcome voice of Friendship caught mine ear.  
I follow'd, and a form arose to view,  
Beneath the shade the baneful cypress threw.  
At such an hour of night I could not bear  
To tread that gloom and hold communion there.

And canst thou in this gloomy shade sojourn,  
This cold and dreary shadow of the urn;  
Whom Friendship, Genius, and the Muse caress,  
And whom each gentler spirit joys to bless?

Behold! how beautiful the moonbeams break  
On the smooth bosom of this crystal lake;  
Or when the Zephyr o'er the surface trips,  
And strives to touch the shadow with his lips;  
Chaste Dian's image flies from place to place,  
And thus eludes that wanton boy's embrace.  
Come then, my friend, and wander forth with me,  
O leave the shade of that unhallow'd tree!

At such an hour, the spirit stirring Muse  
Delights to wander in these peaceful dews;  
She waits thy coming, with a smile serene,  
To walk with thee and bless the moon-light green.  
And has that voice, which thou has't lov'd so long,  
That always bound thee by a spell so strong,  
No longer power, to charm thy tardy feet,  
And woo thee from that cold and dark retreat?  
Come then, my friend, and wander forth with me,  
O quit the shadow of the cypress tree.

Lo, ev'ry gentle spirit is awake!  
Beside the margin of this peaceful lake.  
They call thy footsteps, from that tree of death,  
In cheerful whispers, mild as Mercy's breath.  
Yes, all thy guardian spirits hover round,  
And chide thy steps, on such unhallow'd ground,  
They wait thee, to participate their bliss,  
And bid thee \*welcome, to an hour like this.  
Come then, my friend, and wander forth with me,  
O quit the shadow of the cypress tree.—

Lo! Friendship calls, in sorrow and dismay,  
That voice so sacred, summons thee away,  
That sound was ever fraught with magic power,  
To charm the sorrows of thy saddest hour,  
And drive away those fiends that haunt thy brain,  
That very voice, alas! is heard in vain.  
Come then, my friend, O! wander forth with me,  
And quit the shadow of the cypress tree.

\* The amiable traits in the character of the late editor of *The Port Folio* are not probably so generally known as his genius.

This hour has sainted Melancholy blest,  
And does she claim thee as her ancient guest?  
O how unfit, beneath this shadow drear,  
To taste those joys so holy and so dear.  
He who frequents the placid moon-beam finds;  
A sacred luxury, for pensive minds.  
'Tis his alone, to relish with delight  
The solemn, awful, mysteries of night.  
This shade affords thee no such hallow'd spell,  
Here sprites unblest, and wicked demons dwell;  
No sympathy here wounds with gen'rous pain,  
Unholy forms arise, that tear the brain;  
Come then, my friend, and wander forth with me,  
O quit the shadow of the cypress tree.

Does Contemplation bid thy soul expand,  
Behold this arch, magnificent and grand!  
This noble arch—the cincture of the sight,  
And strew'd so plenteous with the fires of night.  
Thus does high Heav'n hold intercourse with men,  
And thus Devotion sparkles from the pen.  
'Tis this unveils Religion's awful shrine,  
And kindles rapture in a soul like thine.\*

*Here* Madness raves, Despair and every sprite,  
That haunt the sober quietude of night.  
Chill hang the dews upon the cypress leaves,  
Loud and more loud the boding raven grieves;  
Mournful the gale of midnight murmurs by,  
And through the deep'ning foilage heaves a sigh.  
Come then, my friend, and wander forth with me,  
O leave the shadow of the cypress tree.

He came—how chang'd was DENNIE to my sight!  
His garment glow'd a robe of silver white!  
Fairer than life—majestic was his tread,  
A star of glory twinkled on his head—  
He turn'd and paus'd—then eying me awhile,  
Said nought, but vanish'd with a placid smile.

\*It is unnecessary to dwell on the popularity of Mr. Dennie's Lay Preacher.



I turn'd again—the cold, ungenial shade,  
 The midnight dews—the horror haunted glade  
 Were seen no more, and where the cypress threw  
 Its dismal gloom—the *smiling olive grew*—  
 Where the soft moonbeam tipt the branch above,  
 With silver light sat *Mercy's snow-white dove*.  
 I gaz'd awhile transported, but the dream  
 Fled with the shades of night, before the beam.

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 TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THOUGH afflicted and embarrassed by the lamented death of the late editor of this Journal, his successors are not unmindful of the duties of their station. In all its difficulties, whether assailed by enemies, or occasionally weakened by the relaxing diligence of friends, The Port Folio has been cordially greeted by the distinct and audible voice of public approbation. To a kindness at once so indulgent and flattering, it were worse than ingratitude to be insensible. An union has therefore been formed, among some of the oldest and most steadfast contributors to this Journal, who have determined that no exertion shall be omitted, no assistance in their power withheld to support the literary reputation of The Port Folio. Unwilling to rely on the casual aid of strangers, their association is strengthened by a direct and immediate interest in the success of their own labours, the safest pledge of their sincerity and diligence. Of their own pretensions to the public favour it is not for them to speak, nor will they tempt the unwary by splendid promises which may hereafter reproach their negligence. But animated as they are, by all the motives which can stimulate the exertions of men—a zealous care that an establishment which they have so long cherished, shall not be suffered to decay—an ardent desire of literary distinction, and the impulse of interest, they may venture to hope that those who have been accustomed to look to this Journal for

amusement or instruction, shall not be in future, disappointed. They cherish, too sincerely, the memory of the late accomplished editor, and have too high an admiration for his talents, to presume that his loss can be supplied; but they still believe that their united exertions may accomplish something not unworthy of public favour.

Yet though in some degree, independent of external aid, we do not the less cordially invite the contributions of the learned and liberal scholars of our country. To our success, none who value the reputation of America, can, we trust, be wholly insensible. Standing far aloof from the contentious scene of her politics, our aim is the aggrandizement, the literary splendour of the country at large, a subject offensive to no sect, but the common cause of all.

Those too, who are ambitious of honest fame, may be invited to communicate freely with us, from the ample means which this Journal affords of rendering their speculations notorious—since it has attained a wide circulation through every part of the union, and enrolls among its patrons, the most distinguished names in America. We shall therefore cheerfully receive, and leniently judge all that may be submitted to us, and always exercise with slow and reluctant hand, the odious prerogative of rejection.

The topics calculated for a journal so miscellaneous as ours, cannot be embraced even in the widest description. But it may not be superfluous, to suggest certain prominent points, on which we shall in future, bestow a marked attention, and to which we wish to direct the liberal studies of our contributors.

The Port Folio is essentially a *national* work—It is the oldest existing journal, we believe of a similar character, in America, and whatever, therefore, may tend to illustrate its literary or physical resources, to advance, or to adorn its prosperity, shall find its appropriate place in this Journal—With this view, we shall cheerfully insert judicious and authentic accounts of any portion of American history, more particularly every thing that may tend to preserve a knowledge of the habits, manners, and even costume of the aborigines—well written tours through

any portion of the United States—Interesting papers on agriculture—Disquisitions on the fine and useful arts, and all the various information comprehended under the name of statistics.

To the poetic genius of America, we shall ever give a willing attention. In all our researches, we seek most diligently for that pearl of price, original poetic talent, and though condemned to waste our time in turning over much juvenile and crude versification, we are always amply repaid by even a transient glimpse of the hidden glories of Genius. We would, however, warn our young poets, instead of copying from authors, either ancient or modern, descriptions of foreign nature and foreign manners, to study that best author Nature, not clothed with learning or distorted in books, but in the simple guise in which she is seen every where around us. There is not a more picturesque or poetic region than our own—Arcadia itself is not more beautiful nor yet more sonorous than Pennsylvania; and the Thames, or even the Arno, are insipid brooks, by the side of the Hudson or the Schuylkill. If we would rise above inanimate nature, our own annals are abundantly furnished with materials for poetry. The genius of Campbell, has not anticipated our finest subjects of poesy; for the colonization, the Indian wars, the revolutionary contest, teem with events of sufficient interest for every flight of the Muse. We hope, therefore, to receive ample contribution on all the topics we have indicated. But before we conclude, we would request, that those who may be impatient for the appearance of their papers, to remember the variety of clashing pretensions to precedence, which it is our province to reconcile, and to impute any occasional delay of publication, not to inattention on our part, but to the inevitable difficulty of adjusting the respective claims of numerous and valuable contributors.

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JUDGE COOPER has perused the observations of Mr. Johns; but he finds nothing in them that might tempt him to reply; and he declines all controversy that does not promise to contribute to public information.





## ALEXANDER I.

*On this fair form to grace a throne designed?  
 Heaven stamp'd the impression of a godlike mind.  
 Whose powerful Sceptre mighty realms obey,  
 Whose virtues rule with more unbounded sway.*

# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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VOL. VII.

MARCH, 1812.

No. 3.

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## BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

For the portrait from which the annexed engraving is executed, and which is recognized as a striking resemblance of the illustrious original, we are indebted to the politeness of an officer, the first exercise of whose distinguished talents, as an artist, since his residence amongst us, is this patriotic attempt to diffuse the fame of his sovereign. A disposition thus liberal, would seem to require at our hands some scroll of courteous compliment to a monarch, whose mind is represented to be as amiable as his person is elegant. But our habits as well as our inclinations disqualify us for such eulogy. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a brief notice of such benefits as he has, we understand, conferred on his country; an enumeration which is, at all times, the highest panegyric on a sovereign; far surpassing the suspicious applause of interested subjects, or the indiscriminate praise of strangers.

Alexander the First, Emperor of all the Russias, was born on the 12th of December, 1777; married in the year 1793 to Louisa

Maria, princess of Baden, now the reigning empress, and was crowned at Moscow on the 15th of September 1801, having ascended the throne on the 12th of March of that year.

Since his accession, his empire has been increased by the acquisition of three fine provinces:

Belostock containing four hundred thousand inhabitants: Swedish Finland containing eight hundred and fifty thousand, and Georgia containing upwards of three hundred and fifty thousand. The incorporation of which countries has raised the population of the Russian empire (in 1808) to forty-four million eight hundred thousand inhabitants.

A less equivocal benefit than the extension of its territory has been conferred on Russia, by opening the communications of the interior.

Thus a connexion has been formed between the Baltic and the Black sea, a distance of two thousand miles, by means of the canal of Beresin, begun in 1799, and completed in 1806, and which now joins the Dnieper and the western Dwina.

A second canal, called the canal of Oguinskoye was finished in 1804, and connecting the Niemen, which empties into the sea of Prussia, with the Dnieper, which discharges itself into the Black sea, forms a communication between those two waters. The canal of Mariynskoy has opened a route from the Baltic to the Caspian seas, by a new communication between the Volga and the Neva. This was begun in 1799, and finished in 1806; besides which, others have been begun or completed during the present reign.

The new organization of the government is also the work of his present majesty.

The ministry is now divided into the following departments:

1st, of foreign affairs—2d, of war—3d, of the marine—4th, of the interior, to which is attached that of commerce—5th, of justice—6th, of finance—7th, of public instructions—8th, of general police.

To these are annexed the departments of the treasury; the controllership of accounts; the direction of the communications of the empire; and the department of the ecclesiastical affairs of the different religions.

The ministers of these departments render an annual account of each to the council of state. The first of these accounts ever published was that of the minister of commerce, count Romanzoff, at present chancellor of the empire. The council of state, which has a superintending power over the rest of the government is a permanent institution, the more immediate objects of which are: The improvement of the civil and criminal code; the guardianship of the system of finance, and the public credit; to keep within their proper sphere and to fix the labours of the respective departments; the discussion of all new laws and establishments, and the extraordinary measures of the executive such, as declarations of war or treaties of peace, before they receive the final sanction of the emperor.

In this subdivision of the executive authority may be evidently traced a disposition not avaricious of power, while at the same time the creation of so many departments may furnish the means of resisting or evading or weakening the immediate pressure of the sovereign. The publication of the accounts of the national affairs is itself a great advance towards the improvement of them.

The highest honours are due to the emperor for his exertions to ameliorate the laws of his country. The commission on the laws established by the great Catherine, the progress of which was stopped during several years, has resumed its labours under the auspices, and with the constant encouragement of the emperor. All the laws and decrees since the time of Jaroslaff in 1017, have been examined and formed into a code, the first part of which was finished in 1810.

Among the most important laws of this reign, is that relative to commerce, which fixes the rights and privileges as well as the duties of merchants, whether natives of the country, resident foreigners, or transient traders. What is more characteristic of the liberal views of the emperor, is the privilege granted in 1802 to the nobility of engaging in trade, either personally or by the investment of their funds in commercial houses, without any derogation from their prerogatives or their dignity. Of the same character is the law for the naturalization of the Jews, so persecuted in many parts of the continent, which provides



the means of instruction for them,—invites them to share in agriculture and trade; and without restraining, in the least, the liberty of their religion, extends to them the rights and protection of other Russian subjects.

The public instruction has kept pace with the other improvements. During this reign five universities have been founded; and a great number of colleges and primary schools established throughout the empire. For these institutions a sum of a million and a half of roubles is appropriated annually by the government, and several individuals have either established free schools at their own expense or contributed largely to those already in existence. The effect of these establishments is visible in the various literary and benevolent institutions which have rapidly followed them, and the zeal with which the nation pursues the path which is indicated by the emperor. As the ministers of public instruction, the order of the Jesuits has received continued protection, and a college has been founded for them at St. Petersburg. With views equally enlightened two frigates were sent on a voyage of discovery round the world, and their commanders, captains Krusenstern and Lissianskoy, liberally rewarded on their return.

The condition of the lower classes in Russia has, in several provinces, undergone a great amelioration, and many thousands of peasants [serfs] have been freed by their seigneurs, with their lands and property, under a mutual contract; in consequence of an imperial decree authorising and sanctioning this enlightened and philanthropic measure.

Of the physical force of Russia some estimate may be formed from the war of 1806, when on an imperial manifesto, declaring the necessity of a sudden levy for the safety of the state, a militia of six hundred and twelve thousand soldiers was raised and organized in the space of two months: followed by patriotic offers amounting to several millions of roubles.

It is under this reign that the political and commercial relations between the United States and Russia have been established, in a manner which promises to both nations permanent advantages. Nor is it the least auspicious omen of their future connexion, that this recent intercourse has been commenced on

the part of Russia, by persons who have practically refuted the injurious reproaches on their country, and that the character of the sovereign is already known and appreciated in the new world, to whose judgment distance may, in some measure, supply the impartiality of time.

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REVIEW.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

**Reflections, Notes, and Original Anecdotes, illustrating the Character of Peter the Great.** To which is added a tragedy in five acts, entitled *Alexis, The Czarewitz*. By Alexis Eustaphieve, Boston. Published at Boston by Munroe and Francis, pp. 215.

**TEMPERANCE** is by rigid moralists denominated a virtue, and they do not fail to enjoin its observance at all seasons. Whether we employ the terms of panegyric, or of censure, they inculcate the necessity of a cautious and guarded phrasology. Undoubtedly such circumspection is not without its use; but there are still certain subjects on which to be cool is little less than to be criminal. At the name of Washington, every American heart anticipates on this subject more than we can utter—there is a sanctity about his mouldering relics that seems prophaned by the cold breath of dastardly panegyric. After his death we embody those sensations of gratitude, reverence and love, which his own great actions have excited, and to this dazzling personage we affix the name of Washington. This does not appear to be the man who led our forefathers to the field of battle and of glory; who guided our councils, for this associates him with human infirmities. There is something still higher—all our best feelings are combined into an almost palpable representation of his character, and to this august being is paid our homage and reverence.

That Washington had some defects is a proposition inevitably included in his mortality; but to an American, its avowal appears almost sacrilege. The reason is obvious; those sensations that we have thus associated and embodied, are exempted from

all human defects, and now stand as the representative of Washington.

This is the highest possible tribute that can be paid to departed excellence. Under these impressions the ancients worshipped their heroes as gods. Of such transcendent merit we preserve a sort of intellectual apotheosis—it is a beautiful and brilliant phantom, which we conceive was as perfect, when allied to human nature, as it is now. We look, and no soil of humanity tinctures its purity and lustre.

Seldom are such combinations formed—seldom, indeed, does it happen, that the unanimous voice of the wise and the good confers such a boon; but when once conferred, it is as imperishable as adamant. History delivers down the precious treasure from generation to generation, and it brightens in its descent. With feelings like these, does this author, a native of Russia, undertake the eulogy of Peter.

We make the preceding observations to raise the mind of the reader to that high state of excitation under which the author manifestly wrote. We confess we were highly pleased with such testimonials of love of country—we delight to see, and more especially in our day, patriotism flow in copious streams.

The reader will therefore be disposed to pardon the grateful effusions of an honest heart, while warmed with the contemplation of the benefits which his country enjoyed under the fostering influence of Peter, and which he might, under other circumstances, consider a species of extravaganza.

“Superior in skill, and inexhaustible in means, nature neglected nothing that might raise her darling son to an eminence, once only granted to a mortal. The situation, contrast, disposition of light and shade, were all managed with wondrous dexterity and judgment. She gave him a cold and inhospitable country, that the climate might be indebted to him, and not he to the climate: She made him rule over a people more, than the climate, stubborn and barbarous; that, in softening and polishing them, he might achieve a work of inconceivable difficulty. She placed him amidst a host of foes, foreign and domestic, that, by crushing both, the vast powers of his mind might be more forcibly displayed. She gave him strong passions; that, by commanding them, his magnanimity and heroism might shine the more conspicuous. She implanted in him *antipathies*, that, by overcoming *even these*, he might accomplish that, which no mortal ever yet accomplished. She denied him council,

assistance, proper materials, that he might, of his own power, create all, and be himself the source, the soul, the centre of a newly risen world. Jealous of every interference not her own, she not only deprived him of a suitable education, but exposed him to one replete with poison and corruption; that, in repelling both, in waking from the ignominious slumber, and tearing the cords, which bound his hands, asunder, he might derive no aid from art, and be indebted only to his own efforts; that she might claim the infant Samson for her own, and, in shewing him to the astonished world, she might with conscious pride exclaim: Behold my chosen offspring! Behold the master-piece of man!

To follow Peter through his career would require the rapidity of a tempest, the keen sight of an eagle, and the strength of a Hercules. To explore the unbounded capacity of his mind would be a task, presumptuous and hopeless. Such a blaze of glory never yet encircled an individual. Such a mine of mental riches never in one man was yet discovered. Nothing was hid from his penetrating eye; nothing could elude his indefatigable search. Unassisted, untutored, purposely uninstructed, and wilfully neglected, during the most susceptible part of his life, he yet, as if by inspiration, recoiled from vice; reached virtue at one step; overran in an instant the regions of science; grasped the tools of art; seized on the hoarded treasures of knowledge; pierced the depth of the past, present, and future; and, with one bold movement, despoiled mystery of her dark curtain.

His activity reached the utmost limits of his empire. His vigilance never slept. His eye inspected all. His spirit presided every where; and its presence, like that of some invisible deity, was felt in every part of his extensive dominions. Tall of stature, robust of frame, endowed with an exterior, whose form and symmetry denoted beauty, strength, and majesty, he was enabled to encounter toils incredible; with a single look to overawe the malecontents, to win the fastidious, to rivet the affections of the well disposed; and to appear, now like a cheering rainbow, and now like a thunderbolt, wherever his presence was required: so that even his body, like some palpable vision, seemed to keep pace with the rapidity of his spirit."

We have now given to the reader the general complexion of the author's style and manner, and it would be unnecessary to multiply quotations. He has accompanied his reflections with copious notes, containing anecdotes of the czar, compiled from various authors, which present to us some of the facts on which his panegyric is grounded. He very successfully refutes the charge that Peter was prone to cruelty, and shows the indispensable necessity of enforcing the rigorous observance of law on a people not disciplined and innured to such restraint. Clemency, in such instances would have completely dissipated that salutary

ave that legal penalties were calculated to inspire, and would have rendered his whole system, founded on this basis, precarious and abortive. In one of these notes the author asserts that

“A friendship once contracted was so sacred with Peter, that he, though seated on the throne of majesty, never forsook his humble friends and fellow labourers of Sardam; but some of them he invited to settle in Russia, and with others, who could not leave their home, he kept up a constant correspondence under the name of Peter Bas, by which he was known among the workmen. Many of his letters to them are still preserved and published in the Russian language. They are well worth the curiosity of those, who are desirous of forming a correct knowledge of Peter’s character. If my present undertaking should meet with encouragement, it would be a great pleasure to me to introduce them with many other more important letters to the acquaintance of the American reader.”

We hope the author will be induced to comply with the promise here given—these would, indeed, be testimonials of a trait in the character of the czar, not generally known, and we think he owes this tribute of reverence to his ashes.

The czar, on his way to Moscow, was beset by thieves and robbers. Finding who he was, they offered to release him, provided he would give them an order on his treasury at Moscow for one thousand rubles, and pledge his royal word that no search should be made. Peter accepted of the terms, and punctitiously complied with his promise. Of his humanity, we have the following example recorded. When the city of Narva was taken, the Russians, exasperated at such obstinate resistance, prepared for indiscriminate slaughter. Peter ran from place to place, and slew several of his soldiers with his own hand, before he could stop their exterminating vengeance. When he entered the citadel, and the governor was presented to him a prisoner of war, he laid his bloody sword upon the table, and with a tone of mingled indignation and sorrow, exclaimed, “Look on this sword, it reeks with Russian, and not with Swedish blood. I have been forced to destroy my own subjects to save the city from pillage and massacre, provoked by your rash and obstinate, because hopeless resistance.”

His clemency, to those whom the chance of war had made dependant on his mercy, is attested by the following fact. After the peace was signed, he restored a great many principal officers

without ransom; to some he gave magnificent presents, and others he recommended to their master's favour. The rear admiral, Ehrenschild, on his return home, was immediately made an admiral in consequence of his recommendation.

Even the public amusements of Peter had for their object the improvement of his subjects. Fire works were those in which he most delighted. On one exhibition of this kind, he inquired of a Prussian ambassador what he considered the expense? The ambassador estimated the cost at twenty thousand rubles. His majesty replied, "I know that the frequency of fire works has exposed me to the imputation of extravagance. I also know that owing to the abundance of materials produced in Russia, my fire works, comparatively with those of other countries, are far less expensive, so that the present, instead of twenty, do not cost me five thousand rubles; but if they were ever so dear, I should still find them of great advantage: for, by making them familiar, I find that my subjects insensibly accustom themselves to stand the fire in battle, and to face, without terror, what they so often behold for their amusement." How contemptible does hereditary dignity, reclining on the down of indolence appear, when contrasted with a monarch of a mighty nation, who could write thus on the very evening before the great and decisive battle of Pultowa. In a postscript he desires that his tools for turning might be sent to him, as he had a great deal of leisure time, and wanted something to amuse him. Another circumstance will shew the economy of the czar, which is, indeed, the proper sort of economy, and what Burke made a great part of the business of his life to recommend. We find the same monarch, who would not regard the expenditure of twenty thousand rubles in fire works, for the laudable purpose of disciplining his subjects to danger, adding these directions to one of his letters, written on matters of the highest importance, to "overhaul some old mats on board the Eagle," which were cast off as useless; but which he thought on recollection might yet be applied to some useful purpose—*a saving at most of a few rubles.* His inflexibility and unconquerable heroism, combined with that prudent and discerning anticipation of probable events, is strikingly exemplified by the following incident. When encamped on the river Pruth, in a

hopeless condition, and the destruction of himself and army he thought irretrievable, he stated his apprehensions in a letter addressed to the senate. He informs them that he is surrounded by a Turkish army four times as strong as his own—that the destruction of his army appeared inevitable, without the special intervention of Providence in his favour, and for himself, he looked for nothing but death or captivity. If the latter event should take place, he enjoins the senate no longer to regard him as their lawful sovereign, and to disregard whatever might be sent in his name, were it even written in his own hand. If he should perish, and they should receive authentic intelligence of his death, they were commanded to choose the worthiest for his successor.

We wish to deal very frankly with this respectable and patriotic writer, and to inform him that a more thorough knowledge of Peter's character—the relative state of Russia, both before and after his accession to the throne—the obstacles he was destined to encounter and to overcome; all these will be required, before the propriety of his panegyrics will be seen and acknowledged by all classes of his readers. The notes, it is true, so far as they go, answer in part our objection, and support the eulogy. We regret, notwithstanding, that the author had not interwoven these testimonials in his eulogy, adopted a strain of writing more allied to the narrative, and partaking more of biography. Impressions of this kind, although they may not answer the fervid feelings of an author, have a much more durable and abiding influence on the mass of ordinary readers. As the volume now stands, it is an honourable specimen of the writer's genius and patriotism; but we wish it might have had a still more extended utility. We can but hope, that the writer intends it as a mere *vade mecum*—that he will hereafter be encouraged to favour us with the biography, and descend into all the nicer shades and details of character, for which the present volume proves him so competent. Panegyric, it is true, dazzles and delights us; but we conceive, with submission, that where it is gracefully adorned with fact, the whole work appears to be one entire piece, and presents a fabric more compact, and more permanent. The massy materials he has already in his possession, and genius and

patriotism, both solicit this workmanship from his hands. He will pardon the freedom of these remarks, when they are only designed to tempt him once more to the exercise of the pen. We wish only to enlarge the circle of his admirers.

Such, then, we conceive, will be the opinions formed of our author and his book. Those readers familiar with the history of Russia, will discover in this splendid panegyric the overflowings of a grateful heart—that honest pride of country, which is the nursery of high and generous sentiment, and manly virtue. On the other hand, it will, we fear, risk the character of rhapsody, with those who have still to learn, that to Peter alone, is Russia indebted for twining around her cold and apparently inhospitable temples, the tender and delicate blossoms of civilized life. We hope, even this objection, our author is destined to remove. In the present day, when patriotism is thought so cheap, and has, like other articles of traffic, its market price, the crisis demands that the character of a real patriot should be spread before us in all its details; that our countrymen may see the awful disparity between the genuine and counterfeit. We will dismiss this point, by simply remarking, that this would more effectually answer the author's own intentions, since the life of Peter, from such a hand, would constitute his best eulogy.

Our author, with an honourable and characteristic warmth, vindicates Peter from the charge of his supposed agency in the death of his son, and the presumptive heir to the crown, Alexis. He dwells on the notoriety of the charge, the trial, the anguish, that the royal parent suffered, his visit to his son in prison after his condemnation; the result of that interview, with a variety of other collateral facts, utterly irreconcilable to the imputed agency of the czar.

The author, with a view to impress these ideas more powerfully on the minds of his readers, has framed a tragedy of this incident, which he denominates Alexis the Czarewicz. The plot is remarkably simple, and which we shall attempt to delineate. Peter is represented as confined to his bed by sickness, occasioned by the crimes and ingratitude of his son Alexis. Wavering between his love of justice, and his parental sensibilities, he hesitates between the father and the monarch. During this con-



test, his son enters his apartment, and by a confession of his guilt, implores and obtains the royal mercy. Meantime, a father confessor irritated by Peter's reform of the abuses of the church, tempts the young prince once more to a defection from his duty. The unhappy youth is deeply enamoured with the beauty of Ksenia, in opposition to the wishes of his father, who had destined him to wed a foreign princess. The father confessor plies the two powerful engines of superstition and love to his purpose, and finally seduces Alexis from his allegiance again. The czar, who appears to have recovered his health by the abatement of the conflict, under which he had suffered so much, in a walk by moonlight, detects a conspiracy against his person, and by papers found in the possession of the conspirators, discovers that his own son is implicated in their treasonable designs. The father confessor finding his plot unravelled, meditates his own security, by attempting the death of Alexis, practises on the superstitious terrors of Ksenia, and endeavours to persuade her to commit perjury by implicating Theodosius, the head of the reformed church, in the treasonable purposes of Alexis. He delivers to her a vial of poison to administer to her lover, and pronounces it a cordial. A court is convened to try the criminals, and the father confessor appears, and accuses Theodosius. He relies on the evidence of Ksenia, who makes a bold confession of the whole plot, and the consequence is, that Ksenia is doomed to suffer banishment, and the father confessor and Alexis, the penalty of death. The czar, when the warrant of execution is presented for his signature, is compelled to undergo all his former doubts, misgivings, his parental and monarchical struggles again. The health of Alexis has been all this time gradually declining. At last, he implores, and receives his father's forgiveness and benediction, and expires in his arms. We are happy to discover in this tragedy nothing of these overstrained efforts at pathos, that disgrace modern productions for the drama. The style is elevated, without bombast; chaste, without insipidity; and pathetic, without rant. The author has well preserved that delicate and difficult equability, by such felicitous selection of incident, accompanied by correspondent passions, sentiment and language, that awaken without alarming the sympathies of his

readers. The cold and persecuting malignity of the father confessor, is well contrasted with the reluctant guilt of Alexis; for the one, we feel vengeance; for the other, nothing but pity. The character of the czar, agitated by such conflicting passions, is well conceived, and happily maintained.

One observation intrudes itself upon us, and we notice it rather on account of its singularity, than its revelancy, that the character of Peter, emblazoned as it is in this tragedy, by dramatic embellishment, resembles man more accurately, than he does when he is the professed subject of the author's eulogy. We regard this as a proof of the justice of the principle avowed in the commencement of this review, that after the death of a character illustrious and transcendant, we form an apotheosis of those sensibilities excited by his great actions, and which stands for his substitute. In the drama this image is brought nearer to an alliance with man—it loses that abstract and intangible virtue it is endowed with, when it rises upon us in the full splendour of panegyric. We shall now take our leave of this respectable author, by quoting, as a specimen of his tragedy, the following passage.

*PETER sleeping on a couch. Enter MENTZIKOFF, with ALEXIS; points in silence to the couch, and exit.*

*Alexis, in a low voice.*

My heart misgives me, and impels me back;  
I dare not seek a parent's couch; that couch  
To which, in times past, I with joy repair'd:  
'Tis my unworthiness, that checks me thus.  
Repentance, balm of wounded conscience, come!  
Come, filial piety, inspire me now  
With courage!—I'll advance, with noiseless step.

*[approaches the couch.*

I tremble still! yet, on his tranquil brow

*[gazing on his father.*

No brooding anger sits; his visage wan  
Marks nature's recent strife, yet now seems cloudless,  
Such as might well rejoice a virtuous son.  
Disease retreating, on his cheeks impress'd  
A languor visible, yet softly mellow'd  
His manly features. Why then should I fear?

O guilt! thou necromancer, black and curs'd!  
 How quickly can thy magic wand transform  
 The fairest objects into hideous sights!  
 Pervert the lovely face of smiling nature;  
 And turn our joys, our hopes, our sweetest hours,  
 To grief, despair, and years of bitterness!  
 Hark! hark! he stirs! he speaks!

*Peter, dreaming.*

My son! my son!

*Alexis.*

O ecstasy of sound! he loves me still!

*Peter, waking.*

'Twas but a dream.

[ALEXIS falls back.

I see him not. Why should

Such visions mock me, when reality  
 Makes disappointment doubly keen! I'll sleep;  
 I'll close my eyes again, and court the vision,  
 Which, like a friend in need, with well-tim'd comfort  
 Gives me my son such as he was—the prop,  
 The hope, the joy, and solace of my days,  
 The object of my cares, increasing daily  
 Yet bringing with each hour some new delight.  
 I'll think but on the past—forget the present.  
 Forget! Impossible. [*rises.*] Well I remember,  
 I am a king and father, wrong'd in both.

*[walks slowly forward.*

It suits not my great station to indulge  
 My heart's desires at the expense of duty.  
 He that ascends the throne, resigns all claims  
 Of common man. He must inflict the blow,  
 Though it may crush himself: Must live for others,  
 And in self-sacrifice shew most his power.  
 Shall I now pause for an ungrateful son?  
 Let me not call him son! For this would shew  
 Him nearest to my heart, and so, most guilty.  
 I'll pluck the viper thence for ever! my curses—

*Alexis, discovering himself.*

Forbear, dread sire! Kill me, but curse me not!

[*falls at his feet.*

*Peter, much agitated.*

Avaunt, degen'rate wretch! whence cam'st thou? Hence!  
 Blast not my sight with thy ungracious form!

*Alexis.*

Inflict on me the sharpest misery!  
Smite me in all the fullness of thy wrath!  
Tread on me! crush me, as a venomous reptile!  
Make me the theme of universal scorn,  
A dreadful warning to unnatural children!  
All this and more with patience I'll endure!  
But oh! deny me not thy royal presence!  
Let not the beams of thy most gracious countenance  
Withdraw from me their soul-reviving light!

*Peter.*

Away! Hide thee in foreign climes! there seek  
That comfort, which thou wouldst not taste at home!  
Go, profligate! and to thy parent's arms  
Prefer the cold embrace and cheerless fare,  
The looks mistrustful, and reluctant hand  
Of strangers, grown impatient of thy burthen.  
Go! urge not rashly here thy fate! To see thee  
Is to feel all th' excruciate pains renew'd,  
With which thou'st pierc'd this heart. 'Tis to remember  
That justice stern, demands thee for its victim.

*Alexis.*

And willingly I yield me to its power.  
To me the greatest pain is thy displeasure;  
To this cold earth I'll cling, until in pity  
She gives me refuge in the friendly grave—  
Or I feel death no longer in thy frowns!  
Here will I ceaseless still invoke the heavens,  
The kinder stars, and all propitious powers,  
To plead my cause before an injur'd father!  
I ask not now to live; I ask to die  
In peace with thee. I've sinn'd beyond forgiveness:  
Yet, sire, reflect! scarcely a third has pass'd  
Of that existence, which unworthily  
I hold from thee. The greatest part remains.  
Oh! were it sav'd, I'd hail it as the means  
A short-liv'd disobedience to repay,  
By a more lasting, more extended duty.

*Peter, much moved.*

Be still, thou lab'ring heart! Forego thy struggles!  
Let juster passions still prevail o'er softer! [aside.]

*Alexis, seizing his hand.*

Avert not so thine eyes! Frown not, my father  
 Relent! relent! yield to the voice of nature!  
 Receive me to thy arms, and all my thoughts  
 Shall henceforth dwell in thee! my soul, reclaim'd,  
 Shall harbour nought, but thy respected image!  
 Be glorious in being conquer'd thus! Ah me!  
 I plead in vain. Once more then, ere my doom  
 Is fix'd, let me attend thy couch; let me  
 Be rooted there, in expectation mute,  
 Till sleep has charm'd away thy anger, till  
 Thy lips once more have bless'd me with the sound  
 Of thy not yet extinguish'd love!

*Peter, quite overcome.*

My son!

*[sinks gently into ALEXIS' arms.]*

#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### THOUGHTS ON THE INFLUENCE OF COMETS.

In the present article, we purpose to submit to the consideration of our readers, a few thoughts on the influence of comets. The subject, we flatter ourselves, is sufficiently engaging to excite, at any time, a liberal share of attention and interest. We select the present, however, as an occasion peculiarly suitable, in consequence of the awakened condition of the public feelings. If the minds of our fellow citizens be organized like our own, the comet, which has just retired from our view into the bosom of space, has left them in a state of perfect preparation to accompany us in the inquiry, which we are about to commence.

It is not our intention to pursue this investigation to its full extent. For an undertaking so weighty, we possess neither leisure, materials, nor capacity. Where Newton failed, we have not the vanity to aim at, much less the presumption to hope for, success. We will not, therefore, even hazard a conjecture as to the general uses and ends of comets, in the great scheme of the universe. Nor will we swell our pages with unavailing hypothe-

ses as to the kind of materials of which they are composed, or the description of beings by which they are peopled. Whether they differ essentially, in these respects, from the regular planets of our system,—whether, without injury to their texture, they be capable of bearing the utmost vicissitudes of heat and cold,—whether their destination in the economy of nature be, to repair the waste sustained by suns in consequence of the unceasing emanation of their beams,—whether, by *Him* who appoints their orbits and directs their course, they be intended to roll from system to system throughout the fields of space, serving as delegates to connect the whole together in one vast confederacy,—whether, as some allege, in consideration of the fierce extremes of heat and cold they sustain by turns, they are prepared as receptacles and places of torment for the spirits of the impious,—or whether they are destined as brands to light up the funeral pyre of nature, when she is to fall a prey to devouring fires,—whether, in the general arrangement of the universe, comets be intended to fulfil any of these purposes, it is not, at present, our business to inquire. We are persuaded that, wild and excentric as they appear to the common eye, they constitute an indispensable and orderly part of a wise, harmonious, and magnificent whole. Nor does it fall within our province to calculate the elements, determine the revolutions, ascertain the velocities, estimate the bearings, measure the distances, or compute the magnitudes of those celestial tourists. Employments like these, however delightful, instructive, and sublime, we must wave for the present, committing them to the hands of the practical astronomer. Our only business shall be, to speak of the probable agency of comets in relation to our earth.

“Through worlds unnumbered, though the God be known,  
’Tis ours to trace him only in our own.”

To those acquainted with the contracted notions of mankind, during the past ages of darkness and superstition, we need not observe, that throughout that period these burning bodies were regarded as special messengers from *above*, sent on fierce and avenging errands. They were, at least, considered as celestial

omens, premonitory of some signal calamity on earth. Nor are there wanting, even at the present day, thousands of individuals, many of them by no means deficient in knowledge, who still adhere to the same opinion. Others again, passing in their zeal to the opposite extreme, reject entirely the doctrine which attributes to comets the slightest degree of terrestrial agency. They hold them to be of no more effect in the economy of our globe, than the transient meteor which gleams through the night.

As is usually the case, it appears to us a position, if not capable of positive proof, at least susceptible of strong circumstantial evidence, that truth lies midway between these two contending parties. "*Ibis tutissimus in medio*," would seem to be a maxim as applicable here, as it was to the rout of the youthful and inexperienced charioteer through the heavens.

We rank not ourselves in the number of those who look upon comets as the heralds of war. We never fancied that we could trace in their aspect the hostile shock of nations, the death or downfall of princes, the revolution of states, or the dismemberment of empires. Their menacing comas never presented to us a host of "fierce, fiery warriors fighting on the clouds, in ranks and squadrons, and right forms of war." On this subject we hold ourselves aloof from the fancies and superstitions of the vulgar and the illiterate. We profess ourselves, however, equally remote in our opinion from the opposite extreme. We cannot believe, that these immense bodies are wholly ineffective in their passage through the heavens. It is indeed scarcely possible that they can sweep through the solar system, without producing some effect on the globe we inhabit. This effect, however, is confined exclusively to the *physical* world. With the *moral* and the *political* it has no connexion.

The more effectually to obviate prejudices in relation to the terrestrial agency of comets, and the better to prepare the way for an impartial consideration of that interesting subject, we shall premise a few observations on the influence of certain others of the celestial bodies.

The action of the sun on the planet we occupy, is too powerful and manifest to pass unnoticed by the most unobserving. To the agency of that immense globe of fire is almost the en-

tire economy of the earth attributable. It is to solar influence that we are indebted, not only for the delightful returns of day and night, but for all the other pleasing and necessary vicissitudes of the year. Through the medium of that ever active and prolific power, does

“ —Gentle Spring, ethereal mildness come,  
 “ And from the bosom of the dropping cloud,  
 “ While music wakes around, veil’d in a shower  
 “ Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.”

Owing to the same influence is it, that,

“ From bright’ning fields of ether fair disclos’d,  
 “ Child of the sun, effulgent Summer comes,  
 “ In pride of youth, and felt through nature’s depth;  
 “ He comes, attended by the sultry hours,  
 “ And ever fanning breezes on his way.”

In the same fruitful and diversifying source are we to look for the reason, why,

“ Crown’d with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,  
 “ Brown Autumn, nodding o’er the yellow plain,  
 “ Comes jovial on—————.”

and why,

“ —————whate’er the wintry frost  
 “ Nitrous prepar’d; the various blossom’d spring  
 “ Put in white promise forth; and summer suns  
 “ Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,  
 “ Full perfect all—————.”

Nor let it be regarded as a paradox, when we add, that to solar influence is it also to be attributed, that even

“ Winter comes, to rule the varied year,  
 “ Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,  
 “ Vapours and clouds and storms.”

To that ever-active orb must we refer alike the refreshing shower, and the scorching drought, the majestic river, and the waterless desert, the lawn that delights and the marsh that offends us, the fragrance that breathes from the flower, and the



fetor that issues from masses of putrefaction. The very existence of our atmosphere is to be ascribed, in a great measure, to the agency of the sun. Speaking literally, then, and without the least hyperbolical exaggeration, that celestial body may be regarded, if not as the immediate, at least as the remote source of a great proportion of both the pleasure and the pain, the good and the evil that mankind experience.

In relation to the physical evils that appear to be attributable to the influence of the sun, we might here observe, that since the first dawn of medical science, pestilential diseases, those "cardinal scourges" of the human race, have been regarded as in some way connected with solar heat. Hence, when the poets of old, who, though devoted to works of fiction and fancy, were, notwithstanding, among the most faithful and accurate observers of nature—when these characters referred to the origin of a pestilential fever, they ascribed the calamity, at one time, to the ire of the insulted Apollo,

"Breathing revenge, a sudden night he (*Apollo*) spread,  
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.  
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,  
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.  
On dogs and mules th' infection first began,  
And last the vengeful arrows fix'd in man."

and, at another, to the rage of Sirius, or the dog star,

"When rising vapours choke the wholesome air,  
And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year:  
The trees devouring caterpillars burn:  
Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn:  
Nor 'scape the beasts; for *Sirius* from on high,  
With pestilential heat infects the sky,  
My men—some fall, the rest in fevers fry."

Again,

"But now, received in Cancer's fiery sign,  
The sun with scorching rays began to shine,  
All nature pants beneath the burning sky;  
The earth is cleft, the less'ning streams are dry,  
Alone the wind from *Lybia's* sands respires,  
And burns each warrior's breast with febrile fires."

To the polite and classical reader it were superfluous to observe, that such is the representation of the origin of pestilence given by Homer, Virgil and Tasso. Alike unnecessary is it to inform him, that the "anger of Apollo" and the "rage of Sirius," are figurative expressions for the *heat of the sun*.

Were we inclined to pursue this subject, we might observe, that it is not alone the existence of disease and of the various seasons of the year, that we derive from the influence of the sun upon the earth. To the same source must we ascribe most of the peculiarities and modifications of the weather, by which the seasons are characterized in different sections of the globe. Where shall we look but to solar agency for the cause of those torrents of rain by which tropical countries are periodically drenched? Where, but in the influence of the same luminary, shall we search for the *usual* source of those tempests and hurricanes, by which tropical and other ardent regions are occasionally laid waste? The trade winds, the monsoons, the sea and land breezes, are also atmospheric phenomena resulting from the same celestial origin. Nor is the agency of the sun, in relation to our earth, confined within the limits which we have hitherto delineated. Remove it entirely, and the ocean itself will cease to have an existence. Its waters, no longer fluid, and subject to be thrown into commotion by tumults in the atmosphere, will be converted into plains of crystal, as solid and immovable as granite or adamant.

The influence of the moon on the economy of our globe, although much less extensive, and, to the common eye, less palpable, than that of the sun, is notwithstanding, from various considerations, and in numerous instances, sufficiently obvious. The flux and reflux in the waters of the ocean, have been attributed, time immemorial, to lunar agency. So have those remarkable variations, as well in the temperature as in the humidity and motion of the atmosphere, which so frequently occur about the periods of the full and change of the moon. It appears, moreover, from a multitude of facts, that the moon produces daily very manifest variations in the density and gravity of the air which we breathe, and which is constantly acting by pressure on our bodies.

The long agitated question relative to lunar influence in the production and aggravation of diseases, appears to be ultimately decided in the affirmative. If the moon attenuates, perhaps we should rather say rarefies, by her action, the air which we breathe; if she also diminishes the weight and pressure, and changes frequently the temperature of the atmosphere around us, we are, on first principles, led to a belief, that, at least in feeble and valetudinary habits, she may, or rather that she must, occasionally produce deviations from health. The position, however, relative to lunar agency in the production and aggravation of diseases, rests not, at present, on a speculative basis. It has passed into a subject of actual observation. It is no longer, therefore, a matter of calculation, but a matter of fact.

Epilepsy, insanity, hemorrhages, and fevers, are influenced by the position and phases of the moon. Hence these diseases are most frequent in their attacks, as well as most violent in their paroxysms, about the full and change of that celestial luminary. That this is peculiarly the case with respect to hemoptisis (spitting of blood) we not only believe on the authority of Meade, Moseley, and others, but deliberately assert from our own observation. It will, on examination, satisfactorily appear, that a great proportion of the cases of that formidable disease, occurs when the moon is at or near to one of her siziges.

No man either of the present or of any preceding age, appears to have prosecuted the subject of lunar influence with so much discernment, zeal and success, as Dr. Balfour, of the province of Bengal. That he might be the better prepared for the elucidation of this interesting question, that acute and indefatigable experimentalist denied himself the natural refreshment of sleep, in a degree almost incredible, during the period of an entire lunation. For the space of twenty-eight days, he most assiduously observed the state of his barometer, watched all its variations, and, at the end of every thirty minutes, noted down the elevation of the mercury with his own hand—an instance of persevering voluntary wakefulness unexampled, as far as we are informed, in the whole history of human nature.

The result of this enterprize in science was, the discovery of lunar tides in the atmosphere, as distinct and regular, as those

that occur in the waters of the ocean. The existence of these tides had been previously suspected, and had oftentimes constituted a subject of speculation; but it was reserved for Dr. Balfour to demonstrate their reality. It was particularly his fortune to show, that the atmospheric tides, analogous to those of the ocean, attain their maximum at the periods of the full and change of the moon. At these times they are *spring-tides*, assuming the character of *neap-tides* on all other occasions. Our enlightened author further discovered between these atmospheric fluctuations and the access, paroxysms and termination of fevers, a very close and striking coincidence—a coincidence, amounting, in his estimation, to satisfactory proof, that the phenomena in question were related to each other as cause and effect. Hence he considered, apparently with perfect truth and justice, the agency of the moon in the production of diseases definitively established.

Were we inclined to dwell on the subject, a variety of well attested facts might be further adduced, in favour of the doctrine of lunar influence.

Fishermen are perfectly familiar with the effects of the moon on most kinds of shell-fish. They know, and have long known, that these aquatic animals are more full, juicy and fat, and consequently more delicious as articles of food, during the increase, than they are during the decrease of that luminary.

This fact was well known to the epicures of ancient Rome. Hence, says Lucilius, the poet,

“ Luna alit ostrea, et implet echinos, muribus fibros  
Et pecudi addit—————.”

Hence, also, Manilius, a later poet, observes,

Si submersa fretis, concharum et carcere clausa,  
Ad lunæ motum variant animalia corpus.

Horace has furnished us with his ideas on this subject, in the following line:

“ Lubrica nascentes implent conchyliæ lunæ.”

These observations we have thought it expedient to premise,

by way of introduction to what constitutes the leading subject of this article. Our object is to familiarize to the mind of the reader the general idea of the influence of the heavenly bodies on the globe we inhabit—to convince him, that this influence is not one of those idle fancies which haunt the imagination of a visionary system-builder; but a substantial reality, palpable to the senses of every observer. If we have said nothing of the influence exercised on our earth by Mercury, Venus, Mars, and her other sister planets, it is not because we disbelieve in its existence. Self-balanced as the solar system is acknowledged to stand, it follows of necessity, that there must subsist an intercommunity of influence and action between all the bodies of which it is composed—between the earth and the other primary planets, no less than between the earth and the sun. Strike from this system any one of its main constituent parts, and although it might not be literally true, that, in the words of the poet, “planets and stars” would then “rush lawless through the sky,” yet there can, we think, be no doubt, that very material changes would ensue in the economy of all its remaining bodies.

We now feel ourselves prepared for a statement of a few of the facts and arguments by which we conceive a belief in the influence of comets to be supported.

We shall consider this subject in a twofold point of view—as a philosophical inference; and, as a historical fact—a result on which we have strong ground to calculate, from our knowledge of the laws and principles of nature; and an event which has already occurred, and been recorded by the hand of the faithful historian.

In attempting to establish the agency of comets as a philosophical inference, we would observe, that the sun extends his influence to our earth through a twofold medium, his rays of heat and light, and his powers of attraction. The moon affects us principally by means of her attraction alone. The influence of her light on the economy of our globe, although distinctly perceptible, is, perhaps, too feeble to be embraced in the present calculation. By the term attraction we here understand, that universal, yet unknown power in nature, by which one distant body is capable of acting on another. Speaking in general

terms, the effect produced is in proportion to the distance and magnitude of the attracting bodies.

Most comets that visit the solar system being spheres of stupendous magnitude, possess attraction in common with the sun and moon—less powerful, indeed, than the former, but much more so than the latter of these celestial bodies. When within the confines of our system, then, it is neither unreasonable nor extravagant, but on the other hand consistent with the soundest analogy, to conclude, that these vast orbs extend their attraction to the earth. Although far more distant from us than the moon, the difference is counterbalanced by the superiority of their bulk, some of them being tenfold the size of that satellite. The moon, however, is acknowledged to affect very powerfully both the ocean and the atmosphere, and even to manifest her influence on the solid earth, in the production of volcanoes, and, perhaps, of earthquakes.\* What is there, then, to prevent comets from acting on our globe in a similar manner? We contend that, as far as human knowledge extends, there appears nothing to prevent them. On the other hand, all analogy is in favour of the belief, that such is, in reality, the extent of their action. Nor is it, indeed, on analogy alone, that we rest the doctrine of the existence of a reciprocal influence between comets and our earth. The fact is established by astronomic calculation. The comet of 1770 is known to have been retarded in its progress the space of two entire days by the attraction of the earth. But as attraction between bodies is reciprocal, it follows of necessity that the earth must, at the same time, have very sensibly felt the influence of the comet.

It is further known that, by the attraction of Saturn, the celebrated comet of 1759 was retarded in its progress 100, and by that of Jupiter 511 days. These facts incontestibly establish the existence of an intercommunity of action between comets and the primary planets of the solar system.

\* It will be found, by a comparison of dates, that most earthquakes and eruptions of volcanoes that appear on record, have occurred about the full or change of the moon. The late earthquake commenced on the 16th, and the moon had changed on the 15th, of last December.

As a philosophical inference, then, the agency of comets on our globe, appears to rest on tenable ground.

In our estimation, however, the doctrine is still more completely defensible, when considered in the light of a historical fact. If we examine the history of memorable events in the physical world, from the earliest ages to the present period, we shall find, that as often as comets have appeared in the heavens, unusual phenomena have been prevalent on earth. Striking irregularities in the seasons, and even in the general economy of our globe, have been the constant concomitants of the passage of these bodies through the solar system. Among these irregularities may be enumerated, earthquakes, eruptions of volcanoes, hurricanes, hail-storms, inundations, excessive droughts, violent extremes of heat and cold, famine, pestilence, and other epidemic diseases. We speak not extravagantly in asserting, that a detail of the numerous facts we possess in proof of this position, instead of an article like the present, would fill up a volume.

Our knowledge of the history of comets, and their apparent influence on the economy of our globe, extends to a period anterior to the commencement of the christian era.

In the year of Rome 607, being one hundred and forty-seven years before the birth of Christ, a comet made its way into the solar system, remarkable for its magnitude and brilliancy, and, probably, also for its proximity to the earth. Seneca remarks, that its aspect was fiery and red, and its coma or tail so signally luminous, as to dissipate, in a great measure, the darkness of the night. Its approach was rendered memorable by a train of the most dismal elementary convulsions, accompanied by a pestilence, which, in Numidia, Carthage and Utica alone, swept off upwards of a million of souls.

About one hundred and twenty-five years before the commencement of the christian era, being the first year of the reign of Mithridates king of Pontus, another very remarkable comet appeared in the heavens. "*Septuaginta diebus, says Justin, ita luxit, ut cœlum omne flagrare videbatur,*" for seventy days it shone with such a lustre, that the whole heaven appeared to be on fire.

The effects of this comet are represented as formidable and melancholy beyond description. "Etna, says the historian, *ultra solitum exarsit, Catanam urbem finesque oppressit.*" The fires of Etna burst forth with unwonted violence, and overwhelmed the city of Catana and its confines. At the same period a plague arose in Italy and the neighbouring countries, which seemed to threaten, for a time, the depopulation of the earth. Nor were its ravages confined to the human race. Domestic animals, the wild beasts of the forest, and the very birds themselves, fell victims to the pestilential constitution of the atmosphere. Even the inhabitants of the deep were not secure in their watery element. Around the coasts of Sicily and the island of Lipari, the fish are represented to have perished in immense numbers on this memorable occasion.

At the period of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, an event which occurred forty-four years before the birth of Christ, a comet of great magnitude and singular splendour appeared in the heavens. It is believed to have been the same that paid another visit to the solar system in the year 1680, during the life time of sir Isaac Newton.

The appearance of this comet, at the time of the death of the great Roman dictator, was accompanied by frightful commotions in all the elements. Earthquakes shook the solid ground, volcanoes poured forth their burning lava, tempests swept the ocean, inundations overwhelmed the land, fire-balls glared through the heavens, and pestilence and famine devastated the earth. By the partisans and flatterers of Augustus, appearances so portentous, accompanied by events so peculiarly afflicting, were not suffered to pass unnoticed. They were interpreted as unequivocal manifestations of the anger of the gods, on account of the murder of his great kinsman. So unusually powerful was the influence of this comet as even to diminish the transparency of the atmosphere, rendering the solar light defective and sickly. Pliny asserts that this dimness of the sun continued almost an entire year.

Alluding to this defect of splendor in the solar orb, Virgil says,

"*Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,  
Cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine texit.*"



and in reference to the same event, Ovid asserts, that

“——Phœbi quoque tristis imago  
“Lurida sollicitis præbebat lumina terris.”

When the same comet, as astronomers now believe, appeared again in the year of Christ 530, it was accompanied by a similar dimness of day.

We learn from the writings of Dion Cassius, that in the year 30; before the commencement of the Christian era, the heavens were illuminated by another comet of remarkable brilliancy. As concurrent events, Etna poured forth her fires in a violent eruption; an earthquake shook the country of Judea with a terrible convulsion, burying the inhabitants beneath the ruins of their habitations; a wasting pestilence depopulated Jerusalem; the low grounds of Rome were laid under water by an inundation of the Tiber; tempests and thunderstorms were frequent and terrific; and Italy experienced a winter of unusual severity. Some of these phenomena are commemorated by Horace in one of his most pleasing and popular odes. To the classical scholar no apology will be necessary for quoting the lines.

“Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ  
Grandinis misit Pater, et rubente  
Dextera sacras jaculatus arces,  
Terruit urbem:  
Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret  
Sæculum Pyrrhæ nova monstra questæ  
Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos  
Visere montes.  
Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis  
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,  
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,  
Templaque Vestæ.”

In the sixteenth, and again in the fortieth year of the christian era, comets appeared in the heavens, accompanied, as usual, by earthquakes, tempests, fiery meteors, famine, and pestilence.

In the seventy-ninth year after the birth of Christ, a little before the death of the emperor Vespasian, a comet appeared in the month of June, the length of whose tail measured half the

hemisphere. On the first of November following, a tremendous eruption of Vesuvius occurred. It was on this occasion that the celebrated cities of Herculaneum and Pompeium were buried under the lava that issued from the mountain. This was, perhaps, the most fierce and awful eruption of Vesuvius that has ever occurred. For a time, Nature appeared to be in her last convulsions, and sending forth, in thunder, her dying groans. The agitations of the sea were beyond example. For three days and nights impenetrable darkness prevailed throughout all the adjacent regions. No eye could discriminate between midnight and noon. Large quantities of the ashes that issued from the crater were wafted to Africa, Rome, and Palestine.

In the year 117, during the reign of the emperor Trajan, a violent earthquake demolished a great part of the city of Antioch. The emperor himself, being present on the occasion, very narrowly escaped being buried in the ruin. This event accompanied the appearance of a comet. At the same time, earthquakes, inundations, famine and pestilence, brought calamity and mourning on various sections of the Roman empire.

In the year 335, not long before the death of Constantine the Great, a comet of unusual magnitude became visible. Its passage through the solar system was marked by phenomena in the physical world similar to those which we have already so often recited—earthquakes, inundations, pestilence and famine.

In the year 383 a comet was in the heavens while a pestilence was raging in the city Rome. During the same year the Nile rose to such an unusual and alarming height, as to threaten Alexandria and Lybia with an inundation.

In the year 407 a comet of a very extraordinary figure and character made its appearance, and continued visible for about four months. This period is peculiarly memorable for earthquakes, inundations, hail-storms, drought, famine, and pestilence.

In the year 525 Antioch was again destroyed by an earthquake, during the appearance of a comet in the heavens.

In 531 appeared again, as we have reason to believe, the large resplendent comet which was visible at the time of the fall of Julius Cæsar. The concomitant phenomena were similar to those already mentioned. A cotemporary writer declares, that,

*"Toto eo anno, sol, instar lunæ, sine radiis, lucem tristem præbuit, plerumque defectum patienti similis."*

We learn from the most authentic records of the times, that in each of the following years the heavens were successively lighted up by comets: 553—558—590—606—678—729—760—799—850—882—896—904—912—945—975. Nor did earthquakes, hurricanes, inundations, eruptions of volcanoes, or some of the physical phenomena already so repeatedly mentioned, fail, in a single instance, to mark the passage of these bodies through the solar system.

Had we leisure to pursue our subject in chronological order, and to consider it in the detail which it so amply merits, we have ground for similar remarks in relation to the years 1005—1009—1015—1020—1031—1042—1062—1074—1091 and 1116. In each of these years did comets make their appearance, accompanied by great irregularities and excesses in the economy of the globe.

Were it necessary to our purpose, at least one hundred other appearances of comets might be here enumerated, in confirmation of the principles for which we are contending—all bearing testimony to the same point—all tending, we think, to establish the fact, that, in their passage through the solar system, these wandering orbs produce very signal irregularities in our seasons, and sometimes manifest an influence in the general economy of the globe. Instead, however, of dwelling any longer on remote events, let us descend, at once, to our own times, and take a hasty retrospect of the phenomena of nature that have marked the present and the preceding year.

In this instance, we are happy in reflecting, that the recollection of our readers will bear testimony to the correctness of the statement we have to offer.

The comet of 1811 was unusually large and luminous. From first principles, therefore, we would calculate on its being uncommonly powerful in its influence on our earth. Nor do we find ourselves disappointed in the actual result, as will fully appear from the following retrospect.

A summer marked by an extremity of heat that has no parallel in the annals of our country, succeeded by a winter cor-

responding most perfectly in its excess of cold—Inundations in various quarters, unprecedented within the memory of our oldest inhabitants.—The Atlantic ocean swept by gales and tempests uncommonly numerous and surpassing in violence—Charleston partially destroyed by one of the most tremendous hurricanes that has ever spread consternation and dismay over a country—An autumn marked by weather extremely irregular and boisterous, as well as by an unusual prevalence of disease.—In the sea of the Azores, where the depth of the waters extended to upwards of two hundred fathoms, a new island, of considerable dimensions, thrown up by the operation of a submarine volcano—A number of villages buried under an eruption of mount Etna, more formidable and destructive than any that has occurred for half a century—The whole island of Great Britain shaken to its center, and the United States themselves convulsed from one extreme to the other, by an earthquake more awfully threatening than any we have experienced since the settlement of the country.

Such are a few of the most remarkable phenomena of nature which accompanied the comet of 1811, and appear to be, in part, attributable to its influence. Similar events having uniformly accompanied other comets, of large dimensions, and no adequate cause appearing, except the late comet, to which the occurrences in question can be ascribed, we consider our inference on the subject authorised and supported by the soundest analogy.

Should any one ask, “do not the physical convulsions and irregularities herein ascribed to the influence of comets, occur at times when no such bodies appear in the heavens”? we answer, yes; but neither so frequently, on a scale so extensive, nor with such tremendous violence. For the correctness of our reply, we appeal to the authority of observation and history.

C.

## THE ANONYMOUS.

[During the years 1807 and 8 a periodical paper appeared in Dublin, under the title of *The Anonymous*, and after attaining its fifty-second number was republished in two volumes. Of the authors we have no certain information, but conjecture has assigned many of the essays to Anacreon Moore and Mr. Curran; and truly such is the sparkling wit and the rich vein of humour which pervade them, that the brightest wits of the Irish capital might be proud to own them. For the amusement of our readers, we extract a very ludicrous criticism on the style of Miss Owenson; from which they may easily predict that though *Anonymous* at present, from the diffidence of their parents, these gay volumes will soon acquire a name for themselves, both splendid and durable.]

## MISS OWENSON'S NOVELS.

It was a party coloured dress,  
 Of patched and piebald languages:  
 For *she* could coin or counterfeit  
 New words, with little or no wit:  
 Words so debased and hard, no stone  
 Was hard enough to touch them on:  
 These *she* as volubly would vent,  
 As if her stock could ne'er be spent;  
 And when with hasty noise *she* spoke 'em,  
 The ignorant for current took 'em.      HUDIBRAS.

The peculiarities of Miss Owenson's style are so considerable, that a selection from those which are to be found in her favourite Novel, of *The Wild Irish Girl*, may be no unacceptable present to my readers. It will enable such as wish to form themselves upon this model, to familiarize their pens by practice with the Owensonian manner; and may qualify others to form an estimate of that public taste, by which her ingenious work is highly relished and approved; whilst my lucubrations are most consistently held in sovereign contempt. After a number of head-rubbings, brain-rummages, and deliberations, commensurate to that dulness, in which an Irish public has given me my degree, I have at length adopted, for the title of my selection,

## GLORVINIANA.

## VOL. I.

"A soothing solace, almost *concomitant*\* to its afflictions." p. 2.

\* *Ci-devant commensurate.*

"Rejection to an offer." p. 11.

"If you would *retribute* what you seem to lament." p. 12.

"The shores of the *Steep Atlantic*." p. 13. (So called, as it might seem, by some *Irish Bard*.)

"Excuse the *procrastination*\* of our interview, till we meet in Ireland; which will not be so *immediate*,† as my wishes would *incline*." p. 15.

"The bed of *Procrustus*," p. 16. (Owensonicé, for Procrustes.)

"While you, in the *emporium*‡ of the world, are drinking," &c. p. 19.

"*Vibrating* between a propensity and an *adherence*." p. 21.

N. B. This appears to be an Irish Vibration. In England they are not in the habit of *at once* adhering to one thing, and vibrating between that thing and another.

"The *organization* of those *feelings*." p. 24.

Organized feelings!—Why has not man a microscopic eye, wherewith to discern their organization?

"That dreadful *Interregnum* of the heart; *Reason and Ambition*." p. 25.

Reader bear in mind (non meo periculo, sed Owensonis) that *Interregnum*, means a division of empire between two.

"My father suffered me, *pro tempore*, to become a *gu st, mal volontaire*, in the King's Bench." p. 59 and 25.

"They borrowed their cheeriness of manner from the native *Exility* of their temperament." p. 41.

This is a cut above me. I cannot even blunder round about a (conjectural) meaning.

"The *compact* uniformity of Dublin excites our *admiration*." p. 42.

Sublime compactness! When treating of the sources of sublimity, Burke forgot to notice *the compact*. I have somewhere

\* Ci-devant *postponement*. † i. e. *We meet* will not be so *immediate*.

‡ Qu. If Miss Owenson meant to write *Symposium*?—I doubt her being a Platonist. Be that as it may, her novel of *The Wild Irish Girl*, and heroine, *Glorvina*, were in great vogue at the time of the publication of this essay. The samples of style which *the Anonymous* has given, will be found in the pages referred to, of Phillips's edition in three volumes.

read of a person, who on being introduced into Westminster-abbey, for the first time, declared that it was *mighty neat*.

"Dispersion is less within the coup d'œil of observance, than "aggregation." p. 42.

The above remark is one of indisputable truth; and has the additional merit of not being trop recherchée.

"The natives of this country have got goal for goal with "us." p. 45.

The meaning of this position is not completely within the coup d'œil of my observance.

"The penalty of Adam;

"The seasons change."\*

"The desolation of its boundless bogs awakens in the mind "of the *pictoral*† traveller all the pleasures of tasteful enjoyment." p. 53.

"The *paradisial* charms of English landscape." p. 53.

"The dawn *flung* its *reserved* tints on the scene, crowned "with *misnic* forests." p. 54, 55.

I presume that Miss Owenson, though an Irish woman, does not mean to assert that her Aurora *diffused* the tints, which she was at the same time *reserving* for her private use. I rather conjecture that the passage will run thus, when translated into French. Dans l'abandon de sa pudique retenue, L'Aurore &cet.—As for the "misnic forests," the tints which have been "flung" on them are so "reserved," that for my life I cannot conjecture what they are. "Hence horrible shadows!" hence I say!

"As soon as my *proximity* was perceived, the manners of my "hostages‡ betrayed a courtesy, amounting to adulation." p. 60.

"The old woman addressed me *sans geremonie*."§ Ibid.

"So many languages a man knows, so many times is he a "man, said Charles the fifth." Ibid.

It is true we do not so express ourselves at this day. But Charles was a German; and did not, any more than Miss Owenson, speak English.

\* Shakspeare corrigé, He wrote "*difference*."

† Q. should this be *pectoral*, or *pick-tooth*? Au reste, how *singularly* beautiful must this boundless and desolate morass have been!

‡ Ci-devant *hosts*.

§ *Glorvinicé* for *sans facon*.

"As soon as we arrived at the little *auberge*,\* to which we "were sojourning." p. 65. "My route lay partly through a "desolate bog, whose burning surface gave me an idea of Arabia "Deserta;" (*where there are no bogs.*) "Here I threw my list- "less length at the foot of a spreading beech;" (*of the same spe- "cies with those which flourish in the deserts of Arabia.*†) p. 66.

"I soon, however, raised my eyes, from the sweet ode to "Lydia; and beheld a poor peasant driving a sorry cow. He‡ "was a *thin, athletic* figure;§ and as he and Driminduath were "going my road, and the day was *young*,—*this* curious triumviri" (*consisting of the cow, Murloch O'Shaugnessy, and myself*;) "that "might have put the Mount-Ida triumviri" (*composed of Juno, Venus, and Minerva*;) "to the blush of inferiority, set off toge- "ther." p. 67, 68, and 208.

"As for" (*triumvir*) "Driminduath, *she*, poor *beast*, was al- most an anatomy." p. 69.

Accordingly, the *athleta* who drove her, and who was him- self an anatomy,|| "could not get nobody¶ to take her off his "hands." Ibid.

"I astonished this native, by making use of the fine word "alternative."—"Anan! exclaimed he, staring," not like a lean cow; but a stuck pig. It is no wonder he was thin; for, in true peasantic idiom, he stated himself to be "returning home with "a full heart and an empty stomach."—His cow was as full of sensibilities as himself. She too had "a full heart." In this

\* Not in France; as a reader might imagine: but in Ireland.—*Sojourning* is (*licentiâ prosaicâ*) for *journeying*.

† And which are just as common in Irish bogs as they are there. It seems odd that *draining* should be the process for reclaiming bogs that remind Miss Owenson of Arabia Deserta.—Qu. would the desert be improved by draining? Cato's army might tell us that the deserts of Africa would not.

‡ Not the cow, but the man. My reader will just now find that this information is not superfluous.

§ Where the landscape, *undique collatus*, consists of bog and beech, the figures are very appropriately thin and athletic.

|| "Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat."

Who drives lean kine, ought therefore to be thin.

¶ Very *Irish*, this phraseology.



latter statement, our authoress sibi constat: she had early informed us that Driminduath was "a sorry cow." p. 74.

"This account touched my very soul;—so deeply (indeed) that I presented him with some sea-biscuit. Thy national ex-ility, said I to myself, cheers thy natural susceptibility. While I said this, he was *humming* an Irish song." p. 76. I knew it was Irish by the hum.

"This facetiousness, of a temperament complexionally pleasant, was however, frequently succeeded by such heart-rending accounts of poverty," (Readers, your handkerchiefs, at heart-rending wo!) "as shed\* involuntary tears" (mal-volontaires,) on those cheeks, which, a moment before, were distended by the exertions of a boisterous laugh." p. 79.

What an interesting triumvir! But I have done with this triumvirate, (of whom *Lepidus* is not one;) and proceed to other Amænitates Owensonianæ.

"This *articula mortis*." p. 106. "A perpetual state of *evagation* keeps up the flow and ebb" (keeps *down* the ebb I should suppose,) "of existence." p. 107.

"Were my powers of comprehension equal to the philological excellencies of Goody Two-shoes or Tom Thumb,† I would study Irish. But alas! as Torquatto Tasso says,

"Se perchetto a me stesso quale acquisto

"Faro mai che *me* piaccia." p. 108.

"My steed, I expect, will be as famous as the Rozinante‡ of Don Quixote, or the Beltenebros l'Amadis de Gaul." p. 109. Allow me to add, or the Dapple of Sancho Panza.

"I shall *pitch* my head quarters at my father's lodge." p. 112.

\* i.e. the accounts shed tears; borrowing the narrator's cheeks, to shed them on. This is a bold figure; and as sublime as obscurity can make it.

† Which every reader must admit they are not. From what follows, it might be inferred, that Goody Two-shoes and Tom Thumb are translations from the Irish: which, however, is not the case.

‡ Here we learn, either that Amadis had a steed of the name of Beltenebros; or had in his day possessed the thin athletic Rozinante. According to the former construction, the elision of the particle *of* has a novel and fine effect.

How *pitch* them, this ingenious Hidalgo does not explain. But from the sequel it sufficiently appears that he had no thoughts of passing his summer under canvass.

It is about this part of her work, that our fair authoress *improves* a well known Irish anecdote; which in its *unimproved* state, if my memory serve me, is as follows:—An Irish chieftain, who, like Mæcenas, was Regibus atavis editus, being waited on by three persons, of whom the first, O'Conor, was, in the male line, of royal descent; the second, O'Hara, was, by the mother, of princely extraction; while the third, Mr. Ponsonby, had no Milesian honours, to recommend him,—is said to have received his visitors with the following *nuances* of distinction:—"O'Conor, you are welcome. O'Hara, I am glad to see your mother's son. Mr. Ponsonby, sit down."

This is the third triumvirate which *Beltenebrosa* has introduced; and wants a feature which serves to distinguish the former two! of which the first contains a cow, and both contain a bull.

"Mine host" (why not hostage?) "of the Atlantic," (an uncommon *sign* enough:) "with his wife, and little ones, two of whom were in a state of nudity, were" (doing what, gentle reader, can you guess?) "*quaffing down* boiled turbot, and roasted potatoes!!"—Harpyiis gulæ dignæ rapacibus! p. 133, also p. 131 of vol. 2d.

"This mountain *battled* o'er the deep and was perpendicular, and *sloping*." p. 136.—No wonder I, who have so described it, could not teach Glorvina to draw a perpendicular. Mine, her's, and the mountain's, were all sloping. I have never been, either literally or figuratively, at Athens; nor learned *curvo dignoscere rectum*, in any sense of those expressions. Quære, by the way, (not of a slope,) whether this quarrelsome mountain, or the Atlantic, was the steepest?

"The *vernal* luxuriance of *Spring*." p. 137.

Quære, is this as beautiful as the *autumnal* mellowness of Autumn?

"By heavens! as I *breathed this*," (not asmosphere, but) "*region* of superstition, I was so infected, that I was very near —mounting my horse, and galloping off." p. 141.—*Corroliary*: that superstition is an excellent quality in a jockey.

"Fancy never gave a finer combination of images to the vision of a dream."

This passage reminds me of the eloquence of a certain forensic orator, who, in addressing a jury, is said to have taxed his client's adversary with "scattering desolation through the whole vicinity of the neighbourhood." Be this as it may, as we have had the vision of a dream, it is but fair that, *à converso*, we should have the dream of a vision. Accordingly, in p. 182 of vol. 3, we have a dream, becoming

"The baseless fabric of a vision."

"As for father John," (being no bishop) "he was dressed in his pontificals." p. 143.

"Mr. Walker assures us that Mr. O'Neill, of Shane's castle, was very little in the habit of shaving." p. 144.

Now for Glorvina. "She floated, like an incarnation, on the gaze."

Never having chanced to meet with one of these incarnate gaze-floaters, and not knowing what they are, nor what the medium is, in which they *planent*, I am incompetent to judge of the accuracy of this resemblance. All I know is, that while she was thus floating, "the western sun's setting beams enriched her figure with its orient tints;"—and that such celestial gilding is of purely Irish manufacture. When he performed this prodigy, the sun must have been in Taurus; and in order to accomplish it, seems to have fallen up stairs. The miracle is related in pages 147 and 152; and it is not surprising that the narrator, having finished it, should exclaim "*what a picture!*" p. 153.

"I stood" (continues he) "*transfixed to the spot.*"—Not that any one had laid a finger on him; or that he was pierced, or wounded, or the like: but merely that *tel fut son plaisir*. Quære, would not *trance-fixed* be a better reading? It is a good out-of-the-way word; with as many syllables as the other; and "to meaning makes some faint pretence." But let us return to Glorvina.

"Her harp symphonized her voice; and the voice it symphonized, was the voice—(credite posteri!) of a woman!" p. 159. This "harp resembled drawings of the *Davidic lyre.*" p. 218. But what of that? "I am not so weak as to be *dazzled by a sound.*"

vol. 2. p. 105.—Bravely said! and, in the language of my Authoress, “spoken like a true-born Irishman.” vol. 2. p. 271.

It was some time after this, that *Father John*, having examined my broken head, “congratulated me on the *convalescence of my looks*.” p. 176.

Whatever mine might be, old *Innismore’s* face was not in a convalescent state. “A tear dimmed the spirit of the prince’s eye. We will summons O’Gallagher, said he, *and drive away sorrow*.” p. 181, and 182. What courtliness of expression! He appears to be every inch a king, indeed.

“This is no hyperbola.” p. 186.—Neither is this hasty, but deliberate spelling: for it recurs in vol. 2. p. 181 and 250.

“Away flew Glorvina; *speaking Irish* to the nurse.” p. 189.—Elegant, interesting, and accomplished creature! I need not tell you that she is up to all the philology of Goody Two-shoes and Tom Thumb. Indeed she has, “the *vivida vis anima* of “native genius.”—Ay that she has; so she has: and besides, she is after possessing “the bright *lumine purpureo*.” p. 202.—You know what that is.—Yet “Glorvina is rather a subject of “philosophical analysis, than amatory discussion.” vol. 2. p. 148. “Her drapery, *nebulam lineam*, seemed light as the breeze on “which it floated;\* and her effulgent countenance was *lit up with an unusual blaze*.” vol. 2. p. 162, 164.—“It is a dreadful habit, Murtoch, said I.” vol. 1. p. 77.—I mean drinking whisky. “It is so, please your honour, replied Murtoch: but “then, when we get *the droft* within us, it is meat, drink, and “clothes to us.” Ibid.—I forgot to tell you, that Glorvina “has “*la lingua Toscana nel bocca Romana*.” In fact, she and her father are a most extraordinary pair; and put me in mind of the witches in Macbeth: for “they

“Look not † like the inhabitants of the earth,  
“And yet are on it.” p. 204.

“The vista of a huge folding door, partly thrown back, be-  
“held the form of Glorvina.” p. 209.

\* And probably was; or even lighter. Else how could it have floated.

† Nor indeed do they think, speak, or dress like them.

I presume the door, (or its vista) fell back in astonishment and admiration of the beauties which it beheld.

"I stole a look at Glorvina; who, plucking" (not a rose, but) "a thistle, that sprung from a broken pediment, blew away its down. Surely she is the most *sentient* of beings?" p. 250.—Unquestionably she must be so. Her blowing off the thistle down satisfactorily proves it. It is therefore carried in the affirmative, *nemine dissistente*.

"Soon after, she flew away, in all the *elixity*\* of a youthful spirit." p. 253.—"Oh what a spirit of *Bizarté* ever drives me from common sense!"

Surely we must admire the candour, if not the French, of the above exclamation!—with which I beg to terminate the first part of my *Glorviniana*.

#### GLORVINIANA CONTINUED.

"To rase

"Quite out *our* native language; and instead,

"To sow a jangling noise, of words unknown.

"Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud.

"Great laughter was, to see the hubbub strange;

"And hear the din;—ridiculous!"

Milton: Par. Lost. B. 12. L. 53.

#### VOL. II.

Have my readers ever heard of "the *Phœnician* migration hither *from Spain*?" If not, they will find it recorded by Miss Owenson, in page 9 of her second volume. *Dux fœmina facti*. The *English* reader will, I fear, pronounce that *Phœnician* emigrants *from Spain* must have been bound *for Ireland*; and that

"*Taurino* quantum possent circumdare tergo,"

would, for such colonists, be the most appropriate quantity of soil.

\* Whether this should be *exility*, or *exility* should be this, or which is the best word, or what either means, or *would be at*, I profess myself unable to determine. But *elixity* occurs more than once: e. g. in p. 172 and 198 of vol. 2d. —At simul *ass-is*, miscueris *elix*a, &cet. *dul-cia* se in bilem vertent; &cet.

Be this as it may, Glorvina, "during our walk, talked mostly "to the faithful representative of fond maternity:" (p. 34) viz. her nurse. "See this little blossom, said she, which they call "here yellow lady's bed-straw; and which you, as a botanist, "will better recognise as *Gallicens borum*." (Shade of Linnæus! how poor *Galium verum* is here distorted!) "But *Resida luteola* "surpasses them all." p. 26.—Notwithstanding her proficiency "in botany, and all her gay exility of animation, Glorvina, I can "assure you, was all primeval innocence and simplicity." No wonder: for "her studies were the Nouvelle Heloise of Rousseau, Moustier's Lettres Emilie; (which she used to make the "priest read,) Werter, Dolbreuse, Attila, and Paul et Virginie." For my part, "I was satisfied, since her society was denied me, "to resign her to Rousseau." p. 184, 185, 193, 219.—"That "elixity of temperament, which is the result of woman's organization," I however feel that I, though of the other sex, have got my share of: for "the elixity of my mind would not suffer "me to rest." It was probably on "account of this elixity that "my dad"\* sent me "pro tempo, and mal volontaire, to the "King's Bench." p. 146, 172, 198. In the true spirit of this elixity, "I called dancing—the poetry of motion. What a beautiful "idea! said Glorvina† "It is so, said I;" (p. 197) for my modesty is at least equal to my wit. Glorvina is really delightful. Her manners are "the result of natural intuitive coquetry," (vol. 3, p. 150) mixed up, as I have said before, with primeval innocence, Rousseauishness, Werterism, and the Lord knows what. "She absolutely sends the soul upon a jig to Heaven." (vol. 3. p. 87.) She does "by Heavens!"‡ Other persons may see, but "Glorvina feels, by intuition," (p. 234.) i. e. she is blind of her fingers; and feels by sight, as blind men see by touch. Indeed it is sufficiently plain that neither she nor Miss Owenson have any tact.

\* The elegant familiarity of this expression will not escape the Reader of Taste.

† In fact the idea is not without its beauty.

‡ Corelli travelled by the same conveyance: at least the gig is in waiting on his tomb.

"But where, said the Prince, do you *sojourn* to?" (p. 115.)  
 "A young lad, almost in a state of nudity, approached us;" who  
 "appeared to have had the seeds of dependence *sown irradically*  
 in his mind." p. 131. 134.—Farmers and Horticulturists, reform  
 your practices without delay. Henceforward, sow your tulip  
 roots; and plant your hay seed.

I have already introduced my reader to Father John. He is  
 an amazing fine fellow. "Like the *assymtotes of an hyperbola*,"  
 (p. 250) "I feel my character *energize*" beneath his hands.\* (p.  
 264.) He used to allow me to converse with him. "Such an  
 "immunity† was not lost on me." p. 226—"An immunity" (said  
 I) "granted by you, is too precious to be neglected." (vol. 3.  
 p. 4.) I however offered to let the poor priest off; if he thought  
 my conversation would be a bore. But he "refused the immu-  
 nity."‡ vol. 3. p. 86. He talked of his own order. "The  
 "other two classes of priesthood, said he, may be divided into  
 "the sons of tradesmen, farmers, or gentlemen. Of the last  
 "class am I; said Father John." p. 136.

"I am a Gentleman; and that's enough"

"Laugh if you please:—I'll take a pinch of snuff."§

From ecclesiastical subjects, the transition was not violent, to  
 "that elegant *spiral* lightness, which *characterizes* the Gothic  
 "order."|| p. 51. I do not know whether it was with Father John  
 I talked about "the consecrated fountain: the *vel expiatoria*."  
 But it was in company with Glorvina, that I took it into my  
 heels to "climb an *arbutus*." p. 236. I would also have climbed  
 the gooseberry, and rose bushes; but they were all too low.

#### VOL. III.

Num vesceris istâ—quam laudas plumâ?—said Horace, some-  
 what morosely, to the Roman Bon Vivant.—No; (might this lat-

\* The sense is in no degree injured by this juxta-position.

† Ci-devant *permission*.

‡ Qu. was not the priest wrong? and N. B. that *immunity*, (tired of signifying  
*permission*,) means here *exemption*.

§ Prologue, or Epilogue, I know not which: pre- or post-fixed to I know not  
 what; and to be found I know not where.

|| From this sentence we collect that *spiral* is of high descent; and derived  
 from *spire*: i. e. from the spire which tops a steeple.

ter have replied:) but its brilliancy regales my sight. Num intelligis ista—quæ toleras scripta? might, in like manner, be demanded of the auditor of Miss Owenson's pages;—and the answer would be no: but their empty rattle gratifies my ear. If a male, (and à multo debiliori a female) author gives one word of sense, for every two of sound,—it is as much as any reader ought in reason to expect from “the tasteful *doneur*,” (p. 7.) two blanks to a prize being an uncommonly liberal and tempting novel-scheme. Be this however as it may, “the priest and I,” (having gone together, on a Wild-geese-chase,) “were most hospitably received by a Milesian family.” What a group our hostages formed! The “grandfather was, for all the world, like “Silenus: the father like a genie: three daughters that were “downright Hebes: two fine young fellows; and a demure little “governess,—that was like—D—I fetch me if I know what.”—p. 79.\* As for mamma, she was like “the mother of *Eurialis*,” (p. 47.) so she was.

“In the drawing-room I became quite *boudoirized*.” (p. 85.) We were ~~very~~ droll, and pleasant. “A pet dove was dying in “one of the Miss Hebe's laps.” (Ibid.)—Her ambrosia, I suppose, was out, “I threw myself at the feet of

“The Cynthia of the moment.”† (vol. ii. p. 234.)

“It is a *boudoirizing* hour, said I.” (v. ii. p. 229.)—She made no reply. Perhaps she did not understand me. *Bou!* said her sister. It sounded like *Booh!*‡ What could she mean? or what did she take me for?

It was on this journey that “we found Sampson, and his *two* “heads, and his harp, three in a bed.” Was not that droll? They all got up on our coming; (vol. iii. p. 97.) and the minstrel “told us a *very interesting story* of the Pretender and four Fid-

\* As I have not here transcribed the very words of my fair authoress, (as in all the other extracts I have done,) I beg to refer my readers to p. 79 of vol. iii.; in order that they may judge whether I have given a faithful abstract of their substance.

† *Pope corrigé*. He wrote *minute*. He could not help it, poor fellow. He wanted rhyme for *in it*.

‡ See Roderick Random, ch. 54.



“lers;” (solus) “and of a saying of Charley’s. Charley said—“is *Sylvan* there? But he meant to say *Sullivan*.” (p. 101.)—Poor man! he knew no better.—It was not Sampson that told me of “the first Bishop of Raphoe’s having converted the Abbey into a *Cathedral see*.” (p. 74.)

Miraculous conversion! His Right Reverence made it a *Bishopric*, as one might say.—These are curiosities, to be sure: but I doubt whether it is not “the policy of the conqueror, to destroy such *mementi*\* of national splendour.”—p. 16.—But à-propos, “Gold is not sonorous:” as any man may know, whose memory is sufficiently tenacious to recollect the chink of a purse of guinea;—which, before the total substitution of “blessed paper “credit,” was sometimes heard.

But I am afraid I bore you; for “Plato compares the soul to “a small republic. There is but one building, according to “Plato, in this commonwealth. But that is a citadel; inhabited “by the reasoning *and* judging powers;” (which I need not inform you, though frequently *confounded*, are quite distinct;) “and “five servants, called Senses. There are no other inhabitants “in this petty state.” p. 122: which see. What an ingenious *alligator* this of Plato’s is! But as to “my citadel, my dear friend, “it is in a d—l of a way; and all my servants drunk.” Ibid.

Doubtless *you* are weary of *my* journey. So am I. I am longing for Glorvina; though I do not know why Plato should remind me of her. Oh! it’s she that “knew how to *play* on my dominant passion!” (p. 8.) I told you already that it was a jig the dear creature used to *play*; and that mounted on her *light quirks*, my soul rode post to Heaven. Rough riding of course it was; by reason of the *broken and uneven†* nature of the vehicle. I cannot tell you, (now I talk of Heaven;) how gratified I was, one evening, in a church-yard, to find that my charmer had as little religion as I have myself. I might have guessed as much, from her “*Breviaire du Sentiment*.” But my having seen her at chapel deceived me; and Father John had never told me a syllable

\* Nominativo, *Hic Mementus*: Genitivo, *Hujus Mementi*. Pluraliter, Nominativo, *Illi Mementi*, &cet. LINGO.

† Light quirks of Music, broken, and uneven,

Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven. POPE.

of the matter. (See pages 57 and 142.) If the truth were told, I am persuaded that her longings are equal to my own; and that on my return, her "lightened heart will again throb with the cheary pulse of national exility." (p. 264.) Nor shall I, in *Glorvina*, (whatever may be her fate,) "receive a faded spark into my bosom." (p. 250.)\*

Here, gentle readers, my prose "*Hiberniana is closed*;"† (vol. ii. p. 238.) and I shall conclude, when I have given a specimen of my author's Poetic vein. I am aware that she intended to write simple prose; and *listed in numbers*, merely because, in spite of her, *the numbers came*.

## SONG.

*Air, Foote's Minuet.*

"Were you to hear him!

"Were you to see him!

"Oh! Such intelligence!

"Ah! Such abilities!

• "Oh! What a father!

"Ah! What a son!"—(p. 185.‡)

Da Capo.

And now gay readers, do you laugh?—*Valete!*—Dull oncs, do you puzzle?—*Plod-dite!* or go sleep.

C.

P. S. The travelled reader need not be informed that the notes of *Corelli's* celebrated *Giga* are inscribed upon his tomb.

\* What *faded sparks* are, is not so clear; but a pair of bellows will at any time procure them in *full blow*.

† This is a mere Hellenism; like *Ταυτα ει*, or, as Herodotus has written, (*Urania*, ch. 138.) *ἢ τοῖσι φυσταὶ αὐτομάτα γοῶν*, &c.

‡ In this exquisite mortceau, I have interpolated nothing, save the interjections *Oh!* and *Ah!*—It were desirable that an air was adapted to these words; and then, as an admiring public is in possession of a *Glorvina Bodkin*\* it would also have a *Glorvina Vaudeville*. MOORE could never accomplish what I want: for wonderfully and beautifully much as he can make of a little sense, his melodies have too much meaning, to ally themselves to nonsense. Sir John Stevenson might try his hand.

\* An ornament for ladies dress; sold under this title, in honour of *Miss Ovenson and her Heroine!!*

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## AN OUTLINE SKETCH OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

*London, April 22d, 1799.*

I HAVE not yet had time or opportunity to form an accurate idea of this immense metropolis, whose population is usually estimated at about a million of souls, and its circuit at fifteen or twenty miles; but as I have already rambled over it from Greenwich to Chelsea, and noted the prominent objects sufficiently well to find my way in any direction, I will attempt to sketch an outline, which may possibly give a clearer idea of the proportions of the figure than you would have if the features were shaded with the most minute particularity.

As you approach the city from the water, the cupolas of Greenwich hospital, rising over a prodigious quadrangle of hewn stone, on your left, give early notice of innumerable population; your ideas of which are no way diminished, as you advance through a winding forest of masts, several miles in length, bordered with the back, fronts, and gable ends of mean and dusky brick houses, and opening at length upon the twelve or fifteen unequal arches of London bridge; the Tower upon your right, a huge misshapen pile of the rudest antiquity, between which and the bridge you dimly discover, through clouds of mist and smoke, the spires of a hundred churches, and the swelling dome of St. Paul's.

The meanness of this part of the town, however, may be justly appreciated, by the characteristic appellations of Ratcliff and Wapping, Shad Thames, Old Jewry, Rag Fair, or Horse-ly-down indelibly stamped upon its principal streets, by the calling of their occupants, or the wretchedness of their situation; and as you pass the crowded stairs, the muddy docks, and the gaping sewers, you are equally offended with the dissonant exclamations of moral turpitude and the slimy refuse of material impurity.

If you land at the bridge stairs, and force your way through a mob of watermen, bawling "a boat sir! a sculler sir!" and are happy enough to elude the first onset

"Of carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all,"

you may scramble through the mud, as fast as you can make your way among the eager crowd, perpetually driving up and down Fish-street hill; cross the street, when there's a momentary interval in the continual drive of carriages, thwarting each other in every direction; dodge the opponent that will be sure to meet you full butt at the corner; and bless your stars that you are safe in Lombard-street, a damp and gloomy passage in which the principal bankers of London are often in winter obliged to light candles at noonday.

But as it often happens to the hurried passenger, who has enough to do in London to take care of himself, we have passed the Monument, without notice, though a doric column two hundred feet high, erected a hundred yards down this hill, to mark the spot where the great fire broke out in 1666.

In Lombard-street the footways are just wide enough for one person to pass at a time, and necessity has dictated the salutary regulation that the right hand takes the wall; but you presently open upon the Mansion-house, or residence of the lord mayor, a massy edifice of freestone, with a portico of six or eight Corinthian columns, toward Threadneedle-street; along which you see the front of the Bank, presenting a small center, and two richly ornamented wings, run out as a screen to the extensive offices within. Almost directly before it stands the Exchange, an old square edifice of no great beauty, eclipsed by the new front of the India-house, at some distance further down.

You are now in the Poultry, a narrow passage of two or three hundred yards in length, between Cheapside and Cornhill, continuations, of different dimensions, and under different names, of the principal or rather of the sole regular avenue of communication between the city, properly so called, and the west end of the town. Here accordingly, a constant tide of coaches sets in every morning, and out every afternoon, independent of counter currents, and sometimes eddies, whirling round sharp corners, and now and then damming up the channel, so that coaches, carts, and all are wedged up together in inextricable confusion, a circumstance in street language expressively called *a jam*.

As you advance, the open shops, particularly those of goldsmiths, mercers, and printsellers, attract your notice, and in-

duce the unwary to stop every now and then before a brilliant bow window, shining with all the fashionable elegancies of the day, disposed in the most fascinating style, and exhibited with a degree of neatness peculiar to London; at the imminent risk of being elbowed to the right and left; pilfered by a pick pocket; importuned by a beggar; or knocked down by a sturdy porter, with a huge burden upon his head, crying "by your leave!" in a tone of vexation, irritated by continual obstacles, that indicates in plain English, *get out of the way!*

You now find yourself immersed, and as it were carried along in a current of foot passengers, on the half run, toward the west end of the town; so scarcely noticing Guildhall, a Gothic edifice at the end of a dingy street on the right, you are soon turned to the left by the butt end of Paternoster-row, apparently blocking up the street; and through a narrow opening, of which you were not aware, you are suddenly struck with astonishment at the enormous mass of St. Paul's, seen transversely in its whole length of five hundred feet.

Persons on foot take along the right side of the edifice, those in carriages are obliged to drive round to the left, and both meet again in front, after some minutes, to go down Ludgate hill, a slippery descent, opening on the right, by an unnoticed passage, to the gloomy purlieus of Newgate and the Old Baily.

At the foot of the hill you cross the spacious avenue of Blackfriars-bridge, a noble structure of freestone eleven hundred feet long, which is seen on the left, proudly vaulting over the Thames, upon nine arches, the central one of which is a hundred feet wide.

Here, it is worth while to turn aside to take a view of the city, which is no where better seen than from the footways of this bridge, substantially guarded by stone balustrades. The river Thames, about as wide as the Schuylkill at Philadelphia, crowded with boats and barges, winds under you to the right and left, through London bridge on one side, and Westminster bridge on the other, lined on both hands for miles together, with brick houses and stone steeples; among which you distinguish, through a mist of smoke, the slender column of the monument on one side, and the towers of Westminster abbey, with their Gothic pinnacles on the other; between which, and near enough

to be distinctly seen, the west front of St. Paul's rises fifty feet above the adjacent houses to a square battlement, ornamented with pediments and statues, while on each side of a Corinthian portico of coupled columns, two airy turrets or belfrys contrast, by their spiral shape and open structure, with the massy elevation of the dome.

Up the river you see the grand arcade and terrace over which is built Somerset-house, a prodigious national structure, designed to concentrate a number of the public offices, and at a distance, observed in fog and smoke, the immense roof of Westminster hall.

But to return to the foot of Ludgate-hill by a noted stand of hackney coaches (which are here obliged to keep the middle of the street,) and go on through Fleet-street to Temple-bar. This was formerly a gateway, but it is now a useless incumbrance, only marking the bounds of the city before its western suburb exceeded it in beauty and extent. The present structure was erected by one of the Stuarts, and has been disgraced within half a century by the savage exhibition of the heads of the Scotch lords, who were executed for treason after the last rebellion: but you have no time for this, or any other reflection, being pressed forward by the crowd behind; and jostling through its narrow passages, you pick your way in the mud by the walls of two churches that stand here in the middle of the street, compressing the torrent of passengers into a narrower channel than usual.

Here if you have been so lucky in your first excursion as not to have been hustled for a ninny, in the throng of a boxing-match, a puppet-shew, or a troop of dancing bears, you can hardly promise yourself to escape the privileged shove of a chimney-sweeper, or a mealman, and the humorous, or malicious exertions of the hackney-coachmen to splash a passenger that is too well drest to appear on foot.

The narrow street now widens into the Strand, and on your right opens the arcade of Somerset-house; under which you enter the apartments of the Royal Academy for painting and sculpture; where, if it happens to be the time of the annual exhibition, the street will be blocked up with coaches.

By this time you will be struck with the frequent repetition of the royal arms, elegantly executed in bronze or stucco, over the door of every tradesman who has ever had the honour to serve any branch of the royal family with his wares; and perhaps your admiration will be excited to risibility on beholding the insignia of royalty, accompanied with the ridiculous pretension of "bug-destroyer to his majesty," "needlemaker to the queen," or "inventor of a shining blackball, patronised by his royal highness the prince of Wales."

A long way further on, you reach the gateway and screen before Northumberland-house near which three leading streets intersect each other; and here in the days of popery there was a Gothic structure surmounted with a cross, from whence the name Charing-Cross. In its place there now stands an equestrian statue of Charles I, elegantly executed in bronze, by a French artist of that age.

Here a spacious avenue opens to the left, which leads to the lodges of the horse-guards (at the principal entrance to the royal palaces), to the treasury, Westminster-hall, the two houses of parliament, Westminster abbey, &c. another turns to the right, which leads to the theatres, the palace of St. James's, and all the beautiful streets and squares of the court end of London, terminating in the Green-park, in which is the royal residence called Buckingham-house.

In this part of the town the streets are wide, and the buildings every where neat and substantial, though nowhere magnificent: every now and then opening into public squares, ornamented with grass-plots and shrubbery; yet even here convenience is more studied than shew, and the town houses of the first nobility are rarely distinguishable from those of their opulent neighbours, either by size or splendour. The rich in England seem to have discovered, with national sagacity, that it is impossible for wealth or power to push the accommodations of domestic life beyond the limits that ingenuity has here devised for a comfortable winter residence; and the examples of Burlington-house, the palaces of the dukes of Montague, Bedford, and Northumberland, and other gloomy edifices, erected in the last century, upon the French model, secluding and secluded

from public view are no longer imitated or admired. The royal family itself inhabits a modern house, and only visits the palace of St. James's to attend the ceremonies of the chapel, or the parade of the levee.

By the time you can have ranged through the elegant rows of Piccadilly, taken a peep at Hyde-park, and attempted to estimate the throng of coaches

Running at the ring of pleasure,

with one or two (sometimes three) footmen, according to the opulence or vanity of their masters, balancing behind them, in splendid liveries, with umbrellas or gold-headed canes in their hands, it will be almost dark; and whether you return through Oxford-street, by Holborn and Snow-hill, or descend St. James's street to Pall-Mall, and go back the way you came, you will find every avenue lighted up with rows of lamps, not twenty yards asunder, and every shop illuminated with reverberating mirrors; elegant equipages, often lighted with *farabeaux*, rattling at full speed along the streets, or across the corners; and hackney-coaches rumbling heavily on to Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the theatres, and other places of polite dissipation, which are all at this end of the town.

But if the night be drizzly (as it probably will) and you can't get a coach, take care you don't slip down upon the smooth and slimy pavement, while you guard your pockets from an apparently accidental jostle; but never stand to pick your way at a corner, for it is better to step over shoe tops in mud than to be knocked down and run over. If a solitary female accosts you from a dark corner, turn a deaf ear; and only think yourself safe from open or covert dangers, when you shelter yourself in the temporary *home*, whether tavern, boarding-house, or furnished lodging, that London readily affords to innumerable strangers, adapted to every disposition, and graduated to every purse.

Yet even here the first night will be haunted with real, or imaginary terrors; your lingering slumbers will be broken with apprehensions of sudden fire, or secret assassination; and, in the hour of darkness, as you listen to the hollow murmur that perpetually rises from the surrounding streets, you tremble at the



idea of having risked yourself within the vortex of such a mighty mass of moving mischief.

The habit of a few nights, however, will settle your head, and you are gradually convinced by experience, that although forty thousand people may rise here every morning, without knowing how they shall obtain the subsistence of the day, it is still possible to live, even in London, secluded, and secure.

"Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd  
 "The fairest capital of all the world,  
 "By riot and incontinence the worst.  
 "Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,  
 "With which she gazes at yon burning disk,  
 "Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?  
 "In London: where her implements exact,  
 "With which she calculates, computes, and scans  
 "All distance, motion, magnitude, and now  
 "Measures an atom, and now girds a world?  
 "In London. Where has commerce such a mart,  
 "So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,  
 "As London!—opulent, enlarged, and still  
 "Encreasing London! Babylon of old  
 "Not more the glory of the earth than she,  
 "A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now."

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE FINE ARTS.

##### LIFE OF RAPHAEL.

**G****R****E****A****T** names, like the sun, carry with them their own lustre. The word Homer is so superior and paramount to panegyric, that no combinations of phraseology impress the mind with so much reverence and admiration. The French were so sensible of this, that when a monument was erected to one of their departed heroes, instead of recording on the marble the history of his glorious exploits, they comprised them all in the comprehensive word *Turenne*.

In like manner, the history of painting abounds with names to which each succeeding century has paid homage, and whose glory is incapable of being augmented by all the tributes of



RAPHAEL.

*Painted by H. G. Wall*



eulogy. Raphael Sanzio was born at Urbino, a village about one hundred and fifty miles from Rome, in the year 1483. His father, Giovanni Sanzio, although a painter of no eminence, had still sufficient genius to discover the early and promising propensity of his child for the pencil. He knew that in an art where so much depended for future eminence on the early habits of the hand, much injury might be done by attempting to guide and discipline a genius so superior to his own. With a provident caution, he therefore placed his child under the tuition of Perugino, an artist whose reputation was high in the estimation of the world. The young Tyro now found something in the style of his new master worthy of imitation—something calculated to arouse ambition, which for want of a proper model, appeared to have lain dormant. This he successfully imitated and surpassed; but the cravings of ambition still remained unsatisfied. What the works of Perugino were incapable of affording, models of excellence answerable to his own aspiring ideas, he found in the study of antiques. He employed artists at Putcoli and Baiæ, and some of the Grecian cities, to procure for him designs of the most finished models in statuary or architecture. Here he found his conceptions expanded and enlarged, and forms of dignity and grace, which he aspired to imitate. Thus was this young artist led on until he arrived at that boundary which the ancients seemed to have set to human efforts.

Michael Angelo and Leonardi da Vinci, were now in the zenith of their glory. Our young artist went to Florence to consult these models; and from them he corrected, enlarged, and improved his own. He here found a path for his genius untrodden by the feet of his illustrious predecessor. Michel Angelo's style was awful, grand, and terrific; it was calculated to astonish by its sublimity, but not to fascinate by its grace; it overwhelmed the spectator with awe, but did not lead him by gentler attraction. Raphael perceived that these commanding forms were susceptible of grace, ease, and dignity, not so closely allied to awe. This artist, therefore, who in the school of antiquity had perfected himself, in what Angelo had disregarded, superadded to this style, elegance, dignity, and grace.

From these hints he corrected the style he had acquired in the school of Perugino. The pope, who was early captivated by the consummate specimens of talent manifested by this artist, employed him to decorate the chambers of the Vatican. The first effort of his pencil was the *Camera della Segnatura*. The design of this painting the more chastened taste of modern times has condemned, as beyond the legitimate jurisdiction of the pencil. The divine presence, a subject incomprehensible in its nature, must rise above the flights of the proudest genius, and where poetry fails, painting, that submits all her efforts to the scrutiny of the eye, must prove more incompetent. Raphael, however, was not deterred by the nature of his subject, and an apology may be found in the zeal of his aspiring genius, and in the superstitious age in which he lived. The Deity sustains and blesses the earth, while at humble distance the ranks of the cherubim and seraphim appear. Beneath the Father, is seated the Son in the society of his mother, and John the baptist, in the attitude of imploring mercy on the unhappy race of mortals. In another group are collected the patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, and martyrs. On earth an altar appears, where the doctors, prelates, and pontiffs of the church, whose pens have illuminated the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, and whose faces are all strongly characterised, are engaged in the deep contemplation of the holy wafer. This was followed by a representation of philosophy. Here the gymnasium of Athens appears, where Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Empedocles, Pythagoras, are instructing their pupils in their various branches of philosophy, and their protecting deities, are designated by their statues. In the face of Archimedes, the artist found and improved an opportunity to pay a flattering compliment to his patron Bramante. Poetry, which constituted his next labour, was done by representing Apollo and the Muses, on the mountain of Parnassus. Homer, in the august presence of such presiding deities, with an air of confidence, recites his compositions, and they, by their listening and delighted attitudes, express the high character of the bard. Virgil is dictating to Danté the route which he is to pursue. Sanazzario and Tebaldio, Raphael's countrymen, are the only

living authors admitted into this celestial society; but the painter, notwithstanding, still found room enough for his own likeness. The next painting represented jurisprudence. The pontiff, Gregory the Tenth, delivers his decretals to an advocate of the consistory, in whose likeness the painter has taken care to preserve the features of his patron, Julius the Third. The surrounding cardinals are made to express the countenances of those of his own times. On the left, the emperor Justinian delivers his pandects to Trebonian. All these paintings are surmounted with appropriate devices, representing the objects of each; for instance, the Trinity has the emblematic figure of theology—the gymnasium, philosophy—Parnassus, poetry—and jurisprudence, justice. These several works excited such unbounded commendation, that the pencil of Raphael was again summoned to embellish the second apartment of the Vatican. He began with the story of Heliodorus, who, designing to plunder the temple of Jerusalem of the treasures there deposited, for the relief of widows and orphans, was frightened from his purpose, by the appearance of two celestial youths, in armour. This was designed as another delicate oblation of flattery to the pride of Julius, who drove the usurpers of St. Peter's patrimony from their possessions, and united them to the church; for, by one of those violent anachronisms, in which the pencil of Raphael so frequently indulged, the holy father himself is made a spectator of the ceremony. We should conjecture, that without any violence of this kind, the flattery would have been more heightened and appropriate, had the features of Onias, at whose intercession this miracle was brought about, expressed those of the pontiff. Leo the Tenth, now succeeded to the pontifical chair, under whose auspices our indefatigable artist proceeded in the labours of the Vatican. His first effort, under the new pontificate, was the representation of Attila, king of the Huns; who, by the admonitions of Leo the Third, was driven out of Italy. Raphael, in this instance, united poetry to his pencil. Instead of representing a supplicating priest, and an armed and exasperated warrior, retiring from his pacific remonstrances, the frowning features of St. Peter and St. Paul, the protecting saints of the church are discovered, visible only to the pontiff. The specta-

tors, to whom the miracle is unknown, are grouped together with faces of astonishment at the change which the eloquence of the holy father has produced. An American traveller, notwithstanding, censures the warlike habiliments of the two saints, who are armed with swords on this momentous occasion. It may be remarked, in answer, that this is not too strong, if we consider it as emblematic of the church, for which it is designed, which claims the liberty of uniting spiritual and temporal power. Milton has furnished Michel, as well as Satan, with two formidable weapons of this nature. The liberation of St. Peter from prison, furnished another subject for Raphael's powers. Here the marble steps of the prison are illuminated with the glory of the descending angel, who gently awakens the saint, and points to the door, now miraculously opened. The labours of Raphael in the Vatican, had so advanced his fame, that the productions of his pencil were now universally demanded by the powerful and the opulent. Amongst these, Augustino Chigi might almost be said to have contended with the pontiff himself. Raphael had long before executed for him, a painting in fresco, designating Galatea, drawn in her car by dolphins, escorted by tritons and sea-nymphs. The chapel, likewise, of Augustino, erected in the church of St. Maria della Pace, was ornamented with representations of the prophets and sybils, after the manner of Angelo, which some considered amongst the most exquisite productions of his pencil. A series of paintings was likewise executed, comprehending the history of Cupid and Psyche—their complaint to Jupiter, and their subsequent marriage. He furnished Augustino with a design for the chapel above mentioned, and superintended the erection of a sepulchre formed on the model of Julius the Second. Lorenzetto, the sculptor, undertook the workmanship, but the death of the artist and his friend prevented its accomplishment. Raphael was likewise eminent for portrait painting. His portrait of Leo the Tenth, has been for centuries admired, and that which was regarded as the chief ornament of the ducal gallery, at Florence, has now become the pride and boast of the Louvre. Nothing, however, induced our artist to suspend his labours in the Vatican, and a third apartment was now awaiting the decorations of his pencil. But so

many engagements engrossed his attention, he could only furnish the designs, superintend the execution of the work, and reserve the finishing touches for his own hands. The rest was intrusted to subordinate artists. Hence arose the Roman school of design, a school distinguished for combining the boldness of the Florentine pencil with chastity of design, sobriety of colouring, and the splendour of the Venetian tint. These paintings designate the coronation of Charlemagne, by the pontiff, Leo the Tenth, and the justification, by the pontiff, to that monarch of the charges brought against him. There were two other paintings, one of which represented the victory of Leo the Fourth, over the Saracens; and the other, the extinction of the conflagration in the Borgo Vecchio, at Rome. The painter's pencil here kindles all the terrors which the awful spectacle of a conflagration is calculated to inspire. "It is not," says an eminent painter, "for the faint appearance of the miracle, which approaches with the pontiff, and his train in the back ground, that Raphael bespeaks our eyes. The perturbation, necessity, hope, fear, danger, the pangs and efforts of affection, grappling with the enraged elements of wind and fire, displayed on the fore ground, furnish the pathetic motives that press on our hearts. That mother, who, but half awake, or rather in waking trance, drives her children instinctively before her; that prostrate female, half covered by her streaming hair, with elevated arms, imploring heaven; that other, who, over the flaming tenement, heedless of her own danger, absorbed in maternal agony, cautiously reaches over to drop the babe into the outstretched arms of its father; that common son of nature, who, heedless of another's wo, vibrates a step from the burning wall; the vigorous youth who, followed by an aged mother, bears the palsied father on his shoulder from the rushing wreck; the nimble grace of those helpless dandies that try to administer relief; these are the real objects of the painter's aim, and leave the pontiff and the miracle, with taper, bell, and clergy, unheeded in the distance."

It was now determined to unite by the galleries, the various parts of that immense building, the Vatican. Bramante having left this unfinished, Raphael was prevailed upon to undertake it, who introduced such improvements in the style of Bramante,



by his models, and gave such universal satisfaction, that this produced another demand upon his pencil. The interior of the building was to be made to correspond with its exterior in elegance; and Raphael was directed to make such designs in painting, carving, and stucco, as he should deem meet for that purpose. The artist now brought into full exercise his knowledge of antique; he procured, at great expense, drawings and designs of whatever was rare or valuable in antiquity, which he united with surprising felicity and success. The variety and extent of these ornaments, some of which are said to be entire from the hand of Raphael, and all to have been executed according to his designs, and under his superintendence, evince, in the most decisive manner, the versatility and extent of his talents. One of the saloons of the Vatican was to be decorated in the same manner. Here the artist introduced the figures of the saints and apostles, and the interstices were filled up with the forms of various animals, presented at different times to the pope, in arabesque ornaments. Nor did the labours of this industrious artist end here; for every new proof seemed to require a new exercise of his genius. The pope having determined to ornament one of the Vatican apartments with tapestry, applied to Raphael to furnish the design. This he accordingly executed on cartoons, or paper, selecting particular passages from the acts of the apostles, finishing and colouring them with his own hands, as models for the Flemish artists. The tapestry, executed from these designs, was finished with such splendour and elegance, as astonished and delighted all the spectators. A more singular fate befel the cartoons. They remained for a long time in the possession of the artists or of their descendants, until they were purchased by Charles the First. At his death, these relics of Raphael's genius were, along with the other property of that monarch, exposed to public sale. On the accession of William the Third, they were found cut into strips for the use of the tapestry makers. They were, however, purchased by government, and now constitute the principal ornaments of Hampton-court.

Raphael was now determined to give to the world the chef d'oeuvre of his genius, and selected, as the subject for his pencil, the transfiguration of our Saviour. Michel Angelo having heard from

all quarters of the fame of his illustrious rival, resolved to enter the lists of competition with him, and associated himself with a painter by the name of Sebastiano del Piombo, distinguished for the attractive colouring of his pencil, and chose for his subject the resurrection of Lazarus. Both of these illustrious rivals commenced their labours on the same day, and both, it may well be presumed, brought to the field of contest the full strength of their genius. The paintings, when finished, were exposed for several days in the chambers of the consistory. Sebastiano's was regarded as a master piece for comprehending energy of design with powerful effect; but for beauty and grace, it was on all hands admitted, that Raphael's was unrivalled. Thus these two illustrious competitors, after the conflict, still left their respective points of preeminence untouched, and unimpaired.

Raphael's labours in the Vatican were not as yet suspended. He designed a series of paintings for another apartment which was finished by Giulio Romano, and Gian Francisco Penni, after the death of the illustrious artist, and his munificent patron, the pontiff. The first of the series designated the vision of Constantine, on the appearance of the crucifix—the second, the victory of that emperor over Maxentius—the third, his baptism—and the fourth, his donation to the church. We have thus far, in a very brief and summary manner, attempted to sketch some faint outline of the labours of this wonderful man. But it still remains to be told, that his powers as an architect, were hardly excelled by those of the pencil. On the death of Bramante, Raphael was appointed superintendant of the church of St. Petro, at a salary of three hundred gold crowns, with direction to use such marble as might be found within the city, or within ten miles adjacent. Any one who discovered a remnant of an ancient edifice, was compelled within three days afterwards to acquaint the artist of the fact, under the penalty of a fine. Any person destroying an inscription, without his permission, was liable to a similar penalty. A plan of this extensive nature was succeeded by one still more extensive, which was, “to form an accurate survey of the city of Rome, with representations of all the remains of the ancient buildings, so as to obtain from what might yet be seen, a complete draught of the whole, as it existed in

the most splendid æra of its prosperity." This important and honourable task was likewise entrusted to Raphael; but unhappily he was prevented by death from its accomplishment.

We have now seen the character of this eminent artist through the medium of his works, and with this, his life in part corresponded. Fortune, not always so prompt at the call of genius, awaited but the beckoning of his pencil, and poured her bounties with a prodigality of munificence. Genius in that age of ecclesiastical intolerance, preserved a high and commanding dignity, and even superstition became tributary to her greatness. The heart of Raphael was tinctured by no mean, selfish spirit of jealousy or envy. He was kind and hospitable to excess, and ever disposed to assist the efforts of disappointed merit to escape from the restraints of poverty, and glooms of neglect. To his friends, he was generous and munificent, and he delighted to employ his great talents for their benefit. Alike disposed to embellish the superb Vatican, or the humble abode of private friendship, he was anxious to give to after ages memorials, not only of his glory, but likewise of the sincerity of his heart. We can scarcely conceive of a more fortunate coincidence than this—genius surrounded by opulence and honour, bending from her proud elevation, and directing those who are clambering up the almost inaccessible acclivities of glory's hill, what routes to pursue. Such was Raphael, and "O si sic omnia!"

We have now to turn the reverse of this picture, and to survey this character, whom fortune and fame so delighted to honour, as accessible to the allurements of sensual pleasure, as of glory. To this he was finally a martyr—neither the solicitations of honour, nor the more soothing accents of friendship, could deter him from an intercourse, at once criminal and destructive. His constitution was at length undermined, and on the day of his birth, and in the thirty-seventh year of his age, he expired.

There is often about genius, an intractable impetuosity, when directed towards either virtue or vice. It is a dazzling, but a precarious, and a dangerous gift. Men of slow temperament may censure the aberrations of such characters, but they know not how awfully attracting temptation is to them. They know not, they cannot know, the nature of such bondage—those strong,





THE HOLY FAMILY.

although invisible cords, by which the mind is bound, and drawn, by an almost mechanical force.

The annexed engraving represents the virgin, the infant Jesus, and John, the baptist. The painting is known by the name of the *Madonna della Seggiola*, and is said to be executed in the second manner of that admired artist. At the third epoch of his art, he acquired a bolder hand, and a colouring more decisive and vigorous. The painting formerly decorated the gallery of Florence, and is now placed in the cabinet of St. Cloud, by order of Buonaparte.

The line of demarkation between him and Angelo, is this—Angelo framed nature according to his own conceptions, and they were gigantic—Raphael disciplined his to nature, and embellished human forms with new majesty, elegance, and grace; he aimed to improve, to heighten, but not to enlarge the natural figure, beyond its appropriate dimensions—the former astonished, and the latter delighted. So natural were his figures, and so unobtrusive, that spectators seeing nothing unusual, no constraint, no artifice, were prone to pass them by, as unworthy of regard, until recalled to admire. It is difficult to conceive of a prouder panegyric than this. The highest compliment ever paid to Garrick, was by Fielding's Partridge, who would allow him to be no actor, because he was *actually terrified* by the ghost of Hamlet.

No painter has received from his brethren of the pencil more decided panegyric. As a specimen, we will conclude the present essay, by two examples. Fuseli speaks thus: "The inspiration of Michel Angelo, was followed by the milder graces of Raphael Sanzio, the father of dramatic painting—the painter of humanity, less elevated, less vigorous, but more insinuating, more pressing on our hearts, the warm master of our sympathies. What effect of human connection, what feature of the mind, from the gentlest emotion to the most fervid burst of passion, has been left unobserved—has not received a characteristic stamp from that examiner of man? Angelo came to nature, nature came to Raphael. He transmitted her features like a lucid glass, unstained, unmodified. We stand with awe before Angelo, and tremble at the height to which he elevates us. We embrace Ra-

phael, and follow him wherever he leads us; energy, with propriety of character, poise his line, and determine its correctness. Perfect human beauty he has not represented; no face of Raphael's is perfectly beautiful; no figure of his in the abstract, possesses the proportion that could raise it to a standard of imitation: form, to him, was only a vehicle of character, or pathos, and to those he adapted it, in a mode, and with a truth, which leaves all attempt at emulation hopeless. His invention connects the uttermost stretch of possibility, with the most plausible degree of probability, in a manner that equally surprises our fancy, persuades our judgment, and affects our hearts. His composition always hastens to the most necessary point, as its centre, and from that disseminates, to that leads back as rays all secondary ones. Group, form, and contrast, are subordinate to the event, and common place ever excluded. His expression in strict unison with, and decided by character, whether calm, animated, agitated, convulsed, or absorbed, by the inspiring passion, unmixed and pure, never contradicts its cause, equally remote from tameness and grimace; the moment of his choice never suffers the action to stagnate, or expire; it is the moment of transition, big with the past, and pregnant with the future. If, separately taken, the line of Raphael has been excelled in correctness, elegance, and energy—his colour far surpassed in tone, and truth, and harmony—his masses in roundness, and his chiaroscuro in effect, considered as instruments of pathos, they have never been equalled; and, in composition, invention, expression, and the power of telling a story, he has never been approached."

Mr. Shee, whom both the Muse of poetry and painting claim as their legitimate son, thus speaks what we believe his *mother tongue*.

"Swift as a comet cleaves the ærial way,  
As bright his lustre, and as brief his day;  
Urbino rising to the raptur'd eye,  
Appear'd, and blaz'd, and vanish'd from the sky.  
Monarch of art! in whose august domains,  
Colleagu'd with genius, soundest judgment reigns;  
Simplicity prevails without pretence,  
And fancy sports within the bounds of sense.

By Nature's hand with lib'ral bounty grac'd,  
And proudly fashioned for the throne of Taste.  
Before his age, he sprung to painting's prime,  
And forc'd his tardy fruits from ripening time.  
'Twas his to choose the nobler end of art,  
And charm the eye subservient to the heart;  
To strike the cords of sentiment, to trace  
The form of dignity, the flow of grace,  
The passions Protean empire to control,  
And wield Expression's sceptre o'er the soul."

### THE DRAMA.

It is known to all our readers, that on the opening of Covent Garden Theatre in 1809, Mr. Kemble raised the price of admission to the boxes one shilling, and to the pit, six pence. This circumstance, joined to his having engaged Madame Catalani, and set apart certain private boxes, occasioned a strenuous opposition on the part of the audience, and for a long time the town was disturbed by these violent disputes between the new and old prices, the N. P's and the O. P's, which were as riotous as the contests of the green and blue factions of the circus at Constantinople.—As usual, however, much merriment was mingled with these quarrels; and we select the following humorous pieces from a multitude produced on the occasion.

### ANACREON IN BOW-STREET.\*

#### ODE I.

Θεῶν λεγὼν Ἀτρεΐδης.

As rapt I sweep my golden lyre,  
To Love I cry, "My notes inspire,  
My brain with fancies cram!"

\* I am a rival of "*Horace in London*," but upon such terms as can by no means give offence. I think, and I say of him, what my *Lord Chesterfield* perhaps thought, and certainly said, of *Pope*: "I will venture this piece of *classical blasphemy*, which is, that, however *he* may be supposed to be obliged to *Horace*, *Horace* is more obliged to him." I think, and I say the same of myself! and I have no doubt but Messrs. J. and H. will allow me to be a *tolerable judge*?



But *Theſpian wars* fill all my ſtrain,  
 TOM HARRIS, *junior*, hapleſs ſwain!  
 JOHN KEMBLE and DUTCH SAM.

Then if I to the ſtage belong,  
 O let me ſing the charms of ſong,  
 Of BILLINGTON and BRAHAM!  
 In vain!—again my wiſhes fail,  
 I ſing of nought but *heavy bail*,  
 Of TOWNSEND and of GRAHAM.

The ſoul of harmony is dead,  
 And vileſt diſcord reigns inſtead,  
 With rioting and battles—  
 To ſhrieking owls are turn'd my doves,  
 To O. P.† men the little Loves,  
 My lyre to horns and rattles!

KING JOHN IN A COCK'D HAT;

OR,

HEIGH-HO! SAYS KEMBLE!

JOHN Kemble he would an acting go,  
 Heigho! ſays Kemble:  
 He rais'd the price which he thought too low,  
 Whether the public would let him or no,  
 With his roly poly, gammon and ſpinage,  
 And ho! ſays manager Kemble.

The mob at the door made a mighty din,  
 Heigho! ſays Kemble:  
 They daſh'd like devils through thick and thin,  
 And over the benches came tumbling in,  
 With their roly, &c.  
 'Twill do, ſays manager Kemble.

Soon as they paſs'd Bill Shakspeare's hall,  
 Heigho! ſays Kemble:

† "OPES *strepitumque*." Hor. od. lib. iii. 29.

They thought the lobbies were much too small,  
So they gave a loud roar, and they gave a loud bawl,  
With roly, &c.

Hollo! says manager Kemble.

Pray, "What do you want?" (in a sort of a huff),

Heigh-ho! says Kemble!

Says Mr. Lees, "Nonsensical stuff,

Pho! none of your gammon, you know well enough,

With your roly poly, gammon and spinage,

You do great manager Kemble "

He held by the tip his opera hat,

Heigh-ho! says Kemble!

Indeed the concern is as poor as a rat;

Says Bull, "No, damme, we won't stand that,"

With roly, &c.

'Twon't do great manager Kemble.

He folded his arms in a sad nonplus,

Heigh-ho! says Kemble,

With queen Anne's prices he made a fuss,

Says Bull, "What the devil's queen Anne to us,"

With roly, &c.

'Twon't do great manager Kemble.

He swore to himself an oath by Styx,

Heigh-ho! says Kemble,

Kind ladies and gentlemen none of your tricks,

I love seven shillings much better than six,

With my roly, &c.

I do, says manager Kemble.

Then roar'd the gallery, gentle souls,

Heigh-ho! says Kemble,

No private boxes, no pigeon-holes,

We'll dowse your glims in a crack, by goles,

With roly, &c.

No, don't says manager Kemble.

I can't those private boxes rob,  
 Heigh-ho! says Kemble,  
 With lord O'Straddle I drink hob and nob,  
 And I'm hand and glove with my lord Thingumbob.  
 With his roly poly, gammon and spinage,  
 Good-night! says manager Kemble.  
*Chronicle, Nov. 7.*

### THE NEW CHEVY CHASE.

God prosper long our noble KING,  
 Our cash and comforts all,  
 In Covent-Garden, while I sing,  
 The row that did befall.

To chase the CAT with howl and horn,  
 JOHN BULL went to the play;  
 And though she laughed him to scorn,  
 I trow he won the day.

The KEMBLES, HARRIS, SON, and Co.  
 Did vow to God—God willing—  
 That for GRIMALKIN and their show  
 They'd touch—the *other shilling!*

For they a theatre had made,  
 This famous CAT to squall in;  
 With "*Annual Boxes*" for the trade  
 No doubt of caterwalling!

JOHN's native drama to undo,  
 With foreign *airs* and vices—  
 And so they e'en imposed *their new*,  
 And banished his "*old prices.*"

Their *bowmen* bold, from Bow-street brought,  
 All chosen men of might,—  
 Resolv'd to stuff down JOHNNY's throat,  
 Their prices—wrong or right.

But JOHN, whose skull with brains is cramm'd,  
 Their schemes did soon unriddle,  
 "And if I have, may I be damn'd,  
 (Quoth he) your *Cat* and *Fiddle*!

"What! think you me to tax and gull,  
 For building *this here house*!  
 Or thinks a *Cat* to catch JOHN BULL—  
 Just as she'd catch a mouse?

"Your modesty, upon my soul,  
 Much with the ton increases,  
 That fain would cram *each pigeon-hole*,  
 With *seven shilling pieces*!

"No, no—it will not do, *black JACK*,  
 It shall not do, by Jingo;  
 'Old *plays and prices*' we'll have back,  
 And no outlandish lingo!"

The orchestra struck up in vain,  
*Macbeth* and wife were hiss'd!  
 And "Birnham Wood to Dunsinane"  
 Unnotic'd past, I wist.

For "*banners on the outward wall*,"  
 The tyrant had no use—  
 Their scrolls within so thick did fall,  
 Though *ne'er a flag of truce*!

On Monday first the row began,  
 Or call it what you may,  
 'Tis certain they kept up the fun  
 Until the Saturday.

The actors ran through every scene,  
 As fast as they could go—  
 As it a pantomime had been,  
 Or eke, a puppet show.

To *catgut*, *cat-call* did reply,  
 With bell and bugle brazen!

And all *the gods*, that sat on high,  
Help'd out the diapason!

Yet bides JACK KEMBLE on the bent,  
A don of thorough blood;  
With *itches* though his head was rent,  
Firm as a mule he stood.

Show me, said he, "*What 'tis you want?*"  
"*What want ye here?*" he cried—  
"We neither want your CAT, or *cant*,"  
Our Englishmen replied!

"Our *notes* for her's you shan't command;  
And for her pipe, perdie,  
We trust we have within the land  
*Five hundred good as she!*"

With that there came a glorious roar,  
Of rattles and of row-sticks;  
As such there never did before,  
Confound the *Catacousticks!*

Then look'd our manager, I trow,  
Like one in doleful dumps;  
His pride was humbled to a bow,  
Almost upon his stumps!

As thus he said—"At length I yield,  
You've got what you have wish'd;  
You've won, JOHN BULL, you've won the field,  
And so—the *Cat is dish'd!*"

God save the king, and bless the land,  
Our liberties and laws,  
And thus may Britons ever stand,  
United in their cause!  
*Chronicle, Sept. 30.*

## PASQUINADE.

QUIZ.

The public, I think, will by JACK be outwitted.

QUOZ.

Then the reason is this, they're not fairly PITTED.

*Chronicle, Oct. 18.*

MUM.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## STRICTURES ON DUGALD STEWART.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

HAVING perused Mr. Dugald Stewart's Essays on *the Sublime* with much gratification and instruction, and yet without conviction, I was reminded of an occurrence in India.—Sir William Jones was reading an epic poem to a friend and me, when my friend exclaimed, "Sublime! Sir William, pray read that passage over again." On my return with him in the same carriage from our visit to the great Asiatic luminary, I told him that his *sublime* had quite dumb-founded me, whilst I was watching an opportunity to express my approbation. He replied, "I only spoke the truth, it was beyond my comprehension, and I therefore desired him to let me hear it once more."

With the same desire of completely understanding the principles and concatenation of reasoning in the abovementioned essays, I have reperused them, and now take up my pen to impart my sentiments on this delightful composition, where choicest pearls are strung together in charming succession, and tempt us rather to dwell upon objects presented, than upon the sensations and emotions excited by them.

When a person speaks of the *sublime*, can it be explained, but as a sensation and emotion of which we are conscious? The substantive sublimity, I comprehend as a quality, and a *sublime*, is an adjective. Mr. S. says that Longinus, who confined his attention to the *sublime in writing*, contented himself with remarking one of its characteristical effects, "that it fills the reader with a glorying and sense of inward greatness." The in-

introduction of this expression, *the sublime*, by the omission of the word *style*, has caused much confusion, and many have attempted to ascertain the nature of *the sublime*, without investigating whether it is not a phrase, from the commencement erroneous. Had any other term been used to convey *the sensations and emotions of astonishment*, &c. the changes would not have been rung upon *sublime*, *sublimity*, and the *sublime*. There is no common quality in the various objects and sounds characterized by this epithet *the sublime*. Height, depth, surface, sound, light, darkness, all create the sensation, and it may be accompanied with some portion of fear or pleasure. The elegant language, the appropriate quotations and seductive reasoning of Mr. S. fascinate the reader, and prohibit him from doubting, or at least from venturing to deny, the postulatam that there exists any thing which may be denominated *the sublime*. Mr. S. states that "lord Kaimes alone, has observed, that *generally speaking the figurative sense of a word, is derived from its proper sense, and this holds remarkably with respect to sublimity*; but of this observation, so just and so important in itself, he has made little or no use in the sequel, nor has he once touched on the most interesting and difficult point in the problem." After this Mr. S. proceeds to say, that "it is altogether foreign to the question, whether height or depth *in general* is capable of producing the strongest impression of sublimity." In this passage, *the emotion caused by sublimity, profundity*, &c., and *sublimity, the quality*, are made synonymous. Now *sublimity* means only altitude, and is not applicable to depth, although it must be acknowledged that looking into a gulf or down from an eminence may produce the *emotion*. To reconcile this *emotion* with *sublimity*, he proceeds to a very ingenious, refined illustration of the operation on our minds; by observing, that "the feelings at the same time, of which we are conscious in looking down from an eminence, are extremely curious, and are in some cases, modified by certain intellectual processes, which it is necessary to attend to, in order to understand completely the principles upon which depth has occasioned such a share, in adding to the power of *sublime emotions*."

"The first and the most important of these processes is, the strong tendency of the imagination, to represent to us by an

ideal change of place, the feelings of those who are below, or to recall to us our own feelings, previous to our ascent. This tendency of the imagination we are the more disposed to indulge, as it is from below that altitudes are most frequently viewed, and as we are conscious, when we look downwards, of the unusual circumstances in which we are placed, we compare the apparent depth with the apparent height, and are astonished to find how much we had underrated the latter." Surely the emotion, if I may judge by my own feelings, is occasioned instantaneously, when we come to the brink of a precipice, which often produces giddiness; but when we are a little familiarized to the view, and are at leisure to reason, we have lost the first emotion commonly called astonishment. Mr. S. then proceeds to describe the effects of religious ideas, and in sublime or soaring language elevates us to the "Most High," and afterwards observes, that "the region from which superstition draws all her omens and anticipations of futurity lies over our heads." [I do not like the word *lies*.] "It is there she observes the aspects of the planets, and the eclipses of the sun and moon, or watches the flight of birds, and the shifting lights about the pole. This too is the region of the most awful and alarming meteorological appearances, 'vapours and clouds and storms,' and (what is a circumstance of peculiar consequence in this argument,) of *thunder*, which has, in all countries, been regarded by the multitude, not only as the immediate effect of supernatural interposition, but an expression of displeasure from above. It is accordingly from this very phenomenon (as Mr. Burke has remarked,) that the word *astonishment*, which expresses the strongest emotion, produced by *the sublime*, is borrowed."

Here *the emotion* occasioned by *sublimity* is made a cause to produce the feeling of astonishment, and not the agent thunder. Rising winds, blackening skies, thunder rumbling, flashing fires, all combine to create the *emotion*.

Mr. Stewart proceeds, "If the former observations be just, instead of considering, with Mr. Burke, terror as the ruling principle of the *religious sublime*, it would be nearer the truth to say, that the terrible derives whatever character of sublimity belongs to it from religious associations "



That savages should be alarmed by a storm, was a natural consequence—fear mixed with astonishment—and they attributed by these *emotions* the threatening clouds to the Almighty's displeasure, the thunder to his voice, and the lightning to his vengeance. When terror predominates, the savage flies and secretes himself, and *the emotion* is lost in the natural desire of self preservation, which is an instinctive impulse.

Mr. Stewart exhibits much fancy and ingenuity, when he forms a connection between darkness and elevation, by the following argument.

“It may not be improper to add, with respect to the awful phenomenon of thunder, that the intimate combination between its impression on the ear, and those appearances in the heavens, which are regarded as its signs or forerunners, must not only cooperate with the circumstances mentioned by Mr. Burke, in imparting to darkness the character of the terrible, but must strengthen, by a process still more direct, the connection between the ideas of darkness and of mere elevation. The same direction is naturally given to the fancy, by the darkness which preceded hurricanes, and also, during an eclipse of the sun, by the ‘*disastrous twilight shed on half the nations;*’ even in common discourse we speak of the *fall* of night, and of the *fall* of evening.”

That sudden darkness, by conglomerated clouds, should produce *the emotion of sublimity* is a natural effect, but eclipses, which are foretold in newspapers, and for which we prepare our glasses, and from which we no longer apprehend disastrous consequences, do not, I conceive, now produce that *emotion*. Dryden's description of the Supreme Being's residence produces *the emotion* by an obscurity which prevents analysis, the *emotions* raised, making us, as it were, wonder lost.

“His throne is darkness in the abyss of light,

“A blaze of glory which forbids the sight.”

The *fall* of night, the *fall* of evening, convey to us sensations opposite to *emotions* of wonder,—*serenity* and *pleasure* unite,

“When evening draws her crimson curtains round.”

I cannot agree with Mr. S. "that in the descent of bodies their previous ascent is implied." When a huge rock, disparted from its mountain, tumbles into a lake or into the ocean, dashing its waves and foam afar, the immediate effect is *the emotion of sublimity*, without any consideration how the mountain was raised. It is entertaining to perceive how this great classical scholar, by a galaxy or stream of lustrous extracts, at length brings 'upwards and downwards, above and below,' to correspond with *sublimity*.

He concludes this part of his essay by observing that—"The expression of *fallen* angels, by recalling to us the eminence from which they fall, communicates in a single word, a character of *sublimity* to the bottomless abyss. 'How art thou fallen, oh Lucifer, son of the morning.' The Supreme Being is himself represented as filling *hell* with his presence, while the throne, where he manifests his glory, is on high."

Yet surely heaven conveys the idea of *sublimity*, and hell of profundity, though both occasion *the emotion*.

The last paragraph of this part is, "To these associations, darkness, power, terror, eternity, and various other adjuncts of *sublimity*, lend their aid in a manner too palpable to admit of any comment."

Here the word *sublimity* is introduced, to imply something different from altitude. Power, I own, causes terror, which is an effect, and thus causes and effects are jumbled together, and *sublimity* is made to assimilate with both. If Longinus had introduced any other word than "*the sublime*," this confusion would not have been occasioned.

The third chapter commences under the head of "Generalization of sublimity in consequence of associations resulting from the phenomena of gravitation, and from the other physical arrangements, with which our senses are conversant,"—in the following manner:

"When we confine our views to the earth's surface, a variety of additional causes conspire, with those already suggested, to strengthen the association between elevated position, and the ideas of power or of the terrible.—I shall only mention the security it affords against a hostile attack, and the advantage it yields in the use of missive weapons; two circumstances which

give an expressive propriety to the epithet *commanding*, as employed in the language of fortification." I cannot acknowledge that I ever felt the *emotion* of sublimity at viewing a fortification. Its various bastions, angles, &c. occasioned surprise, at the labour and art of man, and the more I considered its uses, the less I was impressed with the *emotions* of even wonder. The preceding paragraph is introduced to account for the emotion of sublimity created by torrents and cataracts as follows:

"In other cases, elevated objects excite *emotions* still more closely allied to admiration and to awe, in consequence of our experience of the effect of heavy bodies falling downwards from a great height. Masses of water in the form of a mountain torrent, or of a cataract, present to us one of the most impressive images of irresistible impetuosity which terrestrial phenomena afford, and accordingly have an effect, both on the eye and on the ear, of peculiar *sublimity*."

What is here meant by an effect of sublimity on the eye and ear, I cannot comprehend: if he means to say that such a cataract as the fall of Niagara conveys a shock to the sensorium, and stops thereby the former easy vibrations or movements of the brain, which presented pleasing images; or, in other words, that the great impression stopped the train of ideas, and caused the *emotion* of sublimity, I should acquiesce—but I cannot acquiesce that there is any *sublimity* or loftiness in a *fall* of water; for he himself has previously observed, that "in reflecting on the circumstances by which sublimity, in its primitive sense, is specifically distinguished, the first thing that strikes us is, that it carries the thoughts in a direction opposite to that in which the great and universal law of terrestrial gravitation operates. Hence it is, that while motion *downwards* conveys an idea only of passive obedience to the laws of nature, motion upwards always produces, more or less, a feeling of pleasing surprise, from the comparative rarity of the phenomenon; in the ascent of flame, of sparks of fire, of rockets, nay, even of a column of smoke, there is something amusing and fascinating to the eye."

This paragraph would apply better in the discussion of the beautiful. No doubt the objects mentioned convey a pleasing sensation, from the sensorium, received by it through the optic

nerve: but lord Kaimes has observed, that a fountain by the accompanying knowledge of the application of art and force, deducts somewhat from the agreeable effect.

Mr. Stewart proceeds, after alluding, 1st, to the upward growth of man, and 2d, of vegetables, and 3d, the erect form of man, surmounted with the seat of intelligence, and with the elevated "aspect of the human face divine," states that "all of these, presenting the most impressive images of an inspiring ambition, or of a tendency to rise higher, in opposition to the law of gravity, which, of all physical facts, is the most familiar to our senses."

Is it not a law of nature, that a tree should grow upwards, and root itself downwards? Neither the growth of vegetables or of man put me in mind of ambition; nor can I think with Mr. D. S. that they "conspire in imparting an allegorical or typical character to sublimity." A pole raised as high as St. Peter's would not give me the *emotion* of sublimity, I should call it a surprising sight—a novelty; but being without grandeur, I should not be conscious of a shock through the optic nerve to suspend thought.

I now come to what seems to be introduced as a strong corroborative argument, that descending bodies cause the *emotion* of sublimity because the idea of ascent accompanies the former. "It is to be remembered, besides, that in the descent of bodies from a great height, their previous ascent is implied, and accordingly, the active power by which their elevation is effected, is necessarily recalled to the imagination by the *momentum*, acquired during the period of their fall."

Gray, when he visited the Chartreuse and wrote his Alcaic Ode in the album of the Fathers, did not think of the *momentum*: of the falling rock,—whilst he wrote the following lines:

Oh tu severi religio loci  
 Quocunque gaudes nomine non leve  
 Nativa nam certe fluenta  
 Numen habet, veteresque sylvas  
 Præsentiores et conspicimus deum  
 Per invias rupes, fera per juga  
 Clivosque præruptos sonantes  
 Inter aquas nemorumque noctem, &c.

This murm'ring stream, shaded by sacred tree,  
 Of tow'ring wide-spread, vast antiquity:  
 These solemn mountains, and the distant sound,  
 Of rocks loud tumbling into depth profound;  
 Of yon still lake, which startles with affright,  
 Midst the thick forest dark as blackest night:  
 All, all the presence of a God declare,  
 More than the gorgeous temple's costly glare, &c.

The first impressions of the awful and majestic scene broke his contemplation of daily occurrences, and after the first effect had diminished, his thoughts naturally rose from the stupendous, solemn, silent scene to the Creator, the Omnipotent. He was not at leisure to remember the story of Sisiphus, or to allude to gravitation and the momentum of a descending rock.

Johnson, when speaking, in the life of Cowley, of the metaphysical poets, describes the "comprehension and expansion of thought, which at once fills the whole mind, and of which the first effect is sudden astonishment, and the second, rational admiration." "Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness. These metaphysical writers were always analytic: they broke every image into fragments, and could no more represent, by their slender conceits and laboured particularities, the prospects of nature, than he who dissects a sunbeam with a prism, can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon." Johnson pursues this sentiment in the life of Waller, when he says, "the ideas of christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the Sydercal hemisphere. Whatever is great, desirable or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted—Infinity cannot be amplified—Perfection cannot be improved."

But to proceed with extracts from Mr. Stewart, elucidatory of his sentiments of what he terms "*the sublime*:"

"Sublimity, in its primitive sense, carries the thoughts in a direction opposite to that which the great and universal law of gravitation operates. Motion downward conveys the idea only of passive obedience to the laws of nature.

“It is not to be imagined, because height is a source of sublime *emotion*, that depth must necessarily affect the mind with feelings of an opposite description, although in most cases motion downwards conveys the idea of a passive obedience to physical laws, it frequently implies active powers exactly the same with those which are displayed in the ascent of animated beings. Instances of this kind occur in the equable and regulated descent of a bird, &c. It is to be remembered, besides, that, in the descent of bodies from a great height, their previous ascent is implied, and accordingly the active power by which their elevation was effected, is necessarily recalled to the imagination by the *momentum* acquired during the period of their fall.”

In a cataract, the water's previous ascent cannot be implied, for a river never naturally ascends, and is produced only by descending rains.

“It is altogether foreign to the question, whether height or depth in *general*, is capable of producing the strongest impression of sublimity.”

When we mention the impression by sublimity, I conceive sublimity to mean, an elevated or grand object; but the *emotion* which Mr. Stewart denominates *the sublime*, may be produced equally by a mountain or an abyss,—by soaring or descending,—and is distinct from sublimity, which is applied to the quality of an object. It were to confound all meaning, if sublimity were applied equally to height and depth,—up and down.

Mr. Stewart seems to endeavour the accomplishment of this in the following passages, which close his first chapter:

“In consequence of the play of imagination, added to the influence of associations formerly remarked, it is easily conceivable in what manner height and depth, though precisely opposite to each other in their physical properties, should so easily accord together in the pictures which imagination forms, and should even in many cases be almost identified in the *emotions* which they produce.

“Nor will there appear any thing in this doctrine savoring of paradox, or of an undue spirit of theory, in the judgment of those who recollect, that although the humour of Swift and of Arbuthnot has accustomed us to state that ΥΨΟΣ and ΒΑΘΟΣ as

standing in direct opposition to each other, yet, according to the phraseology of Longinus, the oldest writer on the subject now extant, the opposite to sublime is not the *profound*, but the *humble*, the *low* or the *puerile*. In one very remarkable passage which has puzzled several commentators not a little, *υψος* and *βαθος*, instead of being stated in contrast with each other, seem to be particularised as two things comprehended under some one common *genus*, corresponding to that expressed by the word *altitudo* in Latin. Smith, in his English version, omits the second of these words entirely, acknowledging that he could not make sense of the passage as it now stands, and intimating his own approbation of a conjectural emendation of Dr. Toustal's, who proposed (very absurdly in my opinion) to substitute *pathos* for *bathos*. Pearce, on the other hand, translates *υψος η βαθος*, *sublimitas sine altitudo*; *υψος* is sublimity, and *bathos* in general, and almost universally, is applied as we use the adjective profound. "It is possible, says Hooker, that by long circumduction "from any one truth, all truth may be inferred. So also, by ingenuity, metaphorical meaning being substituted for the literal "meaning, the original import of words may be reversed—we "speak of a stream of light, and of water, and thus as both are "streams, we may by forced construction make them synonymous."

Were we to proceed in this manner, Dryden's line would be reconcilable:

"My wound's so great because it is so small,"

and we should lose the zest of the exclamation from the gallery;

"Then it were greater were there none at all."

How all difficulties are done away, how all definitions, etymologies and doubts are futilized, if we consider that Longinus wrote on *the sublime style*, and that subsequent writers, by substantiating *the sublime*, and having always the idea of sublimity in their minds, blended qualities and emotions together. So familiarized is the world to the use of the term, that it is now very usual to say, I felt the *sublime*, which is in other words "I was conscious of a sudden overpowering emotion of a peculiar kind, produced by a lofty, or vast or extensive, or ascending or descending ob-

ject, or by sudden light or darkness, these creating a vibration of the organs of sense, were conveyed to the brain, and from the sensorium to my whole frame.

The learned Dr. Crichton in his concise system of physiology and pathology observes, that "in our ideas of external and internal impressions, the brain may be considered as the center of a great circle, and the remote extremities of the nerves as its circumference. Every impression which proceeds from the circumference to the center, is to be considered as external, and every one on the contrary, that proceeds from the center to the circumference is internal."

Magnitude, height, profundity, extent, a volcano, a cataract, the ocean, a mountain, a plane, an abyss, a pyramid, in short, whatever has a strong immediate impression and causes a sensation which swells the breast and stops thought, causes the emotion, or what Longinus's disciples term "the sublime"—he wanted a word to express a more exalted idea of the emotion than astonishment, and therefore coined "the sublime:" and unfortunately all writers from his time, not being able to get rid of the original import of the substantive sublimity, and of the adjective sublime, have exhibited ingenuity and sacrificed perspicuity. I cannot say that there is sublimity or elevation in a sea; but I admit that it occasions the emotion of sublimity. The magnet has produced the discovery of the new world, it directs the monstrous powerful vessel bearing thunder across the tempestuous ocean, in the midst of darkness, trembling, as it were, with animation; it has caused wonderful revolutions, and yet it does not create the emotion of sublimity, because it is little.

When I first beheld the mausoleum of Sheershaw, I felt this emotion; and under the influence of the first impression scrawled the following:

"Within a stagnant pool superbly high,  
The solemn dome obtrudes into the sky;  
Upon the banks more humble tombs abound  
Of faithful nobles who their prince surround;  
The monarch still seems grandeur to dispense,  
And e'en in death maintains preeminence."

When I began to examine the architecture, the minarets, &c. although I calculated the vast expense, the length of time



and the resources of the sovereign, I had lost *the emotion* or the sensation which is called the sublime.

When Mr. Burke observed that "a vast object makes the whole capacity of the eye vibrate in all its parts, which approaches to the nature of what causes pain, and consequently must produce an idea of the sublime," this florid, captivating, energetic writer *burnt*, as the boys say, when a comrade is near a thing secreted. Had he pursued the vibration to the sensorium and considered the effect upon the whole frame, of which man is conscious, he would not confine himself to the mere pain of the vehicle—*etonnement*, *stupeo*, *astonishment* all impart an idea of the sensation and emotion occasioned by a novel object of magnitude. The term *astonishment*, having become familiar, loses its effect, the same as that of a sublime spectacle, and consequently "*the sublime*" has been substituted, and occasioned much confusion with sublimity, which is only applicable to altitude.

Mr. Dugald Stewart, attributes the effect of horizontal extent to the influence of association and reflection, and not to the first impression, in the following paragraph, which though a long one, I extract to evince his illustration. "It will readily occur "as an objection to some of the foregoing conclusions, that *horizontal extent* as well as great *altitude* is an element, of the sublime. Upon the slightest reflection, however, it must appear "obvious, that the extension of the meaning of sublimity arises "entirely from the natural association between elevated position "and a commanding prospect of the earth's surface." As the most *palpable measure* of elevation is the extent of view which it affords—so on the other hand, an enlarged horizon recalls impressions connected with great elevation. The plain of Yorkshire, and perhaps still in a greater degree, Salisbury plain produces an emotion approaching to sublimity on the mind of a Scotchman, the first time he sees it: an emotion I am persuaded very different from what would be experienced by a Fleming or a Dutchman, and *this* abstracting all together from the charm of novelty. The feelings connected with the wide expanse over which his eye was accustomed to wander, from the summits of his native mountains, and which in hilly countries, are to be en-

joyed exclusively, during the short intervals of a serene sky, from eminences, which in general are lost among the clouds—these feelings, are in some measure, awakened by the enlarged horizon, which now every where surrounds him; the principles of association in this, as in numberless other cases, transferring whatever emotion, is necessarily connected with a particular idea, to every thing else which is inseparably linked with it in the memory.”

Perhaps it were difficult to find a sentence more calculated to perplex the intellect than this—horizontal extent and altitude are here denominated *elements of the sublime* and immediately after we are told of the *emotions of sublimity*. The Scotchman would have the *emotion caused by sublimity* on the first view of the ocean or an extensive plain, not by thinking of his commanding height in Scotland, but by the novelty and expanse heretofore not seen. If a man had never read or heard of the sea or a plain, he would be still more *struck* at the first view. I have here introduced the word *struck* undesignedly, which has become familiar as it conveys an idea of the feeling which a sublime or grand or extensive object occasions, by the shock to the sensorium.—The Dutchman would not be affected by seeing the ocean, because it was familiar to him, although it would remind him of storms, &c.

The pure and energetic style of Mr. Stewart “*deep yet clear, without o’erflowing full,*” his profound erudition, his luminous illustrations, his ingenious deductions, and his high reputation, almost deterred me from venturing to differ in opinion with him, and I am apprehensive of the charge of presumption in this attempt to exercise my own judgment and to prevent the delusion of others. The effulgence of the sun is gradually softened by successive shades into a glimmering, until it fades at length into the darkness of night; and thus with much subtlety of reasoning, Mr. Stewart makes both light and darkness sublime, and by bewitching induction, we are persuaded to believe that *sublimity* which implies a quality, and *the sublime* which implies the consciousness of an emotion, are synonymous.

Though a skilful painter may produce a picture which represents a bust upwards and downwards, which ever way it is

viewed, yet even Mr. Stewart cannot shake my opinion that sublimity and profundity are contraries. The picture with two heads may give me, when they are viewed either way, the emotion of agreeable surprise, and so elevation and depth may both occasion astonishment.

Mr. Blair says, that "a stream that runs within its banks, is a beautiful object, but, when it rushes down with the impetuosity and noise of a torrent, it presently becomes a *sublime* one." It would be more appropriate to call it an astonishing one. Mr. Blair observes, that "the author of a philosophical inquiry into the origin of our '*ideas of the sublime and beautiful*' to whom we are indebted for several ingenious and original thoughts, upon this subject, proposes a formal theory upon this foundation, that terror is the source of the sublime, and that no objects have this character, but such as produce impressions of pain and danger. It is, indeed, true, that many terrible objects are highly sublime, and that grandeur does not refuse an alliance with the idea of danger. But though this is very properly illustrated by the author, (many of whose sentiments on that head I have adopted,) yet he seems to stretch his theory too far, when he represents the sublime as consisting wholly in modes of danger or of pain. For the proper sensation of sublimity, [what is here meant by a sensation of sublimity? a sensation is only caused by sublimity, the sensation ought to have another name, such as stupor, etonnement, &c.; but to proceed,] "appears to be very distinguishable from either of those, and on several occasions to be entirely separated from them. In many grand objects there is no coincidence with terror at all, as in the magnificent prospect of wide extended plains, and of the starry firmament, or in the moral dispositions and sentiments, which we view with high admiration, and in many painful and terrible objects also, it is clear, there is no sort of grandeur. The amputation of a limb, or the bite of a snake, are exceedingly terrible, but are destitute of all claims to sublimity." Here, again, sublimity is used as effect—fear is a sensation, terrible objects are what cause terror—a sensation—to say, that sublimity causes sublimity, is unintelligible—he proceeds, "I am inclined to think, that mighty force or power, whether accompanied with terror, or not, whe-

ther employed in protecting or in alarming us, has a better title, than any thing that has yet been mentioned, to be the fundamental quality of the sublime; as, after the review which we have taken, there does not occur to us any sublime object, into the idea of which, power, strength, and force, either enter not directly, or are not at least intimately associated with the idea by leading our thoughts to some astonishing power, as concerned in the production of the object."

Sûrely if we transfer our thoughts from the object to the Creator, we must have lost for a time the impression of the object. I comprehend the meaning of a sublime object or style; but *the sublime* is never used distinctly—astonishment is always created by magnitude—I may say with Mr. Blair, that "many critical terms have unfortunately been employed in a sense too loose and vague; none more so than that of *the sublime*."

I never felt, as well as I remember, *the emotion* caused by *sublimity* at viewing a picture; even the wonderful falls of Niagara cannot excite emotions which at once astonish, when represented on a surface only a few inches square. *Emotion* is produced by dimensions. There must be magnitude—a model, a painting in miniature conveys only the pleasing *emotion* which beauty excites—I do not feel *the emotion* on reading the passage quoted from Grey in the journal of one of his tours—"On the cliffs above hung a few goats, one of them danced and scratched an ear with its hind foot, in a place where I would not have stood stock-still for all beneath the moon." Terror operated on this occasion, almost exclusively, as the idea of falling from such an eminence naturally occurred—this feeling our all-good and all-wise Creator implanted in us for self preservation—the feeling of admiration prompts us to dwell delighted upon his minute beauties, and that of astonishment leads us from his wonderful works to the great first cause—a cathedral, a pyramid, or any great production of man, may at first produce *the emotion* by magnitude, but it vanishes, when we analyze and pursue the descending scale, to the pigmy span; whilst on the contrary, after the first impression and emotion, stronger new impressions and emotions are produced, by pursuing the ascending scale of contemplation, and we become wonder lost, in immensity, infinity and Omnipotence. *Sublimity* is in nature,

the *effect* in us. After the first emotions at viewing a cataract, when the spectator has obtained sufficient calmness to investigate his feelings, and to distinguish rocks, water and motion, he may express himself in description as I have attempted to do, after the first shock is over.

The most sublime expressions are too faint  
 This wondrous vast of nature to reveal,  
 And colours quite inadequate to paint,  
 Astonish'd, awe struck, I admire and feel.  
 What strange emotions agitate my soul,  
 Whilst from this rugged rock which lowers round,  
 I view the mighty waters ceaseless roll,  
 From precipice immense, to depth profound.  
 My ear is stunn'd with their tremendous roar,  
 The rocks all shake, with their concussions strong;  
 Whirling and foaming, furiously they pour,  
 Till by degrees they smoothly glide along.

Lord Kaimes has sagaciously and agreeably remarked, that "designing wisdom is no where more legible than in this part of the human frame; if new objects did not affect us in a very peculiar manner, their impressions would be so slight as scarce to be of any use in life; on the other hand, did objects continue to affect us as deeply as at first, the mind would be totally engrossed with them, and have no room left either for action or reflection."

If a man upon an eminence could behold at once the sea, a mountain, and an extensive plain, I conceive that he would not feel *the emotion*, for the different vibrations or shocks created by different objects, would I think produce admiration, but *the emotions* which is the effect of unity, would not be felt.

As the world has been much gratified, and benefited by the researches and discoveries of eminent chemists, who employed various materials and combinations to produce the philosopher's stone, so are we indebted to a Burke's disquisitions, who conceived the very essence of *the sublime*, to be in *the terrible*; to a Blair, who resolved the problem as he fancied, in *the idea of mighty power*; to a Stewart, who imagines it to be created by *the various natural associations, founded on the physical and moral*

*concomitants of great altitude.*" The latter, indeed, has so soared to exhibit new constellations, and so penetrated to produce hidden treasures, and exhibited such astonishing copiousness and acuteness, that we may peruse and reperuse his adorned enlivening and instructive essays, though we feel not conviction; and prefer them to any simple solution and plain matter of fact: indeed, I am induced to say with Cowley,

" And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,  
To change thee as thou'rt there, for very thee.

I have been emboldened to this investigation by the search of truth. Non Rhætor, non Grammaticus, non magnæ scientiæ doctor, veritas sola hæc aperit fides, hæc hominum dux est atque magister.

If I have fortunately impressed the reader with a conviction that *the sublime* is improperly introduced to express only astonishment, I am like the boy, who, by a chance arrow, hit the mark which experienced archers had missed.

ASIATICUS.

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#### SCIENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

You will oblige me by laying the following question before your subscribers.

#### PROBLEM.

A body being left to descend by means of its own gravity, from a given point on the surface of the upper hemisphere of a given globe; it is required to determine the point, at which it will cease to touch the globe; and also that, at which it will meet the horizontal plane, on which the globe rests; without regard to friction or resistance?

NOTE.—This question may be varied by finding the diameter of the globe when you have given, only the distance of the point of contact between the globe and the plane, from the spot, where a body left to descend from a point infinitely near the apex, will strike the plane.

Z. Z.

## VARIETY.

"All pleasure consists in *Variety*." DR. JOHNSON.

EARL Mansfield was lord chief justice of the court of king's bench during the long period of thirty-two years. In early life he was eminently distinguished by his eloquence at the bar, as well as afterwards in both houses of parliament. When exalted to the bench, he rendered his name revered, not only by the ability and uprightness of his conduct, but by the extent of his knowledge, and the comprehensiveness of his views upon many new subjects of judicial decision. Scarcely any man of his time possessed, in an equal degree, that wonderful sagacity in detecting chicanery and artifice, in separating fallacy from truth, and sophistry from argument, which discovers, as if by intuition, the exact equity of the case. Nor was he less remarkable for his regularity, punctuality, and despatch of business, by which the suitors in his court were relieved from the tedious anxiety of suspense, so generally complained of in a court of justice. "I am informed," says sir James Burrows, who was clerk of the crown in the court of king's bench, and who, therefore, knew lord Mansfield well, "that at the sittings for London and Middlesex there are not less than eight hundred cases set down in a year, and all disposed of. Upon the last day of the last term, says sir James, if we exclude such motions of the term, as by desire of the parties went over of course, there was not a single matter of any kind that remained undetermined, excepting one case, professedly postponed on account of the situation of America; and the same may be said of the last day of any former term for some years backwards." The same writer also informs us of the following most remarkable circumstance, respecting lord Mansfield's decisions; that, excepting in two cases, there had not been a final difference of opinion in the court, in any case, or upon any point whatsoever, during the long period from November 1756 to May 1776, the time of sir James's publication; and it is not less remarkable, that, except in these two cases, no judgment given in that court during the same period, has been reversed either in the exchequer chamber, or in parliament.

**This great nobleman was the friend and favourite of all the wits and well principled characters of the age, and died at the advanced period of 88, regretted by all but the factious.**

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When Handel's Messiah was first performed, the audience were exceedingly affected by the music in general; but when the chorus struck up "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," they were so transported, that they all, together with the king, who happened to be present, started up, and remained standing till the chorus ended: and hence it became the fashion in England for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing. Some days after the first exhibition of the same divine oratorio, Mr. Handel came to pay his respects to lord Kinnoul, with whom he was particularly acquainted. His lordship, as was natural, paid him some compliments on the noble entertainment which he had lately given the town. My lord, said Handel, I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better. These two anecdotes I had from lord Kinnoul himself. You will agree with me, that the first does great honour to Handel, to music, and to the English nation. The second tends to confirm my theory and sir John Hawkins's testimony, that Handel, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, must have been a pious man.

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During my residence in the Hague, I was witness to a circumstance, which I could not otherwise have believed, respecting the price of flowers in Holland. I saw four hundred and seventy-five guineas offered and refused for a hyacinth. It was, to be sure, the most charming flower that ever was seen: it belonged to a florist at Haarlem, and another florist offered this price for it. The reason which the owner assigned for refusing the offer was, that his hyacinth was known to all the amateurs of Europe, and that he sold the bulbs every year for more than the interest of five hundred guineas. These bulbs produced the same sort of flower in all its beauty.

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The abuse of authority by those whom madame du Barry favoured, the dismissal of the duke de Choiseuil, and of the par-



liament, and the bad administration of the finances—all these things gradually detached the French from their natural affection for their king. The abbé Terray, comptroller general of the finances, was a man destitute of principle and of feeling. Obligated to provide, not only for the excessive expenses of the king, but those of his favourite, and of her brothers-in-law, the count du Barry, he employed all sorts of means, even the most unlawful, for raising money. Some deputies from a certain body one day representing to him the injustice he had done them, said, sir, this is just the same as taking money out of our pockets. Well, replied he sharply, where would you have me take it from? In short, a general discontent prevailed, when the king died of the small-pox. He was so far from being regretted, that as the hearse which conveyed his body to the place of interment, passed by a great crowd of people, they saluted him with his favourite hunting cry, *tayau! tayau!*, and, when it reached St. Denis, they shouted his cry upon the death of a stag, *alalli! alalli!*

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I knew Beaumarchais extremely well. He was the son of a watchmaker at Paris; but his wit, talents and figure gave him a very advantageous reception in society. He composed very pretty songs, set them to music himself, sung them and accompanied them on the harp, and seemed to excel in each of these talents. With these he combined a great deal of gayety, presence of mind, vivacity and assurance. The prince de Conti, who was amused by him, afforded him his protection in an affair he had in the parliament, *Maupéou*, as the parliament was called, which was formed by the chancellor, when the former was dismissed. The memorials, which Beaumarchais wrote on that subject, exposed some of the members of that parliament to ridicule; and contributed not a little to degrade them in the opinion of the nation at large, and to bring about the recall of the other. These memorials sparkle with wit and gayety, and contain some passages remarkable for their eloquence. Beaumarchais had the good sense not to blush at his birth, and was the first to mention the excellent watches which his father had made. Once, when he was closeted more than an hour with one of the ministers, while some persons of distinction were

waiting, one of them, indignant that Beaumarchais was the cause of his being detained so long, resolved to mortify him. He stopped as he was going out, and said aloud, M. de Beaumarchais, have the goodness to tell me what is the matter with my watch; it very often stops, and I am sure you will find the cause of it. Certainly, sir, answered Beaumarchais, for I served my apprenticeship under my father. As he said this, he took the watch, and pretending to be awkward in handling it, let it fall upon the floor; and went away making a thousand apologies for his inadvertence to the nobleman, who thus raised a laugh against himself.

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Saint Foix tells a story of a young woman who, on a promise of marriage, suffered herself to be seduced by her affection and the tears and entreaties of her lover. He immediately after became rich, and broke his promise. Her relations, in spite of her opposition, sued the seducer, and he was condemned either to marry her, or pay her one hundred thousand francs. When they came to announce to the high-spirited girl the result, "I refuse both," said she; "I will neither sell my virtue, nor be the wife of a scoundrel." She took the veil.

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Amid the universal reign of egotism in France, men of real talents and profound knowledge may still be known by their comparative modesty, while the quacks and mere pretenders to literature, who use it like any other trade in order to procure money, and what they oddly enough call *glory*, exceed in extravagant vanity every thing that ridicule can portray. They look upon the French as superior beings to the rest of mankind; and themselves as superior beings to the rest of their countrymen. Far from being humiliated by their knowledge, which should in the first place teach them the weakness of their own understandings, and the infinite orders of minds, the least of whom may be infinitely their superior, they are so swelled with their little knowledge as to place themselves in a rank with Socrates, Plato, and the greatest names of antiquity. One of these contemptible quacks, to the disgrace of that society, became, by some low intrigues, a member of the National Institute, published "A Mc-

moir in defence of God!" and speaks of the great author of Nature in terms of friendship and ludicrous familiarity. When such heads still exist we the less wonder at some events of the revolution. The same man had his own bust, in plaster of Paris, a very proper material, as it resembles the original, on his own chimney piece, as no one else cared for it, with the modest inscription

Dieu, l'homme, la Nature il a tout expliqué.

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M. de Châteauneuf shewed a very forward mind. When he was only nine years old, a bishop, thinking to puzzle him, said to him, Tell me where God is, my child, and I will give you an orange. "My lord, replied the child, tell me where he is not, and I will give you two."

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Sir William Jones, says in one of his elegant dissertations, "Ignorance is to the mind what extreme darkness is to the nerves; both cause an uneasy sensation, and we naturally love knowledge as we love light."

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It appears to me that there are no words in the English language derived from the Latin; but that the Latin is always called in as an auxiliary.

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It was the maxim of Socrates that, the proper study of mankind is man. To this purpose that great moralist in Plato's Phædrus, after having declared his indifference for all fables and mythological fictions, says not without archness; "I fix my attention to myself, and consider not the Gorgon or the Centaur, but what kind of monster I am: whether more double and slippery than Proteus, and more fiery than Typhon: or perhaps a tamer and milder animal, designed by nature for a divine lot, and peaceful destiny."

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A venerable English Reviewer (Joseph Robertson,) died the beginning of 1802 in his 76th year. It appears that he was concerned in writing the Critical Review for twenty one years, from August 1764 to 1785 inclusive. During this period, he was the

author of above 2620 articles on theological, classical, poetical, and miscellaneous publications. In 1788 he surprised the learned world with a pamphlet, which called in question the famous inscription on the Arundelian Marbles. It is remarkable that this writer, so well versed in classical literature, made a voluntary sacrifice of his time by translating *Telemaque*.

The follies of the *first of April* are little known or practised in Paris. They say *donner un poisson d'avril à quelqu'un*, to give an April fish to a parson. Some etymologists think that the word *poisson* was in the profanity of the middle ages, corrupted from the *passion* of Christ, on the third of April, who was sent as in derision from one tribunal to another; but this seems very far-fetched and improbable. As the month of April was sacred to Venus, it is more probably a pagan relict of some spoils, in honour of that capricious goddess; and the fish may allude to the dolphin which attends her, the symbol of her birth from the sea; as our maypoles seem to be relics of the wanton worship of Flora. Those conversant in the history of manners and customs, well know that some popular usages can scarcely be eradicated either by time or authority.

The etymology of the word *Calembourg*, used in France for a kind of *pun*, in which the sound of one or more words is prescribed, but not the spelling, has not been ascertained. An ingenious friend informs me that it was occasioned by the curate of a place, called *Calembourg* in Flanders, having published a collection of *bad jests*.

It was supposed that a binding of Russian leather secured books against insects; but the contrary was recently demonstrated at Paris by two volumes pierced in every direction. The first bookbinder in Paris told me he knew of no remedy, except to keep the blank leaves in muriatic acid.

The reading rooms at Paris are useful and amusing Institutions. The best is that of Girardin in the Palais Royal, now kept by M. Saint Jome. All the French Journals with many

German and Italian, may here be read for six sous or three pence. The subscription for a month is six francs, and for six months thirty-two francs. A long research made in the Journals, for any particular article, costs two francs. There is also, a considerable library; and books are sold for the benefit of the authors.

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Among the recent inventions of the French are a transparent paper for copying maps, &c. made of some particular plant, without the use of oil, and what is called *Papier Lucidonique*, which, according to the inventor, possessed many singular qualities, besides its transparency, and is impermeable by water.

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In France, a preacher must previously have attracted great applause before he can venture to publish a sermon; and sermons always have been and are extremely rare productions in that country. A common preacher, printing a common sermon, would not only be an object of ridicule, but would be admonished by the bishop for his worldly vanity, and want of christian humility.

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A certain lawyer in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, was noted for delivering his arguments with the same warmth and splendor of language on all occasions, without any regard to the nature of the case. The most trifling or the most interesting question received precisely the same dividend of his eloquence. It happened, that while he had amused the court and the jury for the space of two hours, on a question too trifling to engross their attention for as many minutes, he was answered by a cold blooded humourist, who thus began his reply: May it please the honourable court, and you gentlemen of the jury,

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,  
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,  
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold—

Silence! silence! exclaimed the judge, why is the time of the court and the jury occupied by such nonsense as this? The orator continued: May it please the court; your honour has refused to hear me speak four lines of poetry only, while brother B.

has exhausted the time of the court and jury, for two hours, in speaking nothing else.

A German apologue has been very current at Paris, and applied to several of the new promotions, in which pitiful cringers had been preferred to men of talents. An eagle returning to his nest, finds a snail on the top of the tree. You pitiful reptile how came you to mount so high. Why, my dear brother, by creeping and cringing. The chief places in a state are in fact always filled by two distinct classes, the eagles and the reptiles.

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SELECTED POETRY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THERE is in the Greek Anthology a little effusion ascribed to Sappho, which bears strong internal evidence of coming from the melting Muse, or rather the despairing bosom, of that impassioned writer. I would cite it as an instance of the peculiar felicity of "the language of harmony" to speak volumes in a few of the ΕΠΕΑ ΠΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ. It is so scrupulously chaste in its complexion, that one is ready to call out, in the animated but lamenting exclamation of the satirist, *Si sic omnia dixisset.*

Δεδυκε μιν α σελανα,  
Καὶ Πληιαδεις, μεσαι δε  
Νύκτες, παρὰ δ' ἐρχεῖθ' ὥρα·  
Εγὰρ δε μονα ηαθειύδα.

ATTICUS.

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FROM THE ITALIAN.

STILL let them deem, who will, that Time's cold hand  
Must break those ties which round the youthful breast  
Fond Love had twin'd in many a tender band,  
When Life first dawn'd in Hope's bright colours drest

For me, I care not whether Age severe  
Bid o'er my brows the silvery tresses flow;  
Still with Love's thrilling notes my lyre shall glow,  
Still hymn the lays to love and Laura dear.—  
So may each minute of life's evening hour  
Glide on with silent foot: and when no more  
My soul can taste the joys it knew before—  
When all the vision'd day-dreams of delight,  
Which Fancy erst had wove, have wing'd their flight,  
I'll bow my willing head to Fate's almighty power.

—

## FROM THE SPANISH.

Still through the day's slow lingering hours  
With unavailing anguish flow  
These burning sighs, these endless showers,  
That speak my tortur'd bosom's wo.

And when the pearly car of Eve  
In silver radiance rides on high,  
Still does my breast with sorrow heave,  
Still starts the tear-drop in mine eye.

Or should I lay me down at night,  
To woo the balmy power of sleep;  
Thy vision swims before my sight,  
And e'en in dreams for thee I weep.

And when the golden morn appears,  
And blushes in th' ethereal plain,  
It finds my eyes still bath'd in tears,  
Still weeping for thy cold disdain.

—

## FROM THE SICILIAN.

Ye shadowy forms!—Night's offspring!—ye that wreath  
Your darkening horrors round these forests deep,  
And in these caves your silent dwelling keep;  
O that I here amid your glooms, might breathe

Th' expiring sigh!—and when the guilty maid  
Shall wander where my lowly tomb is laid,  
O say that here “ life’s fitful fever o’er,”  
He, whom her scorn hath kill’d, now finds repose,—  
Haply across her cheek some tear may steal;  
Yet deem not that the tear from Pity flows;  
For Pity sure that breast can never feel:  
Her eyes will weep, because there lives no more  
One who for her with hopeless flames will burn,  
And mourn with fruitless sighs, and love without return.

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Clarinda, with a haughty grace,  
In scornful humour sets her face,  
And looks as she were born alone,  
To give, in love, and take from none.

Though I adore, to that degree,  
Clarinda, I would die for thee,  
If you’re too proud to ease my pain,  
I am too proud for your disdain.

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I know her false, I know her base,  
I know that gold alone can move her;  
I know she jilts me to my face,  
And yet, ye gods! I know I love her.

I see, too plain, and yet am blind,  
Would think her true, while she, forsooth,  
To me, and to my rival, kind,  
Courts him, courts me, and jilts us both.



## ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## A RHAPSODY.

O THOU, whom we have known so long, so well,  
 Thou who didst hymn the Maid of Arc, and fram'd  
 Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song;  
 And in thy later Tale of Times of Old,  
 Remindest us of our own patriarch fathers,  
 The Madocs of their age, who planted here  
 The cross of Christ—and liberty—and peace!  
 Minstrel of other climes, of higher hopes,  
 And holier inspirations, who hast ne'er  
 From her high birth debas'd the goddess Muse,  
 To grovel in the dirt of earthly things;  
 But learn'd to mingle with her human tones  
 Some breathings of the harmonics of heaven!  
 Joyful to meet thee yet again, we hail  
 Thy last, thy loftiest lay;—nor chief we thank thee  
 For ev'ry form of Beauty, ev'ry light  
 Bestow'd by Brilliancy, and ev'ry grace  
 That Fancy could invent and Taste dispose.  
 Or that creating, consummating power,  
 Pervading fervour, and mysterious finish,  
 That something occult—indefinable—  
 By mortals Genius nam'd; the parent Sun  
 Whence all those rays proceed; the constant Fount  
 To feed those streams of mind; th' informing Soul  
 Whose influence all are conscious of, but none  
 Could e'er describe; whose fine and subtle nature  
 Seems like th' ærial forms, which legends say  
 Greeted the gifted eye of saint or seer,  
 Yet ever mock'd the fond inquirer's aim  
 To scan their essence!

Such alone we greet not.

Since Genius oft, (so oft, the tale is trite,)  
 Employs its golden art to varnish Vice,  
 And bleach Depravity, till it shall wear

The whiteness of the robes of Innocence;  
And Fancy's self forsakes her truest trade,  
The lapidary, for the scavenger;  
And Taste, regardless of but half her province,  
Self-sentenced to a partial blindness, turns  
Her notice from the semblance of perfection,  
To fix its hoodwink'd gaze on faults alone—  
And like the owl, sees only in the night;  
Not like the eagle, soars to meet the day.

Oblivion to all such!—For thee, we joy  
Thou hast not misapply'd the gifts of God;  
Nor yielded up thy powers, illustrious captives,  
To grace the triumph of licentious Wit.  
Once more a female is thy chosen theme;  
And Kailyal lives a lesson to the sex,  
How more than woman's loveliness may blend  
With all of woman's worth; with chasten'd love,  
Magnanimous exertion, patient piety,  
And pure intelligence. Lo! from thy wand,  
E'en Faith and Hope and Charity receive  
Something more filial and more feminine!

Proud praise enough were this.—Yet is there more;  
That 'neath thy splendid Indian canopy,  
By fairy fingers wov'n, of gorgeous threads,  
And gold and precious stones, thou hast enwrap'd  
Stupendous themes that Truth divine reveal'd,  
And answering Reason own'd. Nought more sublime,  
Beauteous or useful, e'er was character'd  
On Hermes' mystic pillars—Egypt's boast,  
And more, Pythagoras' lesson, when the maze  
Of hieroglyphic meaning aw'd the world!

Could Music's potent charm, as some believ'd,  
Have warmth to animate the slum'bring dead,  
And "lap them in Elysium," second only  
To that which shall await in other worlds;  
How would the native sons of ancient India  
Unclose on thee that wond'ring, dubious eye:  
Where Admiration wars with Incredulity!

Sons of the Morning! First-born of Creation!  
 What would they think of thee—Thee, one of us!  
 Sprung from a later race, on whom the ends  
 Of this, our world, have come! That thou shouldst pen,  
 What Varanasi's\* venerable towers  
 In all their pride and plenitude of power,  
 Ere Conquest spread her bloody banner o'er them,  
 Or Ruin trod upon their hallow'd walls—  
 Could ne'er excel; tho' stor'd with ethic wisdom,  
 And epic minstrelsy, and sacred lore.  
 For there, Philosophy's Gantami† first  
 Taught man to measure mind; there Valmic hymn'd  
 The conq'ring arms of heaven-descended Rama;  
 And Calidasa and Vyasa there,  
 At diff'rent periods, but with powers the same,  
 The Sanscreeet song prolong'd;—of Nature's works,  
 Of human woes, and sacred Chrishna's ways.  
 That it should e'er be thine, of Europe born,  
 To sing of Asia! That Hindostan's palms  
 Should bloom on Albion's hills;—and Brama's Vedas‡  
 Meet unconverted eyes, yet unprofan'd!  
 And those same brows the classic Thames had bath'd  
 Be lav'd by holy Ganges! While the lotos,  
 Fig-tree and cusa of its healing banks,  
 Should, with their derva's vegetable rubies,  
 Be painted to the life!

Not truer touches,  
 On plane-tree arch above, or roseate carpet,  
 Spread out beneath—were ever yet employ'd  
 When their own vale of Cashmere was the subject,  
 Sketch'd by its own Abdallah!

He, too, of thine own land, who long since found  
 A refuge in his final sanctuary,  
 From regal bigotry; could thy voice reach him,  
 His awful shade might greet thee as a brother,

\* The college of Benares.

† Supposed the earliest founder of a philosophic school.

‡ Sacred books of the Hindoos.

In sentiment and song. That epic genius,  
From whom the sight of outward things was taken  
By Heav'n in mercy—that the orb of vision  
Might totally turn inward—there concentrated  
On objects, else perhaps, invisible;  
Requiring and exhausting all its rays.  
Who (like Tiresias, of prophetic fame,)  
Talk'd with futurity! That patriot poet,  
Poet of "Paradise," whose daring eye  
Explor'd "the living throne, the sapphire blaze,"  
"But blasted with excess of light," retir'd;  
And left to thee to compass other heavens  
And other scenes of being!—

Bard below'd

Of all who Virtue love—rever'd by all  
That Genius rev'rence—Southey! if thou art  
"Gentle as bard beseems," and if thy life  
Be lovely as thy lay; thou wilt not scorn  
This rustic wreath; albeit 'twas entwin'd  
Beyond the western waters—where I sit  
And bid the winds that wait upon their surges,  
Bear it across them to thine island—home.  
Thou wilt not scorn the simple leaves, tho' cull'd  
From that traduc'd, insulted spot of earth,  
Of which thy contumelious brethren oft  
Frame fables, full as monstrous in their kind  
As e'er Munchausen knew—with all his falsehood,  
Guiltless of all his wit! Not such art thou,  
Surely thou art not; if, as Rumour tells,  
Thyself in the high hour of hopeful youth  
Had cherish'd nightly visions of delight,  
And day-dreams of desire, that lur'd thee on  
To see these sister states, and painted to thee  
Our frowning mountains and our laughing vales;  
The countless beauties of our varied lakes;  
The dim recesses of our endless woods;  
Fit haunt for sylvan deities;—and whisper'd

How sweet it were in such deep solitude,  
Where human foot ne'er trod, to raise thy hut,  
To talk to Nature, but to think of man.  
Then thou, perchance, like Scotia's darling son,  
Hadst sung our Pennsylvanian villages;  
Our bold Oneidas, and our tender Gertrudes,  
And sung, like him, thy list'ners into tears.  
Such were thy early musings—other thoughts,  
And happier, doubtless, have concurr'd to fix thee  
On Britain's venerated shore; yet still  
Must that young thought be tenderly remember'd;  
E'en as romantic minds are sometimes said  
To cherish their first love—not that 'twas wisest,  
But that 'twas earliest.

If that morning dream

Still lingers to thy noon of life, remember,  
And for its own dear sake, when thou shalt hear  
(As oft, alas! thou wilt,) those gossip tales,  
By lazy Ignorance, or inventive Spleen,  
Related, of the vast, the varied country,  
We proudly call our own;—Oh! then refute them  
By the just consciousness, that still this land  
Has turn'd no adder's ear toward thy Muse  
That charms so wisely; that whene'er her tones,  
Mellow'd by distance, o'er the waters come,  
They meet a band of list'ners; those who hear  
With breath-suspending eagerness, and feel  
With fev'rish interest. Be this their praise  
And sure they'll need no other! Such there are,  
Who, from the centre of an honest heart,  
Bless thee for min'string to the purest pleasure  
That man, whilst breathing earthly atmosphere,  
In this minority of being, knows—  
That of contemplating IMMORTAL VERSE,  
In fit communion with ETERNAL TRUTH!

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS K——, WHO LEFT A FLOWER ON  
MY PILLOW.

How could you on my pillow lay  
The beauteous emblem of yourself;  
Sure you was prompted by the sway  
Of wanton sylph, or wicked elf.

Why did you choose with me to walk,  
To blend with looks and graces sweet,  
Expanded thoughts and witching talk,  
As if to make the spell complete.

Sleepless all night, I strove in vain,  
(Excuse me) not to think of you,  
But in my fever'd, wilder'd brain,  
You, only you, were still in view.

Again, again, with you I stray'd  
And hear'd your sentiments refin'd;  
In purest, softest terms convey'd,  
Effusions of a generous mind.

Again methought you beaming smil'd,  
Again your features won my heart,  
Again your voice my soul beguil'd,  
Again I sigh'd, compell'd to part.

I must not at my fate repine,  
I do not, cannot you upbraid;  
'Twas by the will of Power Divine,  
That Nature such perfection made.

At morn, I took the pretty flower,  
And gave it a forgiving kiss,  
And pray'd to the all Gracious Power,  
To grant you ev'ry earthly bliss.

The fading flower appear'd to say,  
 "Remind the nymph of fleeting time;  
 "Tell her, like me, she must decay,  
 "And whisper, love is in the prime."

[THE following poem, though obnoxious to criticism, and in some parts rather too close an imitation of the popular manner and phraseology of Mr. Scott, is very cheerfully inserted, because it describes American events and actions, and has the hardihood to mention the names of American officers. It exhibits too, we think, a fund of rich and poetic feeling, which we shall, on all occasions, endeavour to encourage and stimulate.]

### BATTLE OF TIPPACANOE.

AWAKE! awake! my gallant friends:  
 To arms! to arms! the foe is nigh;  
 The sentinel his warning sends;  
 And, hark! the treach'rous savage cry.  
     Awake! to arms! the word goes round;  
     The drum's deep roll, the fife's shrill sound,  
     The trumpet's blast, proclaim through night,  
     An Indian band, a bloody fight.  
 O haste thee Baen! alas! too late;  
 A red chief's arm now aims the blow;  
 (An early, but a glorious fate;)  
 The tomahawk has laid thee low.  
     Dread darkness reigns. On, Daviess, on!  
     Where's Boyd? And valiant Harrison,  
     Commander of the Christian force?  
     And Owen? He's a bleeding corse.  
 "Stand, comrades brave, stand to your post:  
 "Here Wells and Floyd, and Barton: all  
 "Must now be won, or must be lost:  
 "Ply briskly, bayonet, sword and ball."  
     Thus spoke the gen'ral; when a yell  
     Was heard, as though a hero fell.  
     And, hark! the Indian whoop again—  
     It is for daring Daviess slain!

O! fearful is the battle's rage;  
No lady's hand is in the fray;  
But brawny limbs the contest wage,  
And struggle for the victor's day.  
Lo! Spencer sinks, and Warwick's slain,  
And breathless bodies strew the plain:  
And yells, and groans, and clang, and roar,  
Echo along the Wabash shore.

But mark! where breaks upon the eye  
Aurora's beam. The coming day  
Shall foil a frantic prophecy,  
And Christian valour well display.  
Ne'er did Constantine's soldiers see,  
With more of joy for victory,  
A cross the arch of heaven adorn,  
Than these the blushing of the morn.

Bold Boyd led on his steady band,  
With bristling bayonets burnish'd bright:  
What could their dauntless charge withstand?  
What stay the warriors' matchless might?  
Rushing amain, they clear'd the field,  
The savage foe constrain'd to yield  
To Harrison, who, near and far,  
Gave form and spirit to the war.

Sound, sound the charge! spur—spur the steed,  
And swift the fugitives pursue—  
'Tis vain: rein in—your utmost speed,  
Could not o'ertake the recreant crew.  
In lowland marsh, in dell, or cave,  
Each Indian sought his life to save;  
Whence, peering forth, with fear and ire,  
He saw his prophet's town on fire.

Now, the great Eagle of the West,  
Triumphant wing was seen to wave:  
And now each soldier's manly breast  
Sigh'd o'er his fallen comrade's grave.



Some dropp'd a tear, and mus'd the while,  
Then join'd in measur'd march their file;  
And here and there cast wistful eye,  
That might surviving friend descry.

But let a foe again appear,  
Or east, or west, or south, or north;  
The soldier then shall dry his tear,  
And fearless, gayly sally forth.  
With lightning eye, and warlike front,  
He'll meet the battle's deadly brunt:  
Come Gaul or Briton; if array'd  
For fight—he'll feel a freeman's blade.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LAW JOURNAL,

BY J. E. HALL.

THREE years have elapsed since the editor ventured to submit to the public the plan of a periodical journal devoted to the science of law. During this term, it has been prosecuted with all the zeal and industry which the editor could bestow upon his task, and in the course of the three volumes that have been published, although many defects may have offended the eye of expectation, yet all admit that something, not entirely unworthy of attention, has been accomplished. It is in the nature of every performance to appear imperfect to some; and the editor of a periodical publication, though he insert nothing without careful inquiry and deliberate reflection, is rarely hailed, in his annual career, by the voice of approbation or supported by the assistance of the liberal and the learned. But of this work, it is acknowledged with mingled emotions of pride and gratitude, that the opinions which have been expressed, by the most competent judges of its merits, have conveyed all that could be wished and more than was expected in the most deceitful visions of literary

ambition. It is this circumstance which has prevented it from yielding to the uncommonly vexatious obstacles that have opposed its progress: and it is this, which encourages the Editor to make one more exertion before he abandons a design, the execution of which, it is universally agreed, would be useful to the profession.

Some alterations will be made in the plan of the Journal, of which it may be proper to apprize its readers and those who may be inclined to patronize it. All those acts of the Congress and of the General Assembly of Maryland which are of public concern, shall be inserted in the next number which may be issued subsequent to their dates; of those which are private in their nature, no more than the titles will be given. The laws of this state shall be printed so as to correspond with the recent edition by Mr. Maxey, and paged distinctly, so that they may be separated from the Journal. At proper intervals, distinct title-pages and indexes to these two collections, shall be published.

We shall endeavour to procure the laws of every state in the Union, from which such selections shall be made, from time to time, as may enable us, in a few years, to exhibit a complete institute of American jurisprudence. The science of legislation is not yet perfectly understood among us; it is still in a crude and imperfect state. But with such a collection before him as we hope to amass, the law-giver or the judge may accurately survey the progress of our experiments, and it will be in his power to imitate the promising, to adopt what is salutary and reject that which time has demonstrated to be pernicious.

Thus, by comparing the projects of the adventurous with the experience of the wise, the young legislator may early acquire knowledge and the old will find additional motives of adherence to a rule of action, which is not less imperative in legal than in political science. Thus might the respective laws of the states become, not only what Spencer says laws should be, like stone tables, plain, steadfast and immoveable,—but they might gradually be moulded so as to be the expository applications of consistent and immutable principles. Such a state of harmony and uniformity, pervading the various members of this vast political

body, more than all the cant of hollow patriotism, would brace its fibres and animate its vital functions.

It has been intimated in a cotemporary journal that our plan might be made still more comprehensive; and the reviewer recommends to our attention, "inquiries into the origin of the federal constitution and that of the several states, which would afford us some view of the progress we have made. Changes, more frequent than those of the moon, in the form and the substance of the several governments, were once considered the employment or the sport of visionary politicians, and too many of our politicians were of that class; now, the reverence which the sober and the speculative, equally profess, is almost as great as that which they ought to feel. The discussion of old constitutional questions should fill a part of the volume; and the tracts on the subject should either be resuscitated, or an abstract be supplied."

To this suggestion, we have not been inattentive, but have collected a variety of pamphlets, illustrative of our political and legal history, which must always be read with profound interest by the statesman and the lawyer. We had likewise collected some old Latin tracts respecting the civil law and the common law of England, of which we intended to insert copious accounts or faithful translations. In this manner also we proposed to introduce to the English reader a translation of the celebrated *Treatise of Hubner on the right of searching and seizing neutral vessels*, which we have long since completed: and the *Consolato del Mare* and the *Treatise of Emerigon on Insurance*, which are nearly prepared for the press.

We had further marked out some parts of the works of sir *Leoline Jenkins* relating to the laws of nations: a translation of *Fortesque de laudibus legum Angliæ* and some sections of *Dr. Duck de Usu et Authoritate Juris Civilis Romanorum*.

We mention these things, not for the purpose of exciting expectation; but simply to show that however the annals of our domestic jurisprudence should fail in the contribution of materials, we should be at no loss. The legal lore of former ages and foreign nations is an abundant treasury to which the scientific lawyer can always resort for those abstract principles of right which are applicable at all times and in all places.

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Each volume will contain at least six hundred pages, divided into semi-annual numbers, the price of each of which will be two dollars and fifty cents payable on delivery.

Persons who receive subscription papers are requested to transmit their orders to the publisher by the 1st of February next, at which time another volume shall be put to press, if it appear probable that the expense may be remunerated.

Subscribers who receive their numbers by the mail, will find them post-paid, if they transmit the price of each volume in advance.

*Baltimore, 10th October, 1811.*

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## MORTUARY.

(FROM A RICHMOND PAPER.)

AMID the general gloom which pervades our city, we should do injustice to our feelings, if we did not pay a separate tribute to the memory of Miss SARAH CHEVALLIE CONYERS. Seldom indeed has society been called on to deplore the loss of an individual of finer accomplishments or of more amiable virtues. With her we have been deprived of one of the fairest flowers of Virginia in the sprightly morning of its youth, whilst surrounded by every thing that could contribute to render life desirable. Among her numerous acquaintance, there is not a heart that does not bleed over the calamity, nor an eye that does not stream with tears in memory of her merit. It is the remembrance only of her virtues that can shed a ray of comfort to those friends; we have offered them the purest sympathies of the heart, but alas! sympathy can scarcely soften the anguish of him of whose declining years she was the youthful comforter, and for whom her bosom glowed with all the sacred sensations of *filial piety*, nor sooth the sorrows of him to whom she was bound by the ties of a still *softer sympathy*.\* How bright were their prospects of intellectual happiness! But oh! how changed—how fallen!

\* We take this occasion of correcting an unintentional mistake contained in our last number; where it is suggested, that the amiable subject of this article, was affianced to the generous young man who vainly attempted to save

Miss Conyers had just attained her 20th year, and was distinguished for personal as well as mental charms. To features that were handsome, she united a most *lovely* expression of countenance. It wore a lustre on it expressive of the generous divinity of the soul that sat enthroned within. Her opinions were perhaps too refined for the world we dwell in, yet her conversation was extremely captivating; for there was a feeling melody in her voice, and her sentiments combined refinement with the candid truth of rural innocence. Her manners were a little reserved, but they were sweet and fascinating, and possessed a kind of magnetical attraction, that won the affections of every condition of life from the lisping of infancy to the decrepitude of old age. Her appearance was full of the noble ingenuous ardour of youth. "There was grace in her step, heaven in her eye, in all her gestures dignity and love."

In early youth she was not attached to light amusements, but employed her time in attaining some pleasing accomplishment of the mind. She was very fond of polite literature, and was acquainted with the French, Spanish and Italian languages.—Music was also a favourite pursuit, and she played with exquisite taste upon the harp and forte piano. In drawing, too, she has left specimens of her skill that are admired and valued by her friends.

To these accomplishments, Miss Conyers united a temper as mild and gentle as the gale of spring. It was so placid and benign that it was said to be lovely even in its frown. Her bosom was always glowing with generosity, and she loved to praise the merits of others, whilst she concealed her own with the sweetest modesty. Her heart was the fountain of affection, and possessed all the finer feelings of the human soul, but her good sense acted as a salutary curb on her acute sensibility, and armed her with becoming fortitude. She possessed a *sweet-souled piety* and *genuine benevolence* that extended the hand of sympathy to the afflicted, and of charity to the distressed. No

her. We were betrayed into this error by general and uncontradicted report; and we hasten to make an explanation which is equally due to truth, to the memory of the deceased, and to the gallant officer whose devotion is thus heightened by its disinterestedness.

PORT FOLIO.

soul was ever more *grateful* to those who were kind to her, and none ever took a livelier interest in the happiness of her friends. Her disposition, which was naturally a little pensive, had been rendered still more serene and plaintive by delicate health. But the loveliest attribute of her character, was her fondness for *domestic life*, for she preferred the social circle of her family and friends, to all the pomp and vanity of the world.

Her attachments possessed a secret yet sublime enthusiasm, and her friendship every characteristic excellence that ever distinguished that most amiable of social virtues. "Some are warm, but volatile and inconstant, *her's* was warm too, but steady and unchangeable." Indeed there was something so striking and peculiar in her character, and the just admiration it excited was so general, that even the fondness of friendship can say but little to increase it. To lose such a being—at such a time—so unexpectedly—in the most interesting period of life, when the anxious sensibilities of her bosom were alive for a congenial spirit who is left to deplore her loss, must sharpen the poignancy of regret in every soul of feeling.—Had she descended less immaturely to the tomb—had her virtues and talents been permitted to shoot and expand themselves in administering the morality of the parental board, the keenness of the calamity might have been in some small degree alleviated by the reflection that the ordinary period of human life had passed away, and expectations realized which had been promised to the world by the dawn of youth.—But alas! even this feeble consolation has been denied, for it has pleased Divine Providence to call her, in the bloom of youth and adolescence, to a happier and a better world.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE interesting memoir of the Tyrolese shall be promptly inserted.

From the authoress of the Rhapsody, in our present number, we have been since favoured with an elegant poetical tribute to the unfortunate sufferers at Richmond, and should deem ourselves equally deficient in taste and gallantry, if we did not very cordially invite a continuation of her correspondence.

The Biographies of several eminent Americans are in preparation, and will soon enrich our journal.

We have on our files a variety of valuable contributions, too numerous to particularize, which shall be published as soon as the principle of retributive justice and the rigid laws of rotation will allow.

The English and other nations have, with a laudable pride, made their public journals the record of instances of individual valour, either in the land or naval service. History takes but a rapid and fugitive glance at such examples, nor can it be expected that, while occupied by the contemplation of great events, she can condescend to notice the actions of a few solitary individuals. To supply this defect, and to follow the precedent set by other nations, we propose to make this miscellany the occasional repository of similar anecdotes relative to our own countrymen. We therefore solicit contributions on this subject.—There are instances of American intrepidity, displayed in our revolutionary war, and during the contest with France, which might vie with the most distinguished actions commemorated by foreign nations; and we shall gratefully receive assistance in this attempt to rescue them from vague and uncertain tradition.











P. Sydenham Esq. pinx.

A COSACK OF THE DON  
*in his military dress.*

# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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VOL. VII.

APRIL, 1812.

No. 4.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LIFE OF A TYROLESE AT WASHINGTON.

ACCOUNT OF THE REMARKABLE TYROLESE, PATRONIZED BY  
THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

SULLY thought it worth while to delineate the character of Servin; Goldsmith employed himself in describing the qualities of Chrichton; and Johnson has drawn at full length the portrait of Savage. Other extraordinary persons demand from time to time the aid of biography. For a year and more, a remarkable man has lived at the seat of the national government. He has attracted so much attention as to have been the subject of a special act of congress. Few of the members knew much about him; and still less was known to the public. On the passage of the bill in his favour, one of the representatives of the people was from diffidence and the love of quiet, withheld from delivering the following history of the man.

GERVASIO PROBASIO SANTUARI was born at a village near Trent, in the Tyrol, on the twenty-first of October, 1772. He

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2 R

was educated in one of the schools of that country, in which part of the learner's time is devoted to literature, and part to the exercise of the agricultural and mechanic arts. He was then sent to college, for the purpose of being educated to the Romish church. But not liking his occupation or prospects, he quitted his theological studies, and entered very young into the married life. For a while he solicited employment as a surveyor of land. Shortly after, when Joseph the Second ordered an expedition against the Turks, he entered the army under Laudun, and marched on the expedition to Belgrade. He afterwards sustained his part of the siege of Mantua under Wurmser. After the capitulation of that city, he was under the command of Alvinzy, and deserted from the Austrian army to avoid the punishment of hanging for having been concerned in a duel. He joined the French at Milan, and passed by the name of Carlo Hossando. But growing weary of the suspicion which attached to him as a spy, he poisoned the guards by administering to them drink containing deadly doses of opium, and escaped to a village situated in the southern extremity of Switzerland. Here, to avoid detection, he assumed the name of Johan Eugene Leibensdorfer. From this place he sent word to his family of his situation, and received from them a remittance of money. With this he bought watches and jewellery, and travelled into France and Spain, selling his ware as he went.

In this capacity he visited Toulon, and was induced to embark in a vessel and sail for Egypt. After his arrival he wandered to Cairo, while Menou commanded the French forces, and he assisted in the agricultural and economical projects of the institute that was formed there. Some time after the arrival of the English army and of Abercrombie's death, he quitted the French and attached himself to the British. By the English officers he was encouraged to open a coffee-house, for their entertainment. In this occupation he collected money enough to buy a house, and to be concerned in a theatre, in which the military gentlemen of dramatic taste performed plays. Here he married a Coptic woman.

On the withdrawing of the English, he found it necessary to leave Alexandria too. He abandoned his wife, child and proper-

ty, and arrived, after an ordinary voyage at Messina, in Sicily. At that place, being out of employment, and destitute of resources, he entered himself a novice in a monastery of Capuchin friars; and after having practised their discipline and enjoyed their bounty, under the name of Padre Anselmo, until a convenient opportunity offered of running away, he went off in a vessel for Smyrna. He soon reached Constantinople, and there rambled about for three days without food or drink. At length meeting a capuchin, he begged of him a pack of cards and a pistol; and with the aid of these he exhibited tricks, and retrieved in some measure his desperate fortune.

About this time, Brune who had commanded the French army at Milan, when he made his escape, arrived at Constantinople as the French ambassador; and he, fearing that he might be discovered and arrested, enlisted in the Turkish service. Two expeditions were then on foot; one against Passwan Oglou in Bulgaria; and the other against Elfy Bey in Egypt. He joined the latter; and on the defeat of the Turkish detachment to which he belonged, saved his head by betaking himself to the desert, and courting protection from the Bedoween Arabs. After his unfortunate expedition, he returned to Constantinople, and solicited a passport from the Russian minister to get into Muscovy. This being refused him, he once more endeavoured to obtain military employment, by the Turks; but in this he was unsuccessful.

He now resolved to assume the character of a dervise. These are the functionaries of religion, and always combine, with their sacerdotal office, those of physician and conjurer. To be initiated into this order he made a formal renunciation of christianity, denounced its followers for the wrongs and injuries they had done him, professed the Mahometan faith in due form, and to show that he was in earnest, circumcised himself, in the presence of the faithful, by his own hand with a razor. This being accomplished, he joined, under the new name of Murat Aga, a caravan for Trebizond, on the southern shore of the Black sea. On the way he practised his profession by giving directions to the sick and selling, for considerable sums of money, small pieces of paper on which were written sentences from the Ko-

ran in Turkish, which he sanctified by applying them to his shaven and naked crown.

At Trebizond he was informed that the bashaw was dangerously sick and threatened with blindness. He was directed to prescribe for this grand patient; but this he refused to do, until he should be admitted to the sovereign presence. Thither he was conduoted through files of armed soldiers and ranks of kneeling officers. Having arrived in the sick chamber, the dervise displayed all the pomp and grandeur of his calling, by solemnly invoking God and the prophet. He next proceeded to inquire under what disease the bashaw laboured. Finding that he was afflicted with a fever accompanied with a violent inflammation of the eyes, and judging that he might recover both health and sight, he boldly declared it to be God's will that both these events should happen, after the next new moon, provided certain intermediate remedies should be used. Then searching the pouch containing his medicines and apparatus, he produced a white powder which he ordered to be blown into the bashaw's eyes, and a wash of milk and water to be frequently employed afterwards. Sweating was likewise recommended, by the assistance of warm drinks and blankets. He was well rewarded by money and presents; and the next day departed with the caravan towards Persia, intending to be nine or ten days' journey from Trebizond before the new moon should appear, that he might be quite out of reach, in case the event should be unfortunate.

This caravan being numerous, and heavily loaded, was overtaken some days afterward by a lighter, and armed caravan, who pursued them for the purpose of plunder. And the caravan to which he belonged finding it must either fight or purchase terms, it chose the latter. This affair being settled, he heard two men of the marauding caravan talking to each other, concerning the grand dervise who had cured the bashaw of Trebizond. He heard them say that recovery was confidently expected, inasmuch as the threatening symptoms had abated, and the prospect was every way more encouraging. The dervise then rejoiced at the beneficial operation of the *caustic lime* which he had ordered to be blown into the bashaw's eyes, to eat the films

away. On his return, the physician presented himself before the governor. He was received as a great and good man, and loaded again with donations.

At this place he remained until a caravan was prepared to undertake a journey to Mecca. To this body of pilgrims and traders, he attached himself as a dervise. They arrived in proper time in that region of Yemen. But the Wechabites had made great progress in their fanatical work. They had demolished in part the old religion of Mahomet, and set up their new revelation in its stead, burned the body of the prophet, destroyed the holy temple, and sequestered the revenue paid at the shrine of Mahomet. The caravan feared to encounter these zealous and daring innovators, and halted at a distance. But the dervise, availing himself partly of his priestly occupation, and partly of his personal adroitness, went over to their camp, and was well received.

Having tarried as long as he pleased in Mecca, he went to a port near Jedda, a city on the Red sea. Thence he crossed to the west side, and coasted along to Suez. There he made himself known to lord Gordon, a Scottish traveller, and entered into his employ, as an interpreter. With him he travelled to Cairo, and through the Lermar, to Nubia and Abyssinia. His last exercise previous to his separation from that munificent gentleman, was to decorate with flowers, fruits, leaves, branches and chandeliers, the hall in which his employer, on his return, gave a splendid treat to the foreign residents and consuls, then at Cairo.

From this place, he returned after an absence of six years, to Alexandria: and on inquiring for his wife, was told she was in concealment. A separation was readily agreed upon by mutual consent, and she immediately formed a connexion with a Copt, a man of her own sect.

Being once more in Cairo, he wholly threw aside the character of a dervise, and assumed the occupation and uniform of an engineer. Here he was engaged in planning military works, and in superintending their execution. While he was thus employed, news was brought him that captain Eaton had arrived, and wished a confidential and intrepid agent, to convey a message to Hamet Caramelli, the ex-bashaw of Tripoli in Barbary. At an



interview which took place between them, the former first swore the latter to secrecy on the Koran, and then communicated his project.

Having agreed to the conditions, he took the earliest opportunity to desert the Turks, and to penetrate through the desert to the Mamaluke camp, where Caramelli was; in poverty and dependence, though respected. It is to be understood that Egypt is divided into English and French parties: the Turks being attached to the French, and the Mamalukes to the English. With a single attendant and two dromedaries, he proceeded with the swiftness of wind, feeding the animals with small balls composed of meal and eggs, and taking no other sleep than he could catch upon the back of the hard trotting beast. He reached the Mamaluke camp in safety. The sheik, in token of a welcome reception, gave him a few sequins, and refreshed him with coffee. In a short time he so arranged matters with the ex-bashaw, that one night Caramelli went forth as if on an ordinary expedition with about one hundred and fifty followers, and instead of returning to his Mamaluke encampment, sped his way over the trackless sands, and with that force reached the rendezvous of the enterprising American.

With all the forces they could jointly assemble, they traversed with extreme toil and suffering, the deserts of Barca, for the purpose of making a diversion in favour of the squadron of armed ships which the United States of America had ordered against the city of Tripoli. After surmounting incredible hardships, they arrived at Derne, and gained an advantage over the troops of the reigning bashaw in a skirmish. This action spread terror through all the Tripolitan dominions, and exceedingly alarmed the bashaw in his castle. Immediately after, a peace was concluded by consul Lear. In consequence of this, orders were forthwith sent to the American vessels on the coast and the cooperating land-forces under Eaton, to discontinue hostile operations. The Egyptian host was requested to embark in the American vessels. Part of them, thus stopped in mid-career, did so; and the rest remained on shore, subject, now they were inferior in martial strength, to the cruelty and caprice of the angry despot and his vassals.

Leitensdorfer was one of the persons who went on board, and witnessed the mortification of the ex-bashaw and the ravings of his lieutenant general, at this unexpected order, so subversive of their plans, and so ruinous of their hopes. He himself acted as a colonel. In this vessel he went, by way of Malta, to Syracuse. From which place he proceeded to Albania, taking the route of Corfu to Salona, with the design of inquiring by letter what was the situation of a son by his first marriage, whom he had left in Tyrol. Immediately on landing among the Turks, he was seized as an apostate Mahometan, and reduced to slavery. By degrees, however, he excited favourable sentiments, in consequence of having cured several sick sailors during the voyage. In addition to which he pleaded the necessity he felt, when in the American army of Africa, of conforming to the dress and manners of that strange and peculiar people of the west, under a belief that to be an American was not to be a christian. He was at length restored to the freedom of a faithful mussulman. He next visited Palermo, and there formed a temporary marriage with a female willing to engage in such a connexion.

About this time the new king of Naples threatened to conquer Sicily in spite of all the resistance that Ferdinand the Fourth, and the English could make. On this, Leitensdorfer became alarmed for his own safety, knowing that he had no mercy to expect from Frenchmen. He determined to embark as a passenger for the American states. But no master of a vessel could be found, who would receive him in that capacity. He then resolved to offer himself as a sailor; and was entered as such on board a vessel bound to Salem in Massachusetts. Here he learned to hand, reef and steer, and do the active business of a seaman. He arrived at Salem in December, 1809, and soon went on a visit to his old friend and fellow warrior at Brimfield. He was hospitably received, and left his late general, with honourable sentiments of his generosity and bravery. By him he was advised to visit Washington, and to present himself to the president and secretary of state. For this purpose, Eaton had furnished Leitensdorfer with recommendatory letters, stating the compensation due to him for his various services and losses. By these gentlemen, he was referred to the secretary at war; and was sent

from one to the other until his skill in surveying, drawing and engineering became known to the surveyor of the public buildings, and he thereby acquired some of the patronage of Mr. Latrobe.

Thus he lived along, occupying one of the vacant chambers in the northern pile of the capital, as a watch or an office-keeper, providing and cooking for himself, and employing his hands in almost every kind of occupation, from the making of shoes, to the insnaring of birds, and the delineation of maps.

This extraordinary man is about five feet ten inches in height; with dark eyes, black hair, and brown complexion. His looks are lively, his gestures various, and his limbs remarkably flexible and vigorous. His forehead is ample, his features expressive, and his figure rather spare and lean. With such natural marks and powers, he has been enabled to assume the respective characters of Jew, Christian and Mahometan; and of soldier, linguist, engineer, farmer, and tradesman, with uncommon ease. And in short, he has proved himself to be one of the most versatile of human beings; having acted during his multifarious life in about thirty different capacities. In the course of his adventures he has received several wounds. And his eccentric life has afforded incidents to gratify the inhabitants of Vienna by a theatrical representation of his character on the stage.

He can utter the Hebrew words of worship almost exactly like a rabbi in the synagogue. He can recite the Latin prayers and homilies of the christians after the manner and in the tone of the capuchins; and he pronounces the religious sentences of the mussulmen in Arabic, with the earnestness and emphasis of a mufti. All these he performed for me successively one morning with singular readiness and skill.

To complete his strange story, Mr. Bradley undertook to be his friend in the senate of the United States; and that body passed a bill, introduced by him, giving Leitensdorfer a half section of land (three hundred and twenty acres) and the pay of a captain from the 15th of December, 1804, to the 15th of December, 1805, being the time that he served as adjutant and inspector of the army of the United States, in Egypt, and on the coast of Africa.

The generosity of the house of representatives was manifested by the insertion of an amendment to give him a whole section of a mile square (six hundred and forty acres) of land, instead of three hundred and twenty. But the senate disagreed to it, and the house receded. So that his grant remained as originally introduced.

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REVIEW.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Memoirs of a Life*, chiefly passed in Pennsylvania, within the last sixty years, with occasional remarks upon the general occurrences, character and spirit of that eventful period. Harrisburg, 1811. p. 378

THIS work, though anonymous, is generally known to have been written by Alexander Graydon, Esq. of Harrisburg, and to be his own biography. From the reputation of the author, we expected to find a sensible, spirited book; and our expectations have not been disappointed. Indeed, we have seldom read a volume better written on this side of the Atlantic. We therefore seize, with pleasure, the opportunity of introducing it to our readers. Our author is aware of the necessity of making some apology for his undertaking; and after mentioning the reasons which induced De Retz, Marmontel, Franklin, and Cumberland, to write memoirs of their lives, he thus explains himself:

“Unfortunately for the person who here presumes to appear before the public, he is without any of these claims to attention. He has no pretensions to fame or distinction of any kind, neither as soldier, nor statesman, nor traveller, nor author. He is not wholly without hope, however, that his presumption may be palliated, and that in his object of giving a representation of the character, spirit, and more minute occurrences of his time, it will be perceived, that there is no form into which his work can be thrown with so much advantage, as into that of personal memoirs. By his own story, if he is not misled by self-love, a kind of menstruum is afforded for the incongruous mass of his materials, serving to harmonize, in some degree, the abrupt transitions and detached details which a delineation of the various incidents of many-coloured life requires. As to himself he is fully conscious that

“it matters not

To whom related, or by whom begot;

and therefore he would fain buttress his undertaking by the opinion of an eminent poet, as vouched by Mr. Walpole, viz. "That if any man were to form a book of what he had seen or heard himself, it must, in whatever hands, prove a most useful and entertaining one." A most seducing ignis fatuus truly considering the latitude with which it is laid down."

Notwithstanding the modesty of our author's pretensions, he by no means requires the aid of the remark last quoted, whether just or not: and his readers, we think, will find sufficient entertainment and instruction in his narrative to excuse some defect of form if there be any.

Our author was born at Bristol, in the year 1752. His school-boy anecdotes and the incidents of his youth are well told. Our limits, however, will not permit the insertion of any of them. Although they are, for the most part, deficient in the interest which is connected with celebrated names, yet they have, in general, the merit of being in a high degree characteristic of the manners of the times: they illustrate the state of society during the periods to which they refer, and mark the changes which have taken place in a new and rapidly improving country. This observation is applicable to the subsequent as well as to the earlier portion of the memoirs.

After finishing his education, our author commenced the study of the law, though conscious, as he declares, of his inaptitude for that profession, and indeed for any other pursuits of business. The revolution, however, interrupted his studies; and on the 6th of January, 1776, he received from congress the commission of captain. The recruiting business, which immediately followed, went on as our author declares very heavily; and great exertions were required to fill the ranks. We are sensible that the language of our author in this part of his book will by many be deemed incorrect and even heretical; but considering him as a respectable witness upon an important subject, we cannot forbear to quote his remarks. In his opinion it is an error

"To conceive the year 1776 to have been a season of almost universal patriotic enthusiasm. It was far from prevalent, in my opinion among the lower ranks of the people, at least in Pennsylvania. At all times indeed licentious levelling principles are much to the general taste, and were of course popular with us; but the true merits of the contest were little understood or regarded.

The opposition to the claims of Britain originated with the better sort: it was truly aristocratic in its commencement; and as the oppression to be apprehended had not been felt, no grounds existed for general enthusiasm. The cause of liberty, it is true, was fashionable, and there were great preparations to fight for it; but a zeal, proportioned to the magnitude of the question, was only to be looked for in the minds of those sagacious politicians, who inferred effects from causes, and who, as Mr. Burke expresses it, "snuffed the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze."

Certain it is, that the revolution was not produced by any actual feeling of oppression upon the great mass of the people. None was felt. It was a question of principle merely. The people of America, at that period, selected their wisest and best men to administer their affairs; and having done so, they reposed in the men of their choice an honourable and magnanimous confidence. By such men, the amount of the tax was not calculated. The *right* to impose it was the only consideration; and it was resisted with a sagacious foresight which has rendered this nation eternal honour.

In May, captain Graydon was designated by president Hancock, and appointed to carry a sum of money in specie to general Schuyler, at Lake George, for the purpose of promoting the operations in Canada; and soon after his return to Philadelphia, he marched to New York to join the main army under general Washington. Our hero was now not only a soldier but a lover; and his departure from Philadelphia was imbittered by the pangs of separation. He very justly claims some merit for his sacrifices on this occasion, and affirms that on the score of sufferings, none were greater than his.

The troops assembled at New York, according to our author, were, in general, a mixed multitude, extremely deficient in discipline, arms, and equipment. There were very few good officers, particularly among the troops from New England. The latter are described by him as far less respectable than any other portion of the army. And he is at a loss to account for the very low rank which the eastern men sustained at that time. Our readers will be amused with the ensuing description:

"Among the military phenomena of this campaign, the Connecticut light horse ought not to be forgotten: They consisted of a considerable number of

old-fashioned men, probably farmers and heads of families, as they were generally middle-aged, and many of them apparently beyond the meridian of life. They were truly irregulars; and whether their clothing, their equipments, or caparisons were regarded, it would have been difficult to have discovered any circumstance of uniformity, though in the features derived from local habitation, they were one and the same. Instead of carbines and sabres, they generally carried fowling pieces, some of them very long and such as in Pennsylvania are used for shooting ducks. Here and there, one "his youthful garments well saved" appeared in a dingy regimental of scarlet, with a triangular tarnished laced hat. In short, so little were they like modern soldiers in air or costume, that dropping the necessary number of years, they might have been supposed the identical men who had in part composed Pepperill's army at the taking of Louisburg. Their order of march corresponded with their other irregularities. It "spindled into longitude immense" presenting so extended and ill compacted a flank as though they had disdained the adventitious prowess derived from concentration. These singular dragoons were volunteers, who came to make a tender of their services to the commander in chief. But they staid not long at New York: as such a body of cavalry had not been counted upon, there was in all probability a want of forage for their *Jades*, which, in the spirit of ancient knighthood, they absolutely refused to descend from; and as the general had no use for cavaliers in his insular operations, they were forthwith dismissed with suitable acknowledgments for their truly chivalrous ardour.\* An unlucky trooper of this school had, by some means or other, found his way to Long-Island and was taken by the enemy in the battle of the 27th of August. The British officers made themselves very merry at his expense, and obliged him to amble about for their entertainment. On being asked what had been his duty in the rebel army, he answered, that it was *to flank a little and carry tidings*. Such at least was the story at New York among the prisoners."

In the latter end of June, the regiments of Shee and Magaw, to the former of which captain Graydon belonged, were marched towards Kingsbridge, encamped upon the ground on which Fort Washington was erected, and employed in the construction of that fortress, under the direction of colonel Putnam. They remained here until they were sent for by express, on the 27th of August, the day of the battle on Long-Island; but they did not reach New York until the conflict was over. Early the next day they were transported to Long-Island. Mr. Graydon approves the conduct of general Washington, both in hazarding

\* "It appears, from a letter of general Washington, that they refused fatigue duty, because it was beneath the dignity of troopers."

the battle upon Long-Island, and in the retreat from it; and although he thinks that general Howe might have carried the intrenchments at Brooklyn and cut off the troops posted there, yet that he had very strong reasons to justify the cautious conduct which he adopted.

The army now took a position upon the high grounds surrounding Fort Washington, comprehending the heights of Haerlem and the difficult pass towards Kingsbridge. Mr. Graydon exposes the danger attending the choice of this situation, and the impracticability of maintaining a war of ports or of disputing, inch by inch, our ground: an idea which he says seems about this time to have been taken up, and which originated, in part, from the evils of short enlistments and of the militia system. "For want, says he, of a permanent established force, which would have placed our cause above the reach of vulgar opinion, the public mind was perpetually to be consulted. The popularity of the measure declaratory of independence was suspended on our chance of success; and this would principally be estimated by the ground we maintained or lost. Hence, as every acre had its political value, the defensive warfare on the large scale could not safely be adopted; nor for that reason can the Fabian fame of "never having yielded the public safety to clamour," be fully ascribed to general Washington." It is painful indeed to read, in the letters of this great man at that period, the difficulties which he encountered for want of a permanent force, and the struggle which he was obliged to make against popular prejudices. The army was repeatedly upon the point of dissolving in its own weakness.—It is manifest, indeed, from the letters of general Washington, confirmed by the events of our revolutionary war and of every other war, that no dependence can be placed upon militia.

In a long and very interesting letter to congress, on the 24th September, 1776, he writes, "If I was called upon to declare upon oath, whether the militia have been most serviceable or hurtful upon the whole, I should subscribe to the latter." And he adds, "Experience which is the best criterion to work by, so fully, clearly and decisively reprobates the practice of trusting to militia, that no man who regards order, regularity and



economy, or who has any regard for his own honour, character, or peace of mind, will risk them upon militia."

We should be tempted, notwithstanding the narrowness of our limits, to enlarge upon this important topic, if we were not pretty well persuaded that our countrymen have grown wiser by experience, and that such errors will never be repeated.

When the army evacuated York-Island and moved towards the White-Plains, it was still determined to hold Fort Washington; and the battalion to which captain Graydon belonged, now commanded by lieutenant-colonel Cadwalader, was ordered to remain in that post.

Our author maintains, and we think with great reason, that Fort Washington was wholly untenable, and that there was no adequate object to be gained by the attempt to keep it. General Washington seemed to think so, but had left its defence or evacuation to the discretion of general Green. We hope he was mistaken in the opinion, which he says was current among the prisoners, that the troops had been sacrificed to the selfish feelings and unfriendly temper of the eastern towards the southern men.

The circumstances of his capture and of his detention, first in New York and afterwards on Long-Island, and of his release after a captivity of eight months, are minutely told. We cannot afford room for any extracts except for the following letter from general Washington in answer to a letter from Mr. G's mother, on hearing of his captivity. Every thing proceeding from this great man is interesting; and the letter, as Mr. Graydon remarks, "Considering the pressing situation of affairs, displays a mind at once superior to adversity and alive to the impressions of humanity and the feelings of private distress.

*" Brunswick, 30th November, 1776.*

" MADAM,

" YOUR letter to your son (enclosed to me) went in, the day after it came to my hands, by a flag which happened to be going to New York. I am very sorry for the misfortune of your son's captivity; but these are accidents which must be experienced and felt in war. Colonel Cadwalader who has been suffered to return to Philadelphia would be able to inform you of your son's health. Any hard money, which you may be able to forward to me or Mr.

Tilghman (who is of my family) shall be conveyed to him by some means or other.

I am, madam,

Your very humble servant,

G. W.<sup>d</sup>

The affair of Fort Washington, says our author, had an effect not unlike that of entering into a monastery in England, in days of yore; as, in the one case, a man was said to be *civilly* dead, so in the other he was *militarily* so.

The places of the officers had been supplied by others; and a reinstatement, in the rank to which they were entitled by the rule of seniority, was not to be effected without extreme embarrassment and injury to the service. This circumstance put an end to our author's military career.

After the war, he commenced the practice of the law, but was soon called from the bar on receiving, in the year 1785, the appointment of prothonotary of Dauphin county.

Mr. Graydon was chosen an elector at the first election for president of the United States, and was a member of the convention which framed the present constitution of Pennsylvania. He was removed from his office of prothonotary of Dauphin county, by governor M'Kean, in the year 1798.

The latter part of our author's book consists chiefly of remarks upon the principal events in the politics of the United States and of Pennsylvania, from the period of the revolutionary war to the date of his publication.

He is a very decided high-toned federalist, and is by no means sparing of reproaches upon the conduct and motives of his political opponents; yet there runs throughout the work a very high strain of independent, manly sentiment, and a consciousness of good intentions which cannot fail to impress the reader very favourably, whatever his politics may be. Upon those of the author we do not profess to give any opinion—they are questions of party, with which we have no concern, and of which every one will judge according to his habits of thinking. It only remains, therefore, to say of the merits of the book, that it contains a more particular account of some interesting events in the history of our country, than we have elsewhere seen.

From works like Mr. Graydon's our future historians will derive important aid. They are not only more interesting than general histories, but give us views of things which the latter do not afford. They admit us behind the curtain, and we see the springs of certain events of which the general historian exhibits only the effects. We see them, too, stripped of the false importance and glare which general descriptions are calculated to produce.

Our author has interspersed in his book many pleasant anecdotes, and some well drawn characters. His classical allusions and apt quotations discover the writer to be well acquainted with subjects of literature; and his style is pure, nervous, and very often elegant.

Having thus bestowed the praise which we think is due to the work before us, we should not discharge our duty faithfully, if we did not advert, though very briefly, to its faults. We would therefore suggest to the author, in case he should revise his work for another edition, to expunge some anecdotes and remarks which are too unimportant to deserve insertion and which have no tendency to promote his object of illustrating the character and spirit of the times. We need not point them out to the writer, as we think he will readily discover them on a revisal; nor is it necessary, for the same reason, to mention a few words and phrases, for which his knowledge of the language will easily supply him with better substitutes.

There is another charge of a more serious nature, which we think the readers of this book will probably make against it: they will perhaps imagine that some parts of it have a good deal of asperity and unnecessary querulousness, and are too much like a satire upon our political institutions, and the character of the people. All this too we are afraid will be ascribed to personal chagrin, arising from disappointment. And this will also be thought a little unreasonable, since the author acknowledges his unfitness for the pursuits of wealth or political distinction. We acknowledge our partiality to the character which the author gives of himself, and which we have no doubt is correctly drawn. But we cannot altogether defend him from the accusation of claiming rather too much credit for what he might have been, and which *is not*. The faults which are attributable to the *per-*

sonal part of the memoirs, we think are wholly *provincial*, they are such as are almost inseparable from secluded habits and a village life. His contempt for the arts of popularity is quite consistent with the author's integrity and manly spirit of independence; but it loses much of its merit when it is mixed with bitter complaints and reproaches.

In short, we think that those who despise popular favours should not quarrel with their distribution; and that anger is much less becoming, and dignified, and consistent with the real contempt of popularity, than good-humor and a considerable indulgence for the people's errors.

Upon the whole, we recommend our author's book very strongly, and should be pleased to see his example followed by other gentlemen of talents, whose opportunities of observation, during the revolutionary war, have enabled them to communicate useful and agreeable information.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### STRICTURES ON THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THERE are few subjects of abuse against this country more common, among British critics, than our corruptions of the English language. To believe these worthy persons, one would suppose that we were relapsing into barbarism, and deviating so constantly from the pure models of English literature, that the language of Shakspeare and Milton and Pope would soon be unintelligible. This folly, from being ludicrous, has become, by repetition, quite wearisome; and we shall therefore employ a few pages in exposing the utter ignorance of the English language, which these critics themselves display, in reproving the supposed corruptions of America. That we may not be accused of selecting a contemptible adversary, we shall take the Edinburgh reviewers, who confessedly stand at the very head of the

British critics, and proceed to exhibit to our countrymen a specimen of British criticism on American literature.

An American gentleman, Mr. Barlow, lately published an enlarged edition of one of his early poems, under the title of the *Columbiad*. In reviewing this work, the Edinburgh critics, instead of confining themselves to an examination of its merits, have contrived to connect with it a variety of remarks on the literature and language of the United States. Of the *Columbiad* itself, we do not pretend to be the champions or the admirers: we therefore shall not, at this time, advert to some of the critical strictures on it, which we think betray an ignorance of the common rules of poetical composition; nor shall we attempt to refute a number of observations on the country, which are distinguished only for the frothy impertinence with which they are uttered. The sole object, to which our limits at present restrict us, is to prove that the Edinburgh reviewers are not only destitute of correct information, as to the language of America, which they attempt to criticise, but that they are ignorant of the very elementary principles of English grammar. To show these facts in the strongest manner, we shall begin by quoting their own language.

“Before proceeding,” say they, “to lay before our readers any of the passages which make up this comprehensive detail, it is proper, and indeed in some respects necessary to apprise them, that this American bard frequently writes in a language utterly unknown to the prose or verse of this country. We have often heard it reported, that our transatlantic brethren were beginning to take it amiss, that their language should still be called English; and truly we must say that Mr. Barlow has gone far to take away that ground of reproach. The ground-work of his speech, perhaps, may be English, as that of the Italian is Latin; but the variations amount already to a change of dialect, and really make a glossary necessary for most untravelled readers. As this is the first specimen which has come to our hands of any considerable work composed in the *American* tongue, it may be gratifying to our philological readers if we make a few remarks on it.”

Truly these gentlemen must have been singularly unfortunate in the choice of their company, if they ever heard that the Americans were discontented at being told that they did not speak English. They must have been equally unlucky too, if they have not learned, what any man at all acquainted with the two countries knows perfectly well, that the English language is spoken with far more purity in America, than in any part of the British dominions. This, no doubt, will appear very extraordinary to Edinburgh reviewers, since there are many persons in England, much better informed than they, who have been surprised to hear Americans talk English at all. Strange, however, as it may seem, it is nevertheless literally true, that the language of parliament and the language of good society in England is almost the universal language of America; and that no part of the population of America, except the negroes, speak the English language, so ill as the mass of the Scotch, Irish, and English nations. Whilst the pronunciation of the two former is ludicrously singular, whilst almost every county in England has a dialect so different, as to be almost unintelligible, and so amusing as to form a prominent part of the wit of the theatre: the United States contain a population of seven millions, scattered over an immense extent of country, yet marked by so small a shade of difference in language, that, though among ourselves, we can recognize, by a slight variation of accent, the residents of the south from those of the north; there is nothing like a settled provincialism; no patois, nothing that can distinguish an American as a Londoner, a Yorkshireman, a Somersetshireman, not to mention a Scotchman or an Irishman, may be distinguished. There is, indeed, nothing miraculous in this, since it may be ascribed to very obvious causes. Thus, the first emigrants to America were dissenters; and the very act of dissent implies a certain degree of previous investigation and knowledge. They came too, principally from the cities of England, where the pronunciation is naturally better than in the remote counties. But the chief reason is, that the people of America are much better educated than those of any part of the British dominions: the best English writings are much more generally diffused throughout America than in England; and the

lower classes in America are much more fluent and eloquent in conversation than the same rank of people abroad. Moreover, as there is in this country no aristocracy of fashion to introduce foolish innovations, our standard of language and of pronunciation is more permanent: we appeal to the fixed and authorized English classics, not to the whims of fashionable fops and cockneys in London. It is obvious therefore, that as our criterion of language is more regularly established, and less liable to change; and as the great diffusion of education among us enables almost every one to conform to that standard; there is absolutely less danger of innovation in America than in Great Britain. An Irishman may there be permitted to widen his *es* and *as*, and after crossing the Irish *say*, may *speak* as he *plais*; or a Scotchman retain his *fawtal haybit* of drawling; a Welshman think it no *fice* but a *virtue*, to sharpen his consonants; and a native of Somersetshire be *zure* that his *vather's* pronunciation was right. A hungry Londoner may heat an *hegg* with *winegar*, or take a *hairing*; he is at full liberty to call a very dirty fellow a *nice man*, or a quiet beef-steak shop, a *crack* house; but these elegancies are quite unknown in America.

The result of this state of things is, that except in a few remote spots, where the foreign dialect has not yet worn off, almost the only white persons in America who speak bad English, are the natives of Great Britain. We can, moreover, assure the Edinburgh reviewers, that if they will undertake a journey to London, they will hear, on the road, more bad grammar, more improper pronunciation, more provincialisms, than are to be met with in travelling from the district of Maine to New Orleans. If, in saying this, we relied on our own personal experience, we would speak less confidently, since we have never actually been along the whole of this route. But to show that we are not exceedingly prejudiced, we shall quote the words of an English author, the last edition of whose work was printed in 1809: "Though," says he, "the people of London are erroneous in the pronunciation of many words, the inhabitants of every other place are erroneous in many more. Nay, harsh as the sentence may seem, those at a considerable distance from the capital do not only mispronounce many words taken separately, but *they scarce-*

ly pronounce with purity a single word, syllable, or letter." Then as to the corruptions introduced by American writers, we think we could select from the popular writers of Great Britain, Miss Seward or Miss Owenson for instance, more bad writing, more deviations from pure native English, than are to be found in all the volumes written on this side of the Atlantic since the landing at Plymouth.

We go even farther. As far as our observation extends, the few innovations introduced among us have been more suddenly rebuked and censured in America, than any similar ones in England. We can readily call to mind every word in common use in America, which is not authorized by the pure English writers. We have, for instance, *lengthy*, a superfluous word in the place of long. We say a man was *notified* of a thing, instead of "its being notified to him;" a foolish French idiom. In congress the verb *to predicate* is often used, not in its logical sense to affirm, but as synonymous with founded; thus one thing is said to be predicated on another. We use the verb *to advocate*; a word which, if it be new, is, in our opinion, by no means a bad one, since it expresses what otherwise would require a periphrasis, supporting by debate any proposition. These, and a few others, not amounting in the whole to ten, are the only words which may be deemed in general use throughout America; and we happen to recollect them easily, because they have been ridiculed so unsparingly that they are perfect outlaws. We ourselves were taught at school to laugh at them as foolish innovations; and both in conversation and in writing, scarcely any occasion is omitted of decrying the use of them. So far, therefore, are the Americans from wishing to abjure their allegiance to the masters of the English language, that we claim a more rigid submission to their authority. So far are the Americans from deviating into barbarisms, that the English is, we repeat, spoken with more purity on this side of the Atlantic, than in England. That we are perfectly serious in this belief, need not be added in America, where the fact is quite notorious: but if any proof of the fact were wanting, this very article of the Edinburgh review would be abundantly sufficient, as it shows clearly how deficient in grammar, are the very persons who enjoy the highest critical reputation in England. "This American tongue



is distinguished," say they, "from the original English, in the first place, by a great multitude of words which are radically and entirely new, and as utterly foreign as if they had been adopted from the Hebrew or Chinese; in the second place, by a variety of new compounds and combinations of words, which are still known in the parent tongue; and thirdly by the perversion of a still greater number of original English words from their proper use or signification, by employing nouns substantive for verbs, for instance; and adjectives for substantives, &c. We shall set down a few examples of each.

"In the first class, we may reckon the words *multifluvian*, *cosmogyr*, *crass*, *role*, *gride*, *conglaciate*, *colon* and *coloniarch*, *trist* and *contristed*, *thirl*, *gerb*, *ludibrious*, *croupe*, *scow*, *emban*, *lowe*, *brume*, *brumal*," &c. &c.

Here then are nineteen words which are declared to be *radically and entirely new, and as utterly foreign as if they were adopted from the Hebrew or Chinese*.

The inaccuracy of this declaration may be imagined, when we shall have proved, as we shall do presently, that of these words a great number are so far from being new, that they are to be found not only in the best English writers, but even in the most common English dictionaries; that those which can be considered as new, are quite as foreign in America as in England; and that the only word peculiar to America, is so, because the object it describes is to be found no where else, and was, of course, to be designated by no other than a new word. Let us descend to particulars:

1st. *Crass*, we are told, is a *word radically and entirely new, and utterly foreign*.

Brown (an *English* author,) did not seem to think so, when he said that "Iron in aqua fortis will fall into ebullition, with noise and emication, as also a *crass* and fumid exhalation.

Nor Woodward (another *English* author,) or he would not have mentioned that "the metals are diffused and scattered amongst the *crasser*, and more unprofitable matter."

Nor Dr. Johnson, whose dictionary contains *crass*; [*crassus*, lat.] Gross, coarse, not thin, not comminuted, not subtile, not consisting of small parts.

Nor Walker, who says, *crass* means gross, coarse, not subtle.

Nor Sheridan, who observes, that the signification of *crass* is gross, not subtle.

2d. As to *gride*, another of these utterly foreign and radically new Americanisms, some apology maybe found for us in *Spenser*, who, we do not think is an American poet, and yet says

His poignant spear, he thrust with puissant sway,  
That through his thigh the mortal steel did *gride*.

Or in *Milton*, who, in *Paradise Lost*, a work written before the American revolution, observes,

The *griding* sword with discontinuous sway  
Passed through him.

Or in Dr. Johnson, who has

To *gride*, [*gridare*, Italian.] To cut, to make way by cutting.

Or in Walker, *To gride*, v. n. to cut.

Or in Sheridan, who has *gride*, v. n. to cut.

3d. For information as to the *American* word *conglaciate*, so radically and entirely new, and utterly foreign, we refer the *Edinburgh Reviewers* to the vulgar errors of Brown, where may be seen this phrase, "No other doth properly *conglaciate* but water." They will find, moreover, in Johnson, that to *conglaciate* (from the Latin word *conglaciatus*.) means to turn to ice; an assertion which is very ably supported by Sheridan and Walker, at the word *conglaciate*.

4th. The *new American* word *thirl*, it seems, by a reference to Johnson's dictionary, is adopted neither from the Hebrew nor Chinese, but is of a Saxon family, and was probably in use some time before the birth of Columbus. It is in fact so old, as to be almost out of date, except by a sort of poetic license; for it is now pronounced and written *thrill*, says Ainsworth, who wrote about sixty-nine years ago.

5th. *Brumal* is another of these words which are radically and entirely new, and as utterly foreign as if adopted from the Hebrew or Chinese. We never heard it suggested that Brown belonged to either of those nations, till we observed this sentence. "About the *brumal* solstice it hath been observed, and even to a

proverb," &c. and we always considered the three lexicographers, whose names we shall quote, as neither Jews nor Mandarins.

*Brumal*, [brumalis, Latin,] belonging to the winter. Johnson.

*Brumal*, belonging to the winter. Walker.

*Brumal*, a. belonging to the winter. Sheridan.

Of the words *role*, *colon*, *coloniarch*, *trist*, *croupe*, *gerb*, and *brume*; not one of them is in the least necessary; and all of them are absolutely inelegant, if we perhaps except the word *coloniarch*, which may be employed without much violence, (in the same way as *heresiarch*,) to express the leader of a colony. With their merits, however, the country has not the slightest connexion. They are natives of France; and although Mr. Barlow may have given them shelter, they are neither known nor naturalized in America; and Mr. Barlow merits all the reprehension of criticism for deforming our language with such intruders. So perfectly new among us, however, are these words, that long before the Edinburgh Reviewers had pointed out the folly of them, they were satirized in this journal\* in the most severe and caustic manner, as useless innovations. These faults, moreover, and almost all which have been charged on Mr. Barlow, are so far from being caused by his being an American, that they are owing to the very reverse, his not being an American: that is, to the circumstance of his having actually written the work out of the limits of America. The *Columbiad* is only an expansion of a juvenile work, called the *Vision of Columbus*. The latter was written and published before the author left America; and in that work (we speak on authority but little inferior to an actual recollection of the poem itself,) not one of the exceptionable phrases here cited occur. But the *Columbiad* was composed abroad, particularly during a residence of some years at Paris; and these Gallicisms, which the author never would have acquired, but because he lived *out of* America, none of which are heard in America, and which are as strongly censured here as on the other side of the Atlantic, are now cited as American innovations. For the same reasons Mr. Hume's style leaned occasionally towards the French, and Mr. Gibbon abounds

\*See Port Folio for January, 1809.

in Gallic idioms; yet no one ever thought of abusing England on account of their errors.

Of the rest of this list, *multifluvian*, *cosmogyrat*, *ludibrious emban*, and *lowe*, are words which, if Mr. Barlow has forged, he has certainly committed the crime in Europe, out of the jurisdiction of our tribunal of criticism; and they are perfectly harmless, since there is not the least danger of their obtaining any currency amongst us. With regard to the three first, they are drawn from the great store-house of our English words, and are quite as intelligible as the greater part of the Latin and Greek derivatives, introduced during the last half century by English writers. Of this whole index expurgatorius, there remains then but a single word, *scow*, which is properly American. For this little substantive, we make this humble apology to the Reviewers, that a *scow* is a small flat-bottomed boat which is used only in America; and finding in the English language, no word expressive of that precise object, we ventured without their permission, to frame a small syllable for ourselves; and we trust it may have a place just as well as the *trackskuyts* of the Dutch, or any other harmless word, under similar circumstances.

They then proceed to give a list of words of the second class: that is, of new combinations of original words, which are manufactured here. Of this collection, neither we, nor any other Americans, we believe, ever heard before or since Mr. Barlow used them, except one, and that unfortunately for the Reviewers is much more familiar in England than America. This word which they rank among the *new* compounds and combinations of words still known in the parent tongue is *millennial*, an adjective of which Bishop Burnet seems to have had some knowledge, since he says, "That to be kings and priests unto God, is the characteristic of those that are to enjoy the *millennial* happiness." For the meaning and origin of the word we refer them to Johnson, Walker, &c.

Thus Johnson, *millennial*, [from *millennium*,] pertaining to the millennium.

Walker, *millennial*, pertaining to the millennium.

Sheridan, *millennial*, pertaining to the millennium.

"The third and last class of American improvements consist

mainly," proceed the Reviewers, "in the violent transformation of an incredible number of English nouns into verbs." Here follows a list of words, such as to breeze, to rainbow, to road, &c. Now with regard to all but three of these words, they are, as we have had occasion to remark of the rest, as absolutely new in America as in England. Ill, however, as we think of Mr. Barlow's innovations, we are of opinion that many of the substantives thus used may be perfectly defended. To give to some substantives, the active character of verbs, communicates very often an additional vigor and elegance, peculiarly calculated for the purposes of energetic description; and the transition is the more easy and the more elegant, where the word itself conveys an idea essentially active and transitory. Although, therefore, to hill and to bluff, may be censured because the objects themselves are in their nature stationary, yet words like besom, and rainbow and breeze, shock us much less, since the actions they describe are actually moving and evanescent. The tendency too of our language has of late years been very much that way; and some attempts particularly in lyric poetry have been eminently successful. Thus if Milton uses the phrase "*tempest* the ocean," and Sotheby more recently employs the same expression; if the same Milton speaks of waves of *torrent* fire, and the word to *storm*, &c. is in common use, it is not an extravagant stretch of poetic license, to make the same elements *breeze*, since we have approached so near it as to possess already from the hands of Pope, "basks on the *breezy* shore."

In all this, we are not vindicating Mr. Barlow: we are only showing that his faults are not to be imputed to our country, and that even many of these errors are exaggerated to throw an aspersion on that country. In this class of words, however, these sagacious critics have displayed as total an ignorance as that which we have already exposed. According to them, the verbs to fang, to fray, and to gyve, are *American improvements* caused by a *violent transformation* of English nouns into verbs. If we had any inclination to defend these Americanisms, we might perhaps suggest some substantial reasons in their favour, but unhappily the whole merit of this metamorphose is taken from our

country; for as to the verb to *fang*, we are somewhat anticipated by Shakspeare, who makes Timon say, "Destruction *fang* mankind." Moreover, Dr. Johnson informs us, that the verb to *fang*, means to seize, to gripe, &c. and Walker makes honorable mention of the word, as does also Sheridan: thus, the first has to *fang*, v. a. to seize, to gripe, to clutch; and the second to *fang*, v. a. to seize, to clutch. Then as to the verb to *fray*, we are obliged to decline all the glory of invention, since Spenser asserts that the panther knows

That his spotted hide,  
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them *fray*.

And again:

So diversely themselves in vain they *fray*.

And my lord Bacon,

Fishes are thought to be *frayed* with the motion caused by noise upon the water.

Dr. Johnson says, to *fray*, [effrayer, French,] to fright, to terrify.

Mr. Walker says, to *fray*, v. a. to rub, to wear out by rubbing, to fright.

Mr. Sheridan says, to *fray*, v. a. to frighten, to wear away by rubbing.

Even the poor honour of making the verb to *gyve*, is taken from us by Iago, who threatens Othello by saying, "I will *gyve* thee in thine own courtship:" a phrase which we would have supposed interpolated by some American editor, did we not see this *violent transformation* effected by Dr. Johnson, who puts down

To *gyve*, [from the noun,] to fetter, to shackle, &c.; and the same foolish innovation adopted by Walker, To *gyve*, v. a. to fetter, to shackle; and Sheridan, to *gyve*, v. a. to fetter, to shackle.

Having given such wonderful specimens of their knowledge of words, they now proceed to reproach our countrymen for their innovations in quantity.

"The innovations in prosody," say they, "are not less bold and meritorious."

“Contents, allied, bombard, and expanse, are accented on the first syllable; and empyrean is made short in the penult.” Indeed! This must doubtless be some outrageous heresy. Let us examine.

Mr. Walker, in his preface, speaking of the effort which our language is making to form a distinction between the noun and the verb, by means of accentuation, in the instances of a *cóncert*, to *concért*; a *cónfine*, and to *confine*; *cónduct*, and to *conduct*, &c. &c. observes, “To this analogy some speakers are endeavouring to reduce the word contents, which, *when it signifies the matter contained in a book, is often heard with the accent on the first syllable.*” He afterwards, in the Dictionary, enumerates the meanings of the word; one of which is, “that which is comprised in a writing, in this sense used only in the plural, and *then it is sometimes accented on the first syllable.*”

As to bombard, Mr. Walker accentuates the first syllable exactly as does Mr. Barlow, if, as we suppose, it be the substantive.

*Bombard*, búmbard, a great gun, a barrel of wine.

The most amusing reproach, however, is that of accenting the word *empyrean* on the second syllable, which is called a bold and meritorious innovation. What kind of an innovation it is, we may learn from Walker, who says that this word has the accent on the penultimate syllable, in Sheridan, Kenrick, Barclay, Nares, and Bailey; and “on the antepenultimate (*that is as Mr. Barlow employs it*) in Ash, Buchanan, Perry, and Entick; and *adds, this last accentuation is in my opinion the most correct.*” Now this is marvellous criticism. The Americans are accused of making bold innovations because one of their writers employs an accent used by no less than five English grammarians: Ash, Buchanan, Perry, Entick, and Walker; the best and latest authorities in English pronunciation. Having despatched the subjects of language and prosody, they now proceed to the versification.

“The rhymes are equally original: Plain rhymes to Man, Blood to God, and Share to War in three successive couplets.”

These are original rhymes it seems, such as have no authority in English literature. If it be that the words themselves are not sufficiently similar; for the purposes of harmony a sup-

position which we would not make of any one not convicted of such ignorance of English; we can inform these gentlemen that there are rhymes of the same sort in every English volume. Not to mention Dryden, and many writers of less harmonious ear, who have relaxed far more the rigid rules of rhyme; we will select from the writings of Pope, the most fastidious writer, and one who possessed the greatest facility in versification, quite enough we think to excuse Mr. Barlow.

First then, as to Plain and Man, there is in Abelard and Eloisa,

Ah wretch believ'd the spouse of God in vain,  
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.

And in the Iliad,

Or let him bear by stern Pelides slain,  
Good as he is, the lot imposed on man.

B. 22. v. 230.

Or finally the exact verse,

We meet not here as man conversing man,  
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain.

B. 22. v. 169.

Then as to Blood and God.

Then thus to Simois haste my brother flood,  
And check this mortal that controls a God.

Iliad, B. v. 407.

And the same verse is repeated half a dozen times. So too, Load and God, B. 8, v. 235—And Stood and God, and Abode and God.

As to Share and War, the rhymes Care and War, Air and War, &c. occur times without number. Nay there are even the very *original* couplets.

Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share,  
And scarce refrained when I forbade the war.

B. 5. v. 1000.

On my rash courage charge the chance of war,  
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.

B. 22. v. 148.

If however, the objection be to the near occurrence of the rhymes, not having ever made an epic, we presume that in some



thousand lines it would be almost impossible to avoid such occasional similarities. We judge so, because on merely turning over the pages of the *Iliad*, the most studied collection of rhymes ever published; we find the fault imputed to Mr. B. much more apparent—for we had scarcely opened the volume when we observed in the course of twenty lines, these rhymes, Bear and War—Bear and War, again—Dare and War, B. 17, v. 515, &c.

The rhymes Floods and Gods occur twice in the space of ten lines; and we have no doubt fifty such may be pointed out: a proof this how exceedingly fallacious are all such garbled and mutilated extracts.

We now dismiss this criticism. In the space of a single page we have found no less than eleven gross errors, which it is most charitable to impute to an ignorance, of which any boy in America would be ashamed. There would, indeed, be something quite pleasant in hearing such persons express an anxiety lest the Americans should corrupt the English language, if the dogmatism with which these follies are uttered did not excite contempt. We recommend to these acute personages to go back to some Scotch grammar school, and before they assume their criticism on American language, to meditate by day and night such writings as those of Johnson, and Walker, and Sheridan.

Σ.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

COMPARATIVE TRAITS OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CHARACTER.

London 1799.

NOTWITHSTANDING two centuries have nearly elapsed since the first North American colonists migrated from Old England, the same pronunciation of the mother tongue prevails in the streets of Philadelphia, and the presence chamber at St. James's; and the courts of the United States discuss the laws of England, or pronounce their decisions, under no cumbersome distinctions of dress, with as much eloquence and precision as is done at Westminster, under flowing robes and full-bottomed wigs.

Yet the English generally spoken in London is neither correct nor harmonious: the lower classes universally offend, more or less, against the arbitrary rules of the spelling-book; and even the upper ranks have contracted a habit of mutilating their words, in the undistinguishing hurry of a loud and rapid utterance.

The combinations of the auxiliary verbs are generally abbreviated as, "I won't"—"It a'nt" "You sha'nt;" and the names of places, especially if they happen to be inconveniently long, are sometimes ridiculously *foreshortened*. The instance of Brumagem for Birmingham was already familiar to my ears; but in those of, "Gracious-street, Sinjin-street, and Bedlam," I with difficulty recognised Grace Church-street, St. John-street, and Bethlehem Hospital. The *r* final is often omitted as, "She is my sista," "I had ratha' not" &c. The *v* and *w* are frequently transposed, with designed or inattentive peculiarity; and, still more inexcusably, the letter *h* is sometimes rejected, as too harsh for delicate pronunciation, and sometimes adopted again, *gratuitously*. A species of refinement, by the way, which is of late frequently affected in Philadelphia, as well as the kindred improvement which converts wounds into woonds, and heard into herd.

At our present lodgings, in the heart of the city, are two female domestics: one of them, whose name is Hannah, is charily softened down to Anna; and the other whose real name is Ann, is laboriously aspirated into Hann. The latter herself was over-

heard the other day, towards dinner time, asking her mistress if it was time to "eat the hoven;" and a young gentleman, of polite education, lately entertained us, from a newspaper, with an unintelligible lecture about a flock of birds that had been seen "overing in the hair."

Out of London the corruptions of the vernacular tongue are still more puzzling to a stranger. On the South Coast, for instance (from whence Edward Winslow took shipping, with his followers, in 1620, to establish themselves upon Cape Cod) I traced the origin of the drawling tone that we suppose peculiar to the inhabitants of Massachusetts; and in the same quarter of Great Britain, I dissipated the vulgar prejudice which attributes the mad and cruel suspicions of imaginary witchcraft to the superstitious enthusiasm of the first settlers of New England: for here I learned that they had derived that unhappy prepossession from the habitual intolerance of the mother country; and that the gloomy vision was much sooner dispelled in Salem and Boston than in Cornwall and Devonshire. It stands recorded, that at Tring in Hertfordshire (not fifty miles from London) a man suffered death as a wizard, as lately as the year 1750, a species of legalized murder for which the New Englanders have not been chargeable since 1692.

Severity was the custom of England, when our ancestors quitted the island; and so deeply was it rooted that when the Lycurgus of America, would have alleviated the cruelty of the penal code in his province of Pennsylvania, Queen Ann's ministry refused to ratify the innovation. It was not till after the late happy Revolution set us free from the trammels of prescriptive error, that the degrading system of corporal punishment was transmuted for useful labour and solitary confinement, except in cases of murder; an exception that seems likely to be soon done away by the increasing conviction that the punishment of death is neither necessary nor justifiable.

The merciless and shameful manner of whipping children, still common in English schools, has at the same time been disused in the United States (the aborigines of America never struck their children;) and the treatment of negro slaves, is no

longer cruel—a presumption that the time draws nigh when it will cease to be unjust.

To say nothing of the Cornish, the Welsh, and the Erse languages, all spoken in different parts of the little Island of Great Britain, a Somersetshire farmer, in his own current English, is less intelligible at York, and a north country clothier is more like a foreigner at London, than an American sailor, with or without education, whether he shipped himself in the river Mississippi, or the Bay of Fundy—in the sunshine of latitude 31, or in the fogs of 45.\*

Yet some English words have slightly changed their application in America: for instance, “a clever fellow” does not with us indicate a cunning sharper; and “an ordinary woman” would designate a person of ill fame, rather than one that had the misfortune to be homely: but, in return, as many local phrases have retained their pristine meaning, where their origin can be no longer traced. Although we have renounced Episcopal Sees, we still say of a fabric, unnecessarily large, “It’s a cathedral of a place.”—To follow a winding road is going, “round about Robin Hood’s barn”—To take produce to a glutted market is “like carrying coals to Newcastle,”—an incredible story is, “A Canterbury tale,” and in the clear atmosphere of America, a lingering messenger is still said to be “lost in the fog.”

An American may be distinguished from a native of England, by the openness of his countenance, the mildness of his voice, and the unaffected simplicity of his carriage: as is proved every day at London by the beggars upon Tower Hill, who can tell an American captain, just arrived, as far as they can see him: and the distinction rewards their sagacity; for if he never was out of America before, he will throw down a shilling, where another would give a halfpenny.

An American traveller never refuses an application for charity, or thinks of giving any thing but silver, till he has learned in Europe to make his way, through host of beggars, by the parsi-

\* In the hundreds of Yorkshire when I visited the cottage of my English ancestors, my cousin John Bull gruffly observed, “Why I don’t see but what they speak, as good English as we do oursels.”

monious distribution of copper. He is generally too a little taller than the British standard, especially if he come from New England or Virginia, where the true American stock has been less intermixed than it is in the middle states of Pennsylvania and New York, where the continual influx of foreigners, especially from England, Scotland, Holland, Germany, and France, prevents the formation of provincial peculiarities; at the same time that it yields, with surprising facility, to the amalgamated mass of established principle and population.

The late surveyor general for the southern department of the British colonies in America, (himself a German) has often told me that when he visited, at the end of twenty years, a colony of Germans that he had settled in the back parts of Georgia, he was astonished at the superior size and beauty of the rising generation, that had come into the world unfettered by the galling shackles, which had oppressed their ancestors. The same effect is observable to every eye in the German settlements of Pennsylvania.

But the moral change is still more remarkable that takes place, almost universally, in the habits of the refuse of Europe, who generally become useful citizens in America, whatever vices they may have practised at home. Discovering immediately that moderate exertion will procure an honest livelihood, and that vitious courses are no longer countenanced by example, they betake themselves to honest industry, and become ashamed of their former way of life. One of the last instances of murder that occurred in Philadelphia was that of an Irish journeyman, who stabbed his companion for reminding him of his "Old tricks in Ireland."

Even the sweepings of English jails, with which the British colonies were burthened before the revolution, never proved a lasting detriment to the morals of America. The convicts, scattered about as servants among decent and frugal people, learned how to get an honest living, before the expiration of their indentures; and then set up for themselves, in their respective callings, without recurring to the crimes they had committed at home, under the pressure of necessity, or the contagion of example.

Among new-comers of this description, particular instances might be adduced of rising into wealth, and respectability: but such cases have been frequent among the industrious and thrifty Germans; many of whom, who came over to Philadelphia, as servants, or day-labourers, have amassed considerable fortunes, and left behind them a numerous and respectable posterity.

These circumstances, together with our freedom from distinctions of rank, from ecclesiastical privileges, and from military pretensions, almost totally preclude those personal peculiarities, and that excessive originality of character, the result of national pride and individual prejudice, which is more observable in England, than in any other part of the world.

This may be partly owing to its insular situation, which prevents ninety in the hundred from ever seeing any country but their own. All these are fully convinced that England is the only place in the world worth living in; and I have heard men of information, and humanity, whose purses raised them above feeling the pressure of want, declare their opinion that England was the most plentiful country upon earth, at a time when the poor were literally starving for want of bread; and ironically cry out, "Poor England!" because they could not cross a London street for the crowd of coaches, though they well knew that honest and industrious labourers throughout the country could hardly keep their families out of the poor-house.

But no wonder that the rich are proud, in this fierce and haughty nation, when, under such circumstances, the poor are so.

At the time that public soup shops were first set on foot, by benevolent associations, to relieve the sufferings of the needy, the soup was offered to the poor gratis; but it was too cheap to be good: they would not have it at that rate; and when it was raised to half price, to enhance its value, they took it sparingly, still suspecting the soundness of the ingredients, though the clergy of their own parishes, assisted by the neighbouring gentry, condescended to see it prepared and to measure it out in person. One of the gentlemen that undertook to distribute it, at Birmingham, assured me that the poor would cry aloud, "There goes meat for the soup shops," when they saw a deal

horse, or any other carrion, dragged through the streets to be given to the hounds.

I have also been told, that in the time of a preceding scarcity, a gentleman of well known liberality and benevolence was mobbed for selling American flour, at half price, to the poor of the neighbouring county town; who, from that circumstance, took occasion to suspect that it was not saleable; and a lady of quality, who had ordered the gratuitous distribution of a hogshead of rice, was followed by the children of the neighbourhood for some time afterward, calling after her coach, "Have you got any more damaged rice?"

Rye flour, Indian corn, and buckwheat meal, are utterly despised, as articles of food, fit only for hogs; though in the north of England the people live upon oat cake, as dry as sawdust; and I have been credibly informed that at the first introduction of turnips, a century ago, into a town near London, the man that first offered them in the market place, was driven away from the stand by the indignant populace.

The same independence both of sentiment and conduct is maintained by the higher ranks, though they display it upon different occasions, and in a different manner. For instance, a nobleman, lately deceased, chose to wear his beard as long as he lived, in defiance of modern effeminacy; and a member of parliament openly patronized the contemptible rhapsodies of Richard Brothers.

To shut one's self up in one's room for forty years together, is an idle exertion of self will (not unexampled in this free country;) but a fondness for travelling is a useful characteristic of British spirit; to satisfy which, they will traverse Siberian snows, penetrate into African deserts, and pierce through American forests, to say nothing of those voyages of discovery, in which they ransack every nook and cranny of the globe.

A worthy gentleman of my acquaintance, a Philadelphian by birth, who keeps up, at his seat near London, amidst the affluence of wealth, the social hospitality of an American, informed me of a trait of beneficence in a British subject, that would have done honour to the sovereign, who can untie the purse strings of the nation. He came to him one day at his office, when he

was treasurer to the society for the abolition of slavery, then newly established, and counted out to him five thousand pounds; calmly observing, to do away the surprise occasioned by such unparalleled liberality, that he was no spendthrift, for he had many a time walked a ten mile stage, to save coach hire; and that if more money should be wanted for the purposes of the institution, he would willingly contribute again.

I was told at Kendal of two old women who had carried the virtue of parsimony to the opposite extreme. They voluntarily starved themselves to death, to spare the amount of a weekly pension, which they received from their friends, on account of their poverty; and at York, of a noted clothier, who had amassed nine hundred thousand pounds, and left the world, regretting that he had not had time to make up his million.

About the same time died in London an eminent banker, who passed over his own children, and settled his immense wealth upon an infant grandson, that the accumulation of a long minority might one day constitute his heir the richest subject in Europe.

Street beggars sometimes die, and leave considerable sums sewed up in their tattered sleeves; and childless gentry occasionally endow their cats and dogs with pensions for life. One of these lately provided for the maintenance of all the domestic animals of his establishment, who are to be taken care of, as long as they live, in the different apartments of the mansion house.

It were superfluous to quote anecdotes from the well known and well written history of sir John Elwes, of miserable memory, who saved a million of money, but spent his last moments in regretting the supposed loss of five guineas and a half and half a crown; nor is it worth while to relate how the last lord L.— spent his enormous income in tormenting his neighbours, and left the principal to be enjoyed by a man he hated. But I cannot forbear to amuse my American readers with the broken windows and dusty wares of a shop in Fenchurch street, that was left by a crusty uncle to a bachelor nephew, on condition that no woman should ever be maintained in the house. This injunction is strictly complied with by the kindred nephew, who



lives in one of the most crowded streets of London, like a hermit in a desert.

Our English brethren, of the elder branch, are proud of their birthright; and look upon us Americans with much of the same kind of contempt and aversion, that the heir of a noble family so naturally feels towards his younger brothers, who are rising in the world, in countries where the equitable distribution of paternal inheritance is overruled by the right of primogeniture.

They hear, with a grudge, of our present freedom from imposition, the only advantage their pride will suffer them to suppose we can possibly have gained by quitting the soil of Britain; and they dogmatically pronounce that our happy equality cannot last long. "Your rich merchants, and great landholders," say they, "will soon become nobles: for the relation of landlord and tenant will necessarily create distinctions; and your nobles will not be long without a king; and a king will support himself, with you, as he does every where else, by the officers of a standing army, and the clergy of an established church."\*

In vain you reply that titles of honour and hereditary entails are forbidden by the constitution—that every member of your government is elective, and responsible—that your official salaries are proportioned to actual duty—that you have no civil list, no secret service money, &c. &c. &c.

"No! No!" say courtiers and patriots, churchmen and dissenters, with united voice, "your notions of government are a theoretical vision, that can never be realized—political freedom is not in the nature of things—do not think yourselves wiser and better than every body that ever went before you."

Such is the language with which I have often been entertained at gentlemen's tables; for in England nobody scruples to

\* Perhaps the superb house, or rather palace, erected at Washington, for the president of the United States, may be thought to favour these arguments, by the natural tendency of ostentation to create pride and privilege. We may learn from the fate of a sister republic, that where there are palaces there will be princes. I long to hear that the new president [Thomas Jefferson] may be sufficiently democratic to live in a common house, like those of his fellow citizens, and only make use of the palace, since it is actually erected, and the materials would scarcely pay for pulling down, as his Britannic majesty does that of St. James's, upon public occasions of ceremony and parade.

amuse an American with the errors of his government, and the defects of his country; and the rules of the most ceremonious politeness are not thought to be infringed by a full display of the most captious and overweening nationality.

But the forms of civility, and the gradations of rank, are observed with the most precise attention. No gentleman would first enter his own door, however necessary it might be, to show the way, or to introduce a stranger; and every well bred guest, at a family dinner, is acquainted with the precise distance at which he or she should sit from the place of the mistress, at the upper end of the table. Yet nobody presumes to be seated without express invitation, which is never given in the general terms of an American welcome.

Accordingly the ceremonies of address ascend in due degree from the "Sir" or "Mister" of a simple gentleman, familiarly polite, to the respectful "My Lord," of a nobleman; the distant "Your Grace," of a duke; and, *with reverence be it spoken*, the profound, "May it please your Majesty, or your Royal Highness," of the king, and his imperial progeny to the second and third generation.

A footman in livery knocks at a door, with gradations equally distinguishable. If he comes alone, on a message, it is a single tap, as light as that of the milkmaid, the pot boy, or the shoeblack; if with his mistress, on foot, it is a treble stroke, repeated with spirit; but, if he has jumped from behind a carriage, he announces the arrival of my Lord or my Lady, till the whole neighbourhood rings again, with a prolonged tattoo, ending with a bang like a clap of thunder.

I have often been twitted in England with the paucity of genius or character in America, and as often replied, without producing conviction, that before the settlement of Pennsylvania, the last colonization that induced considerable numbers at once to forsake their native land, we have an equal claim with our elder brethren to the merits of the venerable ancestry which will ever illustrate the name of Briton. In the hundred years that have run out since that time, America has produced a FRANKLIN, in philosophy; a MORRIS, in finance; and a WASHINGTON, great in war—greater in peace.

In the art of speaking we seem to have inhaled a breath of animation from the aborigines of our country, who from the bottom of their native woods, with a blanket upon their left shoulder, and their right arm in a shirt sleeve, have so often, over a council fire, astonished the emigrants from polished Europe, with the force of their eloquence, and the gracefulness of their address.

In no part of the world are talents for public speaking more general than in America; and few can be distinguished for what is common to many: indeed, this circumstance is thought to have an unfavourable effect upon our public councils; where the proportion of speakers is generally too great for the *seasonable* despatch of business.

In painting we need not shrink from a comparison with the mother country, or indeed any other of the modern schools, since we have already produced a WEST, a COPLEY, and a TRUMBULL, in history, and a STUART, in portrait; to say nothing of the rising artists, who bid fair to rival their expatriated countrymen, upon their native theatre.

In poetry, to be sure, we have produced nothing worth mentioning; yet poetic talents are by no means rare in America, though seldom cultivated beyond the period of youth. But the age of poetry is past. Every flower of the field has been already gathered; and Britain herself, once so fertile in that branch of genius, has produced nothing better than ourselves, since her POPES, her THOMSONS, and her GRAYS, but a solitary COWPER, whose latest compositions have been in print for half a century.

All these (I can venture to say it, without fear of contradiction) as well as the HUMES, the ROBERTSONS, and the GIBBONS of history, are more read in America, by equal numbers of people, than they are in England.

No greater proof need be offered of the more general diffusion of knowledge among the mass of the people, (however, from local causes, and occasional circumstances, particular instances of ostensible superiority may be, and really are, much more frequent in England,) than the three or four to eight or ten daily newspapers, that are published in half a dozen of our principal

towns, besides weekly journals in places that would be reckoned villages in Europe, whilst (granting with all due deference, the superiority of London editors) not a second town in England supports two papers, though there are six or eight of them which contain more people than the capital of the United States of America.

I have often been told how early Americans lose their teeth, how sallow they look, how soon they appear old, how very short-lived they are, &c. &c. &c. however little my own appearance, and that of most of the young Americans now in London, may be thought to favour the deteriorating system; and however, small the fair proportion must be of men or women of a hundred, in a country that had not fifty thousand inhabitants, a hundred years ago, compared with one that had then nine millions.

The fact is, that America has actually produced her proportion of centenarians. One of these, Edward Drinker, who was born in a cave where Philadelphia now stands, lived to hear the declaration of independence; John Hutton, a native of New York, lived to be one hundred and seven; a domestic of the family of Penn died lately, at their manor of Pennsbury; aged one hundred and eight; John Weeks, of New London, reached one hundred and fourteen; and there is now living [1799] near Sunbury, in Massachusetts, the second person born there of European parents, at the age of one hundred and seventeen.\*

I have been twice told, in genteel companies, that the Americans were descended from a parcel of thieves and cutthroats; but I should have treated the illiberal assertion with nothing more than the contempt it deserves, if I had not since met with the same idea, retailed at length, in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

"Sir," said the sturdy professor of English prejudice (in the year '69) "they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for any thing we allow them short of hanging."

Surely the odium of a banished convict belongs to the country which gave him birth, and in which his crimes were com-

\* When Dr. Franklin was in England, he was frequently told that the Americans were a short lived race: "I do not know how that may be," was his usual reply, "as the children of the first settlers are not all dead yet."

mitted; and not to that where he makes atonement for his transgressions, by repentance and amendment of life. But ignorant, indeed, must they be of English history, who can suppose that the convicts, that were sent over (some forty or fifty in a year) from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the auspicious period of the revolution, could contaminate, or characterize, in any degree, the posterity of the thousands of sober Christians, who, dissenting from the established church, followed Winthrop to New England, Calvert to Maryland, and Penn to Pennsylvania, that they might enjoy in peace the exercise of their religious opinions. To say nothing of the episcopal settlement of Virginia, among whose founders were many younger brothers of noble families; nor of the continual influx of foreigners, attracted by our exemption from civil and religious tyranny, from every part of Europe, particularly the states of Holland and the principalities of Germany.

Since the revolution, the natural increase of the United States exceeds one hundred and fifty thousand a year, at least twenty times as many people as were vomited upon America, from the jails of Britain, while the "Act" of the mother country was in force "for the better peopling of the colonies."

I may be thought to have enlarged too freely about America, in the preceding observations; and to have too decidedly adopted one side of the question: but it will be allowed that the other side has never wanted advocates, while the American cause has very rarely been espoused, even by our native essayists and their ephemeral reviewers.

A citizen of London, absorbed in the routine of business, scarcely knows his next neighbour, or visits his nearest connexions, except by regular invitation to a periodical dinner, which suffices to keep up the ceremonies of hospitality. His civilities to strangers are accordingly rare; and he rates them at their full value, as conferring a favour on his guest.

A gentleman at the court end of the town, or a lady of the *ton*, is deemed to have answered all the purposes of acquaintance by leaving a card at your door, and would be equally surprised and importuned by a friendly call in return, especially of an evening. This intrusion, however, is carefully guarded against by being "not at home," at the door, even

though they might have been seen at the window; and the equally edifying and important intercourse of high life is reduced to the complimentary chitchat of the public dinner, the rout, or the card-table.

There are, however, many literary circles in the metropolis, where the innocent pleasures of society are elegantly enjoyed, and innumerable useful associations, in which men of active and cultivated minds apply their united efforts to the duties of humanity, the study of the sciences, and the perfection of the arts.

Nowhere are professional characters more respectable than in London—Nowhere is more regard paid to the decencies of life—Nowhere is punctuality and honour more strictly adhered to—Nowhere is liberality and benevolence more generously displayed.

Londoners of the middle rank and upwards are equally neat in their persons and their houses. Not a speck of dirt is suffered upon any thing; and every domestic convenience is perfectly understood and enjoyed, without regard to expense. Servants here know their business, and are expected to do it without the oversight of their masters and mistresses; so necessary with us, where the general habit of indulgence inclines all classes to easy inattention.

When an English agent for a mercantile house, accustomed to the silent and attentive operations of a British counting-house, first enters the shop or warehouse of an importer of British dry goods, at Philadelphia or New York, he is astonished to find the merchant or trader lolling back in his chair, with a cigar in his mouth, and his apprentices dodging one another for amusement behind the counter; and he quits the store (as it is called in America) with a dubious opinion of the responsibility of his correspondent, which he anxiously entertains till he finds that the same apparent inattention to business prevails among all his customers.

He often finds the dealer from home, enjoying a walk or a ride, instead of minding his business; and, when he discovers that ease and indulgence do not infallibly lead to ruin, he is ready to regret the years of incessant application that he has

himself consumed at the desk, or in the warehouse; and before he quits America he may get such a relish for present enjoyment, as to remember with contempt instead of envy, the manufacturer of Manchester or Birmingham, (I forget which) that took his dinner off a stool, in his workshop, denied himself a single holiday in twenty years, and left 17,000*l.* for a grandson to spend. "What a fool you are," said one of our Indians, to a European adventurer of this description, "what a fool you are, to work like a slave all your days, that your children may be idle all theirs."

Yet if he has occasion to buy any thing at a shop, he is disgusted with the careless and often slovenly manner in which every thing has been piled away—offended by the inattention of the shopman, frequently an idle boy amusing himself with his playthings—and provoked by a blunt refusal to send home what he has bought and paid for.

At the tavern or the boarding-house, he frets at the inattention of the waiter; and he stares with astonishment where he is invited to dine, or to ride out, at the lounge of the foot-boy, or the stoop of the coachman, (mostly a negro meanly drest, for liveries are rarely given in America,) or listens with disgust to the friendly intercourse between master and servant, in which we so often indulge our domestics, to express and maintain their own opinion.

If he had landed at Boston, he would be ready to laugh at the sudden conversion of Tom, Dick and Harry into prophets and patriarchs, performing the meanest offices of life under the venerable appellations of Nehemiah, Peletiah, Shubal, Peleg, or Job; and he would no longer ridicule his own antiquated Joans and Grizzles, after meeting whole sisterhoods of Faiths, Hopes, and Charities.

A shrewd Yorkshireman, who had come over quick and loud, once told me that he flattered himself he could easily overreach the slowpaced Philadelphians, when he saw them walking about their business with an air of unconcern; but it was not long before this very man took the benefit of the act of insolvency.

Another of the same description, who had already learned to speak English in the mild tones used in America, told me that

he should have to change his note again, on his return, or his acquaintances would never be able to hear what he said, and to throw off the familiar disinterestedness of American address, as he should as soon think of laying hold of a surly mastiff, as beginning with indifferent conversation the close and wary operations of buying and selling, with men that mount guard the moment a customer appears, to avoid a decoy, or to plan a surprise—to circumvent or to repel circumvention. But he never could persuade himself to accept the general invitation of American hospitality, "I shall be glad to see you at my house whenever it suits you," any more than he would presume to call and take a dinner with a friend in London, without express invitation.

Riding out with me one day, he was amazed at my giving the way to a loaded wagon, and equally surprised at the friendly salutes that passed between me and almost every body we met, when he learned that for the most part we did not know each other by name. "One of our gentlemen's coaches," said he, "would keep the road if there was a dozen loaded carts to turn out; and if one of these plain-looking farmers was to have the assurance to nod to the tyrant within, rolling by in sulky pomp, he would be more likely to ask, "Whose tenant are you, sir?" than to return his civilities in kind. The imperious drone would require the most obsequious attendance at an inn, and would snub the officious landlord that presumed to deliver a sentiment in his presence."—He longed for the pleasure of seeing some of their noblemen mortified with the bluntness of our republican manners; for he had seen enough of American inns to know that such conduct would not go down with our independent landlords.

There is scarcely a month in the year in which there is not some raree-show or other exhibited in the streets of London, to keep the mobility in a good humour. Sometimes it is the lord mayor, setting out in an old-fashioned state coach, accompanied by the sheriffs in their chariots, with the aldermen and the city companies in their carriages, to take boat at one stair or slip, and be rowed in splendid barges to another; for the pur-



pose of taking the oaths of office. Sometimes it is a charity sermon; and sometimes a city feast, political or patriotic, in honour of Charles Fox, St. David, or St. George; sometimes the anniversary of the sons of the clergy, at St. Paul's; and sometimes a public funeral at Westminster Abbey; sometimes a birthnight ball at the palace; and sometimes a review in the park, or the king going in state to open or prorogue the two houses of parliament.

But the mob is not always good-humoured upon such occasions; and, according to the scarcity of bread, or the success of the fleet, they salute the Pageants with groans and hisses, or huzzas for church and king.

On these occasions pickpockets are particularly active, and beggars of all descriptions waylay you with assurance, and follow you with importunity; while innumerable coaches sidle you to the wall, and prevent your progress at every corner.

If you stroll through Moorfields, the grand repository of second-hand furniture, or Rag-fair, the general receptacle of cast clothing, you will be assailed with a hundred offers to serve you with what you do not want; at every public place you are pestered with hand bills from quack doctors, and patentees of new inventions; and in whatever shop you ask for any thing you want, they always know better when you are suited than you do yourself.

Yet in the back lanes of the city, and in most of the streets and squares of the west end of the town, there are not so many passengers as are usual in the streets of Philadelphia: from which it appears that the mass of the people, who work for a living, are more confined within. Indeed their utmost application will but procure a mean and scanty subsistence; and if a handicraftsman were seen in the streets of London, carrying home poultry, fish or game, as it often happens with us, it would injure his credit as a prudent man, if it did not set him down for a thief, since any article of that kind would cost more than the wages of a week.

Even the sirloins of Leadenhall, the boast of every British traveller, whether he has ever dined upon one or not, nay, the quarters of veal, and the sides of mutton, swelling with fat, from 1s.

sterling to 18*d.* a pound, are reserved for the tables of the rich; and while the wife of any honest mechanic, under the rank of a master workman, goes every evening to the chandler's shop to break her hard earned sixpence into a penn'orth of tea, two penn'orths of sugar, two penn'orths of bread, and a penn'orth of butter, she may be tantalized by the ungrateful sight of the lady of a rich citizen, or pensioned courtier, lolling in a gilded chariot, while her powdered footman brings from the fruiterers a peach or a bunch of grapes, that may cost seven shillings, or half a guinea a piece.

This branch of the subject might be enlarged upon to tediousness; but the task would be ungrateful: and I trust that the excessive inequalities of rank and fortune which prevail in England, have already been sufficiently contrasted with the happy mediocrity of our native land.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO—MEMOIR ON THE COSACKS.

THE Cosacks are the descendents of the ancient warlike colonies of the Slavonians, known in history under the name of Vsadniqui, or cavalry. Before the christian era they inhabited the borders of the Desna, the Dnieper, and even the borders of the Danube. They are now distinguished by different names, which are derived from the places of their residence, such as the Cosacks of the Don, of Ural, of Siberia, of the Black Sea, of Little Russia, Zaporoskye, Tchongonçwskie, &c. &c. But they all resemble each other in manners and character, are mutually descended from the same people, profess the same religion, that of the Greek church, from which the efforts of the catholic missionaries have not been able to seduce them; and in short, differ scarcely in any thing but dress.

They have been at all times distinguished for their military exploits. They formed the best, and indeed the principal part, of the flower of the army of John Sobiesky, when he raised the siege of Vienna, which would have certainly fallen into the hands of the Turks, had he not vanquished and driven them back. The

celebrated Jermak, with a handful of Cosacks, subdued, in 1580, one half of Asia and Siberia, and conquered several numerous tribes. In 1653, the Cosacks placed themselves under the protection of Alexis Michaelowitz, czar of Russia; since which time, instead of being subject sometimes to Poland and at others to Turkey, they have been faithfully attached to Russia; have rendered her eminent services, and at all times proved themselves the true descendents of the victorious Sclavonians. As they occupy chiefly the frontiers of Russia, they serve as a barrier against the sudden incursions of the plundering tribes near Mount Caucasus.

The annexed engraving represents a Cosack of the Don in his military dress, on setting out for the army. These Cosacks inhabit the vast and fertile plains along the banks of the Don, the Dnieper, the Medvedija, &c. They live in large villages, pass their time in content and abundance, and are passionately fond of horses, of which they have great numbers, as well as numerous flocks. In general the Cosacks are handsome, robust, and strong; the women are also very handsome.

During a long time the Zaporoskye Cosacks lived together without admitting women into their community, and, like the knights of Malta, esteemed it their duty to attack and ravage the Turkish territories. The government has, to this day, left them the liberty of making their own laws and governing themselves. They therefore form a sort of republic, and choose their own officers, except the first hetman, who is named by the emperor, and whose residence is fixed at Tcherkask.

The Cosacks of the Don were for a long time on an equality with each other, until the year 1770; at which time their chiefs, as a reward for the services which they had rendered against the Turks, received the rank of officers of the line, and were decorated with military orders. From the highest to the lowest, every individual enjoyed the same share of land, the same privilege, and an equal liberty; and the only titles to authority were the affections, the confidence, and the choice of their companions. It often happened that the same person who commanded in chief in the first campaign, performed the duties of a common soldier

in the second. All those who are in active service receive the same pay as the other troops of Russia.

The population of the Don Cosacks amounts to 300,000 souls. Their troops are divided into 119 colonies or regiments. The age at which every Cosack is deemed fit for service, is between fifteen and fifty. During that period, his name is registered, and he is always bound to be ready to march at the orders of the sovereign or when his turn arrives, and to equip and arm himself at his own expense, and provide himself with two horses. Although they supply at this moment to the Russian empire only forty thousand men, they can, in case of necessity, easily double that number. A fine regiment of Cosack guards has lately been formed by the empire out of the finest looking men, who are very richly dressed. From the earliest age, the young Cosack delights in being on horseback, in exercising his body, and accustoming it to every movement: to bend under his horse at full gallop, to manage his pike, which, like the tomahawk of the Indians, is his constant companion, and to shoot at a mark with his gun and bow. On holidays, this last is the occupation of the young and old; and sometimes whole regiments meet to enjoy this favourite diversion. The Cosack horses have a heavy and worn-down air, but are quite the reverse when in action. None are then more lively, bold, strong, and easy to manage. A Cosack will leap with his horse from the steepest bank into a deep and rapid river; will traverse dry and burning sands, or cross the thickest forests covered with snow. The best Turkish cavalry, mounted on the finest coursers of Anatolia, have never been able to sustain their first shock, and when pursued are always overtaken by them. The first Cosack you meet will offer to sell you the horse of any Turkish trooper whom he may distinguish at a distance before the enemy's camp. He will set out with the rapidity of lightning, and certainly reach and bring him to you.\*

\* Several anecdotes of this kind are related; but we will content ourselves with repeating what occurred to general Milazadovitz, during the last campaign against the Turks, at his victorious entry into Bucharest. As he was crossing, at the head of his troops, a part of the city where the Turks still made resistance, a Turk mounted on a fine Arabian horse, galloped up and fired a pistol at him. The ball grazed him slightly; but the general, without

Suworoff showed his regard for the Cosacks by often assuming their dress, riding horses like theirs, speaking their language, and always being accompanied by some one of them. He understood too well the art of war, and was too good a judge of military merit not to have a reason for this partiality. He knew that these men, who are plunderers, and even burdensome, when they fight in their ancient manner, when reduced to discipline and order, unite all the good qualities of a soldier: brave, dexterous, patient, faithful, full at once of resignation and ardor; and capable of every species of military service. It is, however, particularly as light troops that they excel. Their frugality, their disregard of the extremes of heat and cold, which they support night and day in the open air, the smallness of their baggage, which consists only of the clothes they wear, their agility as horsemen, and the activity of their horses, who can subsist on any thing that grows: all these qualities place the Cosacks among the best troops of the world. Suworoff understood this. He contributed more than any other person to give them a proper standing in the Russian army; and foreigners have more than once experienced the uses to which he could apply them. In the late wars since 1778, the Cosacks have proved, in spite of all the prejudices of foreigners, that they can not only cope with regular troops, but are able to attack the strongest intrenchments, and mount victoriously to the assault.

We have thus far considered the Cosacks only as a brave and martial people, and endeavoured to explain their merit and ascertain their relative rank among other military nations. Our impartiality now obliges us to add, that, considered as an enlightened people, they are far from being on a level with the civilized inhabitants of Europe. Limited, however, as is their knowledge, and though the sciences are as yet in their infancy among the Cosacks, they already possess writers and poets. Of these we will mention only Simon Klinovsky, born in 1724,

losing his presence of mind, turned to the nearest Cosack, and ordered him to follow the Turk. This was sufficient: the order was instantly executed, and the Turk brought back a prisoner with his horse.

whose manuscript works *on the greatness of the soul and on truth*, are preserved in the imperial library, and contain very noble sentiments and much fine poetry. It is said that he enjoyed among his countrymen the same esteem and reputation which were once possessed by the sages of Greece; that like the inspired Pythia, he delivered in verse his wise counsels to his friends; and that strangers came from all parts to hear him. The song called *The departure of the Cosack*, which is deemed by the ladies so beautiful, and which is translated into several languages, is the composition of Klinovsky, the amiable pupil of nature, but to whom art had unfortunately given no assistance. Under the reign of the emperor Alexander, gymnasiums and schools have been established among the Cosacks, who have been found to possess the happiest dispositions,\* and an astonishing degree of intelligence.†

P. Sv—n.

## THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### LIFE OF PIETRO DA CORTONA.

THE two illustrious painters, whose lives have already been noticed, are called the founders of the two schools distinguished by the names of the Roman and the Florentine. They are so denominated, not because they were the earliest, but the most eminent painters. Of the Florentine school, Angelo was the master. He was distinguished for boldness of design. Nature was expanded and enlarged, and in short made the vehicle of strong

\* The Cosacks of Siberia are usually the interpreters for the savages of that country; and some of them understand several of the dialects of those people. They are also the best guides over the dreary forests and deserts of Siberia.

† Nature has gifted them with an exquisite sense of sight and hearing, similar to those of the American Indians, who can discover the tracks of their enemies with a surprising sagacity, and from the confused prints of their feet, calculate their numbers, and the time of their passing. The Cosack, by applying his ear to the ground, will tell, from the hollow sound, the distance and the number of a body of cavalry.

and energetic conceptions. Where astonishment is the passion invoked, little or no homage can be paid to the altar of the Graces. Vehement attitudes, such as served to display to advantage a knowledge of anatomy, were adopted. The character of this school comprised strength, sublimity, and grandeur; and is thought to have incorporated too liberally the principles of sculpture with those of painting.

Of the earlier Florentine painters, Cimabue is reported to have the honour of restoring the art in Italy. His picture of the Madonna was much admired, where the virgin was seen with her infant in her lap seated in her chair, supported by six full grown angels, all of them less in stature than the child. Giotto, his pupil, excelled in attitude, in the natural foldings of the drapery, in expressing the passions by the face, and was not entirely ignorant of the art of foreshortening. Masaccio, introduced the study of living nature, instead of the cold and lifeless models of sculpture. Paolo Uccello was the first who gave an ideal depth to his works, by his superior knowledge of perspective. Filippo Lippi, the elder, gave a boldness and grandeur to his figures before unknown.

The anatomy of the human body now began to be consulted, in which Paolo Juolo distanced all his competitors. In his contest of Hercules and Antæus, this superiority was strongly displayed. Baldovinetti excelled in portrait-painting. In his picture of the Queen of Sheba on a visit to Solomon, by one of those violent anachronisms for which the painters of that age were so remarkable, he introduced the features of Lorenzo di Medici. Andrea Da Castagna first attempted paintings in oil; and Luca Signorelli peculiarly excelled in drawing naked figures. Such was the state of this delightful art, when Michael Angelo and Leonardo Da Vinci established the Florentine school.

Leonardo Da Vinci was both the cotemporary and the rival of Angelo. He was a man of universal genius, and of such unbounded versatility of research, that he was unable to give his attention undivided to the pencil. Whatever science, whatever pursuit, occupied his attention, he analyzed with an ardor that knew no restraint; and thus was his mind continually summoned from his favourite pursuit. The pencil, the chissel, the pen and

the sword were familiar to his hand. Profoundly versed in the knowledge of anatomy and mathematics, with a taste for poetry also, fascinating in his manners, rich and brilliant in remark, he sparkles upon us in such a variety of hues, that it is difficult to determine, amidst so many lights, which individual lustre partakes of the most brilliancy. The consequence is what might well be expected, that his works are, for the most part, incomplete; he began many things, and accomplished little. Of this his famous piece, representing the last supper, is a striking evidence. The disciples are portrayed with countenances composing different groups of sorrow, fear, astonishment: and the sly and treacherous Judas exhibits a powerful contrast, where the eye immediately recognises the traitor. But to the everlasting regret of all admirers of the graphic art, the head of our Saviour is left unfinished in the group.

Of the Florentine school, Andrea Del Sarto excelled in fresco and oil painting. One of his most celebrated pieces is denominated the Preaching of St. John in the wilderness. The countenance of the Saint is sunburnt, expressive of a life led in the desert. Some of his followers are listening with deep attention, some with astonishment, some with conviction. The whole is remarkable for correct outline, elegance of disposition and well disposed drapery. He likewise finished a painting, the head and hands of which were from the pencil of Raphael, and the drapery by Julio Romano, which was executed with such skill, and so well did he adopt the style of both, that he even deceived Romano himself.

To this painter succeeded Daniel De Volterra. He rendered himself illustrious by his painting called the Descent from the Cross, in the Trinita del Monte. The figure of our Saviour is executed in the best manner of Michael Angelo: a model of expression, style, and breadth.

Fra Bartolomeo was likewise an eminent painter of this school: and his Assumption of the Virgin is considered as a splendid and awful instance of the union of character, expression, and effect, that by their combined efforts produce one decided whole. Christopher Allori was justly distinguished for the gracefulness of his design and fine colourings.



Of the paintings of this school, the only one of which an engraving can now be procured, is the annexed, called the Marriage of St. Catharine, from the hand of Pietro da Cortona. The two heads of the females have a pleasing character, and are dressed with elegance and taste. The draperies have affected attitudes, and are pronounced too heavy and monotonous. The figures are of a natural size; the design is elegant, and the colouring vigorous.

This eminent artist, named Pietro Barretini, was born at Cortona, in the year 1580. He manifested an early genius for the pencil, and with that view left his native place for Florence. Reduced to the last extremity by his poverty, he connected himself with a scullion boy, a native of Cortona, who was in the service of Cardinal Sachetti. He was received by him with every demonstration of penurious hospitality, and shared the straw on which this son of poverty was accustomed to sleep. For two years they supported themselves together on what the refuse of the kitchen afforded. Pietro was not insensible of such kindness: he filled the garret of his hospitable host with his drawings, the only requital which it was then in his power to offer.

Poverty however was unable to subdue his enterprising genius. He struggled with his antagonist with that persevering industry which is almost an infallible omen of future success. At times he supported himself solely on bread, and studied in a distant city. When the shades of night overtook him, we behold this child of misfortune sleeping under a portico, waiting only till the dawn of day for the resumption of his labours.

Accident at last threw one of these drawings into the hands of Cardinal Sachetti. Struck with their uncommon merit, he immediately busied himself in inquiries concerning their author, and at length discovered him in an insulated convent, where some compassionate monks had employed him to copy a picture of Raphael, and, to remunerate him, allowed him a lodging *and a seat at the second table.*

The Cardinal immediately received him with the most hospitable complacency, benevolently granted him a pension, and





placed him in the school of one of the most eminent painters in Rome. To the honour of Pietro it must be recorded, that great as his obligations were to the munificent Cardinal, he never forgot those which he owed to the poor scullion, who was the first to rejoice at the present prosperous change in the circumstances of his friend, and in the fortune which he subsequently amassed.

We hope that it is not improper to pause here for a moment, and to dwell with delight on those small links which bind the destiny of man—events apparently fortuitous when they happen, are plainly afterwards seen to be guided by an overruling Providence ; which illustrate the truth of Shakspeare's remark—

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them as we will.

The events that led to the prosperity of our artist are, first, the connexion he formed with this poor scullion, a circumstance that poverty appeared only to have brought about, and the alliance which this scullion had with the subsequent munificent patron of Pietro. To these are added others, that the cardinal should possess a taste for the pencil, and should enjoy in connexion with his opulence a liberal and munificent heart. Thus does Fortune, while she hoards up treasures, become, by the secret workings of divine wisdom, the admirer and the patroness of humble and suffering genius.

Our artist did not attempt to rival the great masters of the Florentine school in the peculiar points of their excellence. Declining a contest so unequal, he contented himself with bending the powers of his mind to the humbler departments of the art. He studied, with great attention, disposition, or the art of making all his figures subservient to one grand object. With this view he departed from the principles inculcated by his masters, as well as what has been delivered down from Grecian models, and multiplied the forms upon his canvass. All these were so judiciously disposed, as to heighten our interest in the painter's main design; and to that they were cautiously restricted. The scholars of Cortona were, like him, unsparing of their groups; but they did not, in imitation of him, study the art of disposition.

Their figures appear, therefore, so many insulated individuals; and the attention is broken, dispersed, and divided. But disposition is not the only point of Cortona's excellence. He studied likewise with great success *chiaro oscuro*, or the art of giving, by strong masses of light and shade, a bold relief to his figures. Cardinal Borghese employed Pietro to decorate the walls of his palace with his pencil. He painted landscapes, where not only the scenery, but the fruit on the trees, were admirably wrought. It was touched by a bold and free hand; and the fruit appeared in so bold a relief, it seemed to invite the hand no less than the eye of the spectator.

The Palace Pitti, at Florence, (so called from the name of the unfortunate merchant who ruined himself in the fifteenth century by erecting it) received the decorations of his pencil. While he was employed, in representing on the walls the iron age, the face of a weeping infant constituted one of the group. Prince Ferdinand, on entering the room, exclaimed—"How well that child cries!" "Has your majesty a wish," answered Pietro, "to see how easy it is to make this child laugh? Behold, I will prove it in an instant." So saying, he gave the contour of the mouth a concave turn downwards, instead of the convex upwards, which it before had, and with no alteration in the upper part of the face, the child seemed ready to suffocate with laughter. After he had so amused his royal guest by this specimen of his skill, he restored the altered features, and went on with his work.

The Palazzo Barberini was likewise ornamented with some of Pietro's productions; and it was there that he finished an apotheosis of Urban. Under such auspices he acquired fame and fortune, and died in the year 1640, and in the fiftieth year of his age.

This outline, faint and imperfect as it is, may serve to encourage youthful genius to persevere, and never to despond: perhaps the very moment of despair may be the crisis of good fortune—a moment which if abandoned may depart forever, and leave such hopeless despondency to the destiny it merits. It is further a warning to the opulent, not to slight the notice of imploring and indigent genius. How many, like Pietro, may be





*Julius Bonaventura pinxit.*

*NATIVITY OF JESUS CHRIST.*

doomed to perish in obscurity for the want of such assistance; and how profitably is expended that gratuity from which such consequences result.

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LIFE OF JULIO ROMANO.

Of the Roman school, Julio Romano excelled in loftiness and energy of thought, but was deficient in delicacy and purity of taste. With uncommon powers of expression, he united a decided attachment to distortion and grimace. Francisco Primaticcio propagated the conceptions of his master. Julio, by the aid of Nicolo, loaded the palaces of Francis the first, with mythologic and allegoric works, in frescoes, celebrated for an energy and depth of tone. Polydoro's style was formed on the basis of the purest antique; but it was rendered, by the study of the Roman basso relievos too monumental. Michael Angelo Amerigi, surnamed Il Carravagio, was eminent for the dark and mournful sobriety of his colouring.

Sachi was one of the most eminent in fresco. He studied all the artists, but copied none. A strong competition was maintained between him and Pietro, both men of great genius, and both of extraordinary abilities. He excelled in beauty of figure, appropriate drapery, and delicacy of disposition. His principal painting was an allegorical figure of divine wisdom, distinguished for grandeur of design and sweetness of colouring. He also excelled in perspective.

Carlo Maratti was celebrated for the loftiness of his designs, the clearness and brilliancy of his colourings, and tender and delicate carnations. He excelled likewise in the ornaments he bestowed on the head, and his judicious disposition of the hair. His best painting was the representation of the Virgin in the church of Sienna. The drapery cast in broad folds was elegant, and the colouring excellent. Another of his pieces represented the flight of our Saviour into Egypt. The head of the Virgin was of a noble character, but that of Joseph unworthy of the artist's pencil.

The annexed engraving represents the nativity of our Saviour, a work deservedly ranked amongst the most celebrated compositions of Julio Romano. The attitude of the Virgin is full of dignified simplicity; and the head of Joseph is boldly por-



trayed. The countenance of our Saviour has a smile of sweetness; but it appertains more properly to the face of a child two or three years old, than to a newly born infant. In the back ground an angel appears, announcing the miracle to the shepherds. But there are in the composition two glaring anachronisms. St John is represented as attending the nativity in the character of a man twenty-five or thirty years old. And how the soldier who pierced the side of our Saviour could attend on an occasion like the present, remains to be accounted for.

There is seen in this painting all the correctness, vigor, and dignity so characteristic of the pencil of Romano. It was painted on wood of the natural size, and decorated originally the chapel of Isabella Boschetta, in the church of St. Antony, of Mantua. It passed afterwards into the hands of Charles the First. After the death of that unfortunate monarch, it was sold at public sale, for five hundred pounds sterling, to Jabach, a celebrated amateur, and was afterwards purchased by the King of France. The painter himself merits a more detailed notice.

When the pencil was deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, by the death of Raphael, Julio Romano still survived, who, with a large portion of the genius, possessed the entire confidence of his master. He was employed by him in works of the greatest importance, in the pontifical apartments. These were painted by Romano after Raphael's designs, more particularly those which delineated the creation of Adam, the building of the ark, and the discovery of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter. He further finished a great part of the stories in the palace of Augustino Chigi, of whom mention has already been made, which was designed by his master. Raphael was an admirable architect; and Romano took so much delight in drawing his plans for churches, palaces, &c. that he at last became an eminent architect himself. In short, such confidence did Raphael place in the subject of the present memoir, that on his death he was appointed his heir, in conjunction with *Giovan Francissio*, with this proviso, a still more decisive proof of confidence, that they should finish the works which he had left incomplete. Much to their honour, they faithfully performed this melancholy duty.

Romano excelled all the other scholars of Raphael, in design, invention and colouring, and peculiarly in his knowledge of antique.

Cardinal Giulian de Medici, preparing to construct a palace on the *Marti Mario*, a site that commanded a beautiful and variegated prospect of the Tiber, and of the country adjacent, employed Romano as the architect, who executed his trust so faithfully, and so much to the admiration of all, that it was supposed to have been modelled by Raphael himself.

When Cardinal Gulian was elected to the papal chair, under the name of Clement the 7th, it was a day of jubilee for the artists, who, during the administration of his predecessor, languished and repined for want of patronage. They were employed to finish the hall of Constantine; and Romano peculiarly distinguished himself, where that monarch is represented as addressing his soldiers. In the air, a cross is made to appear, with these words inscribed—*In hoc signo vinces*—a device at once both beautiful and allegoric, which, while it expresses the power and prosperity of the hero, ascribes them to the agency and superintendence of that system of worship he had so recently embraced.

On the other side of the hall, was represented a battle, fought near *Ponte Molli*, where Constantine routed Maxentius. The various and awfully impressive attitudes of the dying and the wounded, of both horsemen and footmen, are almost pre-eminent for design, and have been a model for almost all battles ever since. The artist displayed to great advantage his acquaintance with the pillars of Trajan and Antoninus, whence he borrowed the habit, arms, and ensigns of his piece. Amidst all this confusion, consternation, and rout, Maxentius appears in the act of flying from the battle across the Tiber on horseback.

On the chimney is drawn St. Peter's church in prospective, where the pope, assisted by all the cardinals and prelates of the church, are employed in singing high mass. Constantine on his knees, and at the feet of the sovereign pontiff, presents the keys of Rome, intimating that the emperor had endowed the church with those domains.

The marquis of Montano, intending to erect a new palace, requested the holy father to recommend an artist, who was competent to the design and superintendence of the building. The choice at last fell upon Romano, who, on his arrival, was received by the duke with every testimony of respect for his genius, and shared largely his munificence. He was led to the duke's pleasure grounds, and showed the place where his patron desired his palace to be built, without disturbing or molesting the remains of an old wall adjacent to the spot. Romano immediately formed the design of making that wall an integral part in the building, which he executed so much to the satisfaction of the duke, that he resolved to have the whole building finished in that manner. The palace was built square, and had within a great court, in which were four cross entries, with the ceilings all in fresco.

On the walls were drawn the marquis's dogs, designed by our artist, and finished by his scholar Rinaldo Montano. Another room, where ceilings are divided into compartments of stucco, is decorated with a series of paintings of the story of Cupid and Psyche. Cupid espouses Psyche, in the presence of the assembled deities; and here the artist has displayed to the greatest advantage his skill in the difficult and delicate art of foreshortening his figure. A form not a foot long, appears to be three or four feet, when seen from the ground. On the side of the room the same story is continued in fresco. A beautiful figure of Psyche appears in a bath, perfectly naked, attended by several little Cupids, who are busily employed in rubbing the moisture from her limbs.

Another wall presents us with a table loaded with a rich and luxurious banquet, which the Graces are adorning with flowers. Bacchus, Silenus, and several Bacchantes, are singing and playing on musical instruments. Psyche, retired at a small distance from this riot, is waited on by several women of excellent beauty—Phœbus, drawn in a car of four horses, approaches to enliven the day, while a lovely Zephyr is drawn naked upon the clouds, deeply engaged in attempering the atmosphere to this favourite of Cupid and the gods.

While the eye of the spectator is charmed and delighted by such a group of delightful objects, he is called upon to witness another freak of capricious genius, rendered more strong and impressive by the contrasts it exhibits. Romano built another apartment, to correspond with the painting he designed. The interior was composed of gross rustic work; and the stones, although piled with consummate art, appeared to be thrown together by chance, and ready at every moment to fall from their places.

Here was painted the war of Jupiter and the giants. In one part the gods are seen flying in consternation from their invading foes; but Jupiter alone, amidst all this alarm, preserves, by the serenity of his countenance, the character of Omnipotence. On the other side are seen the giants routed and discomfited, some retreating for protection to a grotto, made dark and hollow, to render the deception more perfect, some overwhelmed by rocks and mountains; these ponderous masses are seen suspended over the heads of others, who are springing from the inevitable ruin, while the rest are crushed by the fall of pillars and temples. Pluto, alarmed by this uproar, flies in a car drawn by fiery horses to the centre of the earth for protection.

There is a little analogy between this freak of the pencil, and the following lines from Homer:

“ Deep in the dreary regions of the dead,  
Th’ infernal monarch rear’d his horrid head :  
Leap’d from his throne, lest Neptune’s arms should lay  
His deep dominions open to the day;  
And let in light upon those dire abodes,  
Abhorr’d by men, and dreadful e’en to gods.”

The colouring is from the hand of *Rinaldo Montuano*, and so judiciously managed by the strong masses of light and shade, that a room only fifteen yards in extent, appears of immense compass.

While Romano was thus engaged, the river Po broke its boundaries, and overflowed the greater part of the city. By the command of the duke, he caused all that part of the city so deluged to be taken down, and upon their ruins new buildings to

be erected, out of the reach of the water. The whole city was almost thus rebuilt by Romano.

He executed for the duke's palace a series of paintings, commemorative of the principal events of the Trojan war—A Madonna travelling to Egypt—Joseph holds his ass by the halter, and some angels pull down the boughs of a date tree, for the infant to gather fruit.—Romulus nursed by a she-wolf.—Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, dividing the empire of the heavens, earth, and sea amongst themselves.—The Nativity of St. John the Baptist—and the Meeting of Hannibal and Scipio, in the presence of their two armies, on the banks of a river.

He is reported to have made more designs than several horses would be able to carry, and to have been so admirable a painter and architect, that every sort of design was familiar to him. The duke maintained the strictest friendship for Romano to his death—an event that affected our artist so much, that he would have immediately left Montano, had not his brother, the Cardinal, exerted every mode of courteous endearment and solicitation, to change his purpose.

When Angelo exhibited at Rome his painting called the Last Judgment, Romano, wishing to enter the lists of competition, chose the subject of our Saviour's calling Peter and Andrew from their nets to become his disciples; and his Cartoon, which was painted by his best scholar, *Ferino Guroini*, was executed with such diligence and force, it is pronounced the best production of his hands.

The chief architect of St. Peter's church dying, it became a question of much debate amongst the superintendents, what person should succeed to that office. Julio was at last appointed, and anxious as he was to accept, he was deterred from fear of offending the Cardinal, who would by no means consent, and by the remonstrances of his wife, who was also averse. While he was thus wavering, he was attacked with a violent malady, and expired in the fifty-fourth year of his age, in the year 1516.

## THE DRAMA.

IN the year 1811, says a Paris Journal, of the first of January 1812, there have been performed on the different theatres of the capital, one hundred and sixty new pieces.

At the Imperial Academy of Music, (the French Opera) five: of which three were operas and two ballets. The operas were the Triumph of Mars, Sophocles, and the Amazons, none of which obtained a distinguished success.

At the French theatre, nine, *viz.* two tragedies, Mahomet the Second, which the author withdrew at the eighth representation, but which will be resumed after some changes; Hannibal, a piece which failed yesterday. Only one comedy in five acts, called the Mania for Independence, which has experienced a total failure—two comedies in three acts, which shared the same fate; and four small pieces, of which three were hissed.

At the Comic Opera, twelve: three pieces of three acts, three of two, and six of a single act. In this number, there were four failures; and none of them had a flattering reception.

At the Odcon, eighteen. The quantity was substituted for quality. The Old Aunt of Picard is, however, well spoken of.

At the Opera Buffa, seven.

At the Vaudeville, twenty-four: of which only four or five yet remain.

At the Varieties, twenty-one: among which is the monstrous Ogress. The list of this theatre, however, is gradually purifying.

At the Ambigu Comique, eleven: of which seven were melo-dramas.

At the Gaiety, seventeen: of which nine were melo-dramas.

At the Gymnastic Games, eight pantomimes.

At the Olympic Circus, eleven.

At the Foreign Games, seventeen.

In the year 1810 there were represented only 150 new pieces.

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An ordinance of the police, says the same journal, concerning the interior and exterior police of the theatres, contains the following regulations:

No theatre can be opened in the city of Paris, unless the managers have previously complied with the formalities, and are provided with the authorities required by law.

No theatre shall be opened until it has been clearly proved that the building is constructed in a solid manner; that the proper precautions in case of fire have been taken; and that nothing is suffered to remain under the porticoes or the entries that can in any manner impede the circulation.

Every theatre at present opened, or to be opened in future, shall be instantly closed, if the managers neglect for a single day to keep the reservoirs full of water, and the pumps in good condition, and to superintend the persons who must be constantly ready to give assistance in case of accident.

The managers shall not distribute more tickets than the number of persons whom the theatre can contain.

It is enjoined on the managers to cause to be closed exactly, during the whole time of the representation, the doors communicating from the body of the theatre to the stage, the green room, or the boxes of the artists; in which no person, not belonging to the theatre, shall be introduced.

It is expressly forbidden, for any person to sell again, to the public, tickets procured from the proper officers of the theatre, or to sell, at all, tickets which come from any other source.

It is forbidden to talk or walk about in the lobbies during the representation, in such a way as to disturb the order of the house.

It is also forbidden to disturb the tranquillity of the spectators by noises, either of applause or disapprobation before the curtain rises or between the acts.

No one shall keep on his hat while the curtain is up; and in the great theatres, no one shall, during the whole representation, keep on his hat after the curtain has once risen.

There shall not be employed in the public service, at the entrance of the theatres, any but officers known to the police, and who shall wear a plate of brass, with the number of their permission and the theatre to which they belong engraved on it.

As a specimen of the daily theatrical amusements of the French capital, we select, from one of the late journals, the following advertisement of the principal theatres.

*Sunday, December 8, 1811.*

The Imperial Academy of Music.—Iphigenia in Aulis, and the Dansomania.

The French Theatre.—Eugenia and the Pretty Farmer's wife.

Imperial Comic Opera.—Formerly and to day, The Lottery Ticket, The Dress of Grammont.

Theatre of the Empress.—The Project of Wisdom, The Innocent Woman, The Family Picture.

Vaudeville.—Laujon, The Exile of Rochester, The two Edmons.

Variety.—A Mourning of Former Times, The Inhabitant of the Barreus.

Gaiety.—Ricket with the Tuft, Joseph Leopold.

The Ambigu Comique.—Clara, The White Pilgrim.

The Gymnastic Games.—The Knights of the Round Table, The White Hermits.

Tivole.—Ball.

Coliseum.—Ball. [Price about 37½ cents.]

#### EPISTOLARY.—FOR THE FORT FOLIO.

[We have been favoured with the following very interesting original letter from Dr. Beattie, to the Rev. Dr. Charles Nesbit, late Principal of the College at Carlisle.]

*Peterhead, July 2, 1792.*

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT tell you how much I am gratified by your very kind remembrance of me, and how much I have been entertained by your two excellent letters. Be assured, that though a dilatory writer, I am not conscious of any diminution in my affection for you; that I often think of you; and that, when I meet with any of our common friends, I often speak of you in terms which you would not dislike. For reasons that will occur to yourself, I cannot give a particular detail of the reflections suggested by the very interesting information with which you have favoured me: I shall only say, that it coincides exactly with the



conjectures I had formed, and the intelligence I have received from some others; and that my principles on the subject in question are the same with yours.—You are pleased to speak favourably of the first volume of *Elements of Moral Science*; the second is now in the hands of the printer: I will endeavour to send you both. What I have said, in the second, on the slavery of the negroes, and on the principles of politics, will not please every body: but I have honestly given the sentiments which I have been teaching and pondering for thirty years and upwards: and they are sentiments, in which, the more I see and hear of this changeable world, I am the more confirmed.—I need not give you any of the public news of this country: you will see all that in the newspapers. Our national prosperity is just now greater than I have ever known it; and nothing is wanting to make us a very happy people, but a right sense of that prosperity, and gratitude to that good Providence who bestows it. But we are evil and unthankful; and too many of us are not only discontented, but turbulent. Both in religion and in politics, we are pestered with foolish theories, the effect of levity and ignorance. If we would read more Greek and Latin and less French, more histories and fewer novels, and if we would speak less and think more, it would be a good thing for us. The theories of the present time often put me in mind of that old sophist (you will remember his name though I do not) who took it upon him to give Hannibal a lecture on the military art. The harangue was much admired by the author, and such of his audience as knew nothing of practical tactics: the Carthaginian bluntly said, that he never before had met with a blockhead so ignorant and so conceited.

You will be glad to hear, that my sister and her son and daughter are in their usual health: my brother-in-law, now in his 86th year, though he has been confined to bed these five years, eats well, and sleeps well, and is perfectly easy, contented and happy. Our old friend Thomson died last winter of a fever. His son, who is in a very thriving way, offered to supply him with as much gin and porter as he could swallow; but the heroic Charles wandered from alehouse to alehouse, and tumbled to the end of the chapter.

Of myself I have nothing good to say. That old vertigo in my head (as you have often told me) will never leave me till I am dead. But I have so many other complaints that I cannot expect to be long here. About eighteen months ago I was visited with an affliction, which, though I am entirely resigned to the will of Providence, has broken my heart. My son (whom you will remember) died at that time of a consumption. His illness lasted a year, during which I was always with him. He had every advantage that could be derived from affectionate attendants and able physicians, and every thing was procured for him that the faculty recommended; but all was vain. The king appointed him my assistant in the college five years ago, and an able assistant he was. Indeed to all, who were well acquainted with him, he was the object of admiration and delight. The inscription which I wrote for his tombstone contains his character in brief, and I assure you without any exaggeration. It is in these words:

“*Jacobo Hay Beattie, Jacobi filio:—Philosoph. in Acad. Marischal. Professore—Adolescenti,—ea modestia,—ea suavitate morum,—ea benevolentia erga omnes,—ea erga Deum pietate,—ut humanum nihil supra.—In bonis literis,—in theologia,—in omni philosophia,—exercitatissimo,—Poetæ insuper,—rebus in levioribus faceto,—in grandioribus sublimi.—Qui placidam animam efflavit xix Novemb. MDCCXC,—annos habens XXII, diesque XIII.—Pater moerens hoc marmor posuit.*”

I have collected and arranged as many of his papers, as will justify every particular of this character; and intend, for the use of my friends, to print sixty or a hundred copies, one of which will be sent to you. It will be either one pretty large volume, or two small ones, and if I live, will be put to the press next winter. The epitaph touches upon the more important parts only of his character; but I will take the liberty to inform you further, that he was an able chemist, botanist, anatomist, profoundly skilled in the theory of music, an excellent performer on the violin and organ, an elegant drawer, a master of Greek and Latin, a proficient in the French tongue, an admirable public speaker, expert in fishing, fowling, and fencing; and such a mechanic, that two years before his death he superintended the building of a very good organ for himself. In wit and humour

he was not inferior to you; and though his piety, modesty and delicacy, were exemplary, he retained, even when he came to be a man, all the cheerfulness and playfulness of a boy. His poems are partly English and partly Latin; for he composed with equal ease in both languages. He foresaw his death long before it came, and met it with true christian meekness and resignation. All this may seem extraordinary; but it is all literally true, as many persons now alive can testify.

I send this under cover to my friend the bishop of London, who will frank it as far as his privilege extends, that is, I suppose, to Falmouth.

With best wishes to Mrs. Nisbet and your family, I ever am,

Dear sir, your affectionate humble servant,

J. BEATTIE.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—AMERICAN GALLANTRY.

[As the commencement of the article which in our last number we announced to be permanently appropriated to instances American gallantry, we are fortunate enough to procure the following:—They are extracted from a manuscript work by General Lee which is now in the press; and the anecdotes, which we are permitted to extract, will no doubt increase the desire of the public for its appearance.]

AFTER the battle of Brandywine, Washington advanced to meet the enemy, who after three day's repose on the field of battle directed his route to the upper part of the Schuylkill. Separated by a tempest, the American general exerted himself to replenish the ammunition of his army destroyed by the fall of rain from the insecurity of their cartouch boxes, and artillery tumbrils, while the British general pursued his course across the Schuylkill, directing his route to the American metropolis. Contiguous to the enemy's route, lay some flour stored in mills for the use of the American army, the destruction of which was deemed expedient by the commander in chief. Lieutenant colonel Hamilton (the celebrated Alexander Hamilton) was despatched for that purpose with capt. Lee (Henry Lee afterwards lieu-

tenant colonel Lee of the Legion cavalry.) Colonel Hamilton took possession of a flat-bottomed boat to transport himself and his party across the river, should his object in consequence of the near approach of the enemy prove impracticable. A small party of horsemen were detached from the main body in front of the enemy with the order of execution. These mills stood on the bank of the Schuylkill. Two videttes were posted on the summit of a hill which the party were obliged to descend in their route to the mills. The fire of the videttes, announced the appearance of the enemy; and the dragoons were ordered instantly to embark. Of the small party four took possession of the boat, with the lieutenant colonel, the van of the enemy's horse pressing down the hill in pursuance of the two videttes. Captain Lee, with the remaining two, resolved to attempt regaining the bridge rather than to detain the boat. Hamilton was committed to the flood and compelled to struggle against a violent current, increased by recent rains, while Lee relied for safety on the soundness and swiftness of his horse. The attention of the enemy being engaged by his attempt for the bridge, delayed for a few minutes the attack upon the boat, and afforded to Hamilton's party a better chance for escape. The two videttes preceded Lee, as he reached the bridge; and himself with four dragoons safely passed it, although the enemy's front section emptied their carabines and pistols at the distance of ten or twelve paces. Lee's apprehension for the safety of Hamilton continued to increase, as he heard volleys of carabines discharged upon the boat which were only returned by guns singly and occasionally. He trembled for the probable issue; and as soon as the pursuit ended, which did not last long, he despatched a dragoon to the commander in chief, describing with fears and anxiety what had passed, and his sad presage. His letter was scarcely perused by Washington before Hamilton himself appeared, and, ignorant of the contents of the paper in the general's hand, renewed his attention to the ill-boding separation with the probability that his friend Lee had been cut off, inasmuch as instantly after he turned for the bridge, the British horse reached the mill, and commenced their operation upon the boat. Washington with joy relieved his fears, by giving his aid-de-camp the captain's letter.

Thus, continues the narrator, who was himself one of the party, did fortune smile upon these two young soldiers already united in friendship which ceased only with life. Lieutenant colonel Hamilton escaped unhurt; but the four dragoons with one of the boatmen were wounded.

When general Greene retreated from lord Rawdon (the present earl of Moira,) Fort Motte was rigorously invested by brigadier-general Marion and lieutenant colonel Lee. This fort formed the principal depot of the convoys from Charleston to Camden, and sometimes for those destined for Fort Granby. A large and commodious mansion-house belonged to Mrs. Motte. Her deceased husband was a firm friend to the cause of America; and her daughter was the wife of major Pinkney who had fought and bled in the service of his country.\* This house was seated on a high and commanding hill, surrounded by a deep trench, along the interior margin of which was raised a strong and lofty parapet, garrisoned with about one hundred and fifty men. An intimate friendship subsisted between lieutenant colonel Lee and Mrs. Motte; and the house in which she then resided was made that officer's quarters. Every officer of his corps likewise daily experienced the liberality of that excellent woman. Her table was covered always with all the luxuries the country could afford; and her sideboard presented the best wines of Europe. She administered comfort and relief to the wounded soldiers, and assuaged the miseries of war by her benevolence. The nocturnal illumination from the fires in the camp of lord Rawdon gave evidence of approaching succor to the garrison, and likewise admonished the besieging party that a speedy and decisive assault became every hour more indispensable. The burning of the house was resolved on; and it became a question who should communicate to Mrs. Motte such painful intelligence. Colonel Lee assumed on himself this delicate office. This exemplary lady relieved that officer from his embarrassment, by declaring that she was gratified by an opportunity to testify her devotion to her country by such a personal sacrifice. The commander of the fort in momentary anticipation of succor obstinately refused to surrender; and the

\* This house was the summer residence of Mrs. Motte.

means of conflagration were prepared. These consisted of bows and arrows tipped with inflammable and combustible materials. Mrs. Motte, by accident seeing this, sent for the lieutenant colonel, presented him with a bow and its apparatus imported from India, and requested him to substitute this as better suited to his object than those which he had prepared. Thus equipped the besieging party repaired to their stations; a flag of truce was sent for the last time, and exemplary vengeance was denounced, if the British officer still maintained the siege. He still continued deaf to remonstrances; extremities were now resorted to, and the house soon blazed with unextinguishable flames. A white flag the signal of surrender was displayed by the garrison; and the exasperated conquerors took immediate possession of the fort. Amongst the prisoners was one man, a refugee, who was charged with the crime of having burned the houses of his neighbours who favoured the cause of their country. The militia loudly demanding vengeance, the British officer was reminded of the punishment that was threatened; and he with intrepidity replied that he was ready to meet any consequences which the discharge of his duty might produce. Thus braved, the reader is now prepared to anticipate the sequel. It was this: not a drop of blood was shed by the Americans, not an article of private property taken. Macpherson, (the British commander,) and his officers accompanied their captors to Mrs. Motte's, and partook of a sumptuous entertainment there provided. He was shortly after sent to Charleston on his parole pursuant to his own request. It is difficult to conceive of higher acts of heroism than these throughout. It is not in the tented field, not in the often mere brutal intrepidity of confronting danger, that man displays heroism of the highest class: it is in that self command, that is capable of discriminating between victory and vengeance. Had this action been performed by transatlantic agents, with what delight and rapture would Americans have dwelt on its rehearsal! Posterity will not pass it over in silence although performed by Americans.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following new edition of a very ingenious and useful table, by doctor Rush of Philadelphia, well deserves to be preserved in a form less fugitive than a single sheet.

## A VIEW

*Of the physical, moral, and immoral effects of certain liquors*

UPON THE BODY AND MIND OF MAN,

AND UPON HIS CONDITION IN SOCIETY.

Liquors.	Upon his body,	Upon his mind,	Upon his condition in society.
Water Milk and water Molasses and water Molasses-beer and Small-beer	produce { Good appetite, Health, Sound sleep, An agreeable complexion and Long life, }	produce { A peaceable disposition, Serenity of mind, Industry and Domestic happiness, }	produce { Reputation and Wealth. }
Cider Perry Wine Porter and Strong-beer	produce { Strength and a power in the system to resist the extremes of heat and cold, provided they are taken in small quantities, and chiefly with meal, }	produce { Cheerfulness, Good humour, Generosity and Social pleasures, }	produce { Friendship. Honour. Public and private Confidence. }
Punch Toddry Grog Milk-punch Sling Flip Egg-nog Liquors Bitters made with spirits Raw rum Brandy Whisky and Spirits in the morning The same two or three times a day The same, every hour in the day, and in the night	produce { Tremors in the hands Sickness and puking in the morning, Indigestion, Belching, Hiccup, Red eyes and nose, Rose-buds over the whole face, and after a while a pallid face, Fetid breath, Hoarseness, A short cough, Sore and swelled legs, Pains in the limbs, Burning in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, Jaundice, Droopy Loss of memory, Palsy, Apoplexy, Madness, Death, }	produce { Idleness, Peevishness, Quarrelling and Scolding, Obscene conversation, Uncleanliness, Black eyes from fighting, Broken bones from falls, Gaming, Lying, Cursing, Swearing, Pillering, Stealing, Perjury, Picking pockets, House breaking, Assaults on the highway, Murder, }	produce { Poverty discovered in a filthy house, and in rag- ged clothing. Debt. Detestation by family and friends. Hospital. Jail. Hard labour. Chains. A solitary cell. Disgrace. Universal contempt? Imprisonment for life. The gallows. }

## HORACE IN LONDON.

## BOOK I. ODE 35.

*O Diva, gratum quae regis Antium, &c.*

GODDESS, whose ever-varying wings  
Still shade this favoured nation;  
But whisk down continental kings  
In whimsical rotation.  
Thee oft invokes the rural squire  
To bid the circling frost retire,  
To join the hunt half frantic.  
And thee, the hardy tar implores  
When outward bound from Britain's shores,  
He ploughs the huge Atlantic.

The wandering Scot, the gypsy lass,  
Without thy aid would falter;  
And *Windsor* lights his flame of gas  
At thy bright burning altar.  
Shouldst thou desert his lecture-room,  
The shades of night in Stygian gloom  
Would bury all his trouble.  
And Boreas, with discordant yell  
Charge at full gallop down Pall Mall  
And dissipate the bubble.

Necessity before thee flies  
In calimanco breeches,  
And Opposition dims thine eyes  
With party-coloured speeches;  
Rough Honesty disdains to wait  
Where mobs besiege the levee gate  
Nor courts thy hand with fawning;  
Skill'd in thy meretricious wiles  
True Policy will scorn thy smiles,  
And treat with smiles thy scorning.



Than Gallia's self-elated king,  
 Dread goddess, canter faster;  
 Should he attempt his herds to bring,  
 To feed on British pasture.  
 O lead him safely from St. Cloud,  
 To join his fierce invading crew,  
 In numerous camps at Calais.  
 Then bid the herd of swine advance,  
 Down headlong from the coast of France,  
 To Neptune's oozy palace.

But since his words will break no bones,  
 Prevent, to make things even,  
 The *Ins* and *Outs* from throwing stones,  
 And wounding poor St. Stephen.  
 I hate this skirmishing and pique,  
 This tug of war—where Greek meets Greek,  
 Both sinning, both complaining.  
 Retire ye self-destroying hosts,  
 And banish this affair of *posts*,  
 For open bold campaigning.

—  
BOOK V. ODE 7.

*Quò, quò, scelesti, ruitis?*

TO THE PISTOLING PRIVY COUNSELLORS.

OH whither so fast do ye guiltily fly,  
 With pistol in hand, and revenge in your eye?  
 What! have ye not lavish'd enough British blood?  
 Then, gentlemen, why add your own to the flood?  
 Not now is your *vigor* preparing to act,  
 On Denmark in peaceful alliance attack'd;  
 Ye are not, sage heroes, to Walcheren rushing  
 To wrestle with Death in the ditches of Flushing.  
 No foe do ye now with sir Arthur defy,  
 Who flying to conquer, but conquers to fly.

These glories already encircle your brow,  
And only one triumph is left to you now;  
If you wish to make Britain's *worst* enemies bleed,  
Take but a *sure* aim, and you're sure to succeed.

Your comrades, those sage ministerial elves,  
Only prey on the public and not on themselves,  
Nor dream they of wasting their powder and pains  
By aiming at blowing out each other's brains.

What folly inspires you, what madness, what guilt?  
O think on the blood ye already have spilt:  
Alas! tis in vain, cruel fate has decreed  
That one, and but one, of the heroes should bleed.

Some demon, a foe to our welfare and good,  
Has surely ordain'd, in his angriest mood,  
That they, who misguided the national vigor,  
Should equally fail in controlling a trigger.  
Ye powers who watch over this tottering state,  
O deign to improve by reversing its fate,  
And that George may succeed in *the wars of his throne*,  
O grant to his statesmen success in *their own*.

---

#### VARIETY.

It was the custom of archbishop Sharpe, in his journeys, generally to have a saddle-horse attend his carriage, that in case of fatigue from sitting, he might take the refreshment of a ride. In his advanced age, and but a few years before his death, as he was going in this manner to his episcopal residence, and was got a mile or two before his carriage, a decently dressed, well looking young man, on horseback, came up, and with a trembling hand, and faltering tone of voice, presented a pistol to his lordship's breast, demanding his money. The archbishop, with great composure, turned about, and looking steadfastly at him, desired that he would remove that dangerous weapon, and

tell him fairly his condition. "Sir—sir—" with great hesitancy and agitation, cried the youth, "No words, 'tis not a time: your money instantly." "Hear me, young man, come on with me: I, you see, am very old, and my life of very little consequence: yours seems far otherwise. I am named Sharpe, the archbishop of York; my carriage and servants are behind, but conceal your perturbations, and tell me what money you want, and who you are, and, on the word of my character, I'll not injure you, but prove a friend; here, take this, and now tell me how much you want to make you independent of so dangerous and destructive a business as you are now engaged in." "Oh! "Sir," replied the man, "I detest the business as much as you; I am (faltering) but— but— at home there are creditors who will not stay; fifty pounds, my lord, would, indeed, do what no thought or tongue besides my own can feel." "Well, Sir," resumed the prelate, "I take it on your word; and, upon my honour, if you will compose yourself for a day or two, and then call on me at —, what I have now given shall be made up that sum; trust me, I'll not deceive you." The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went off, and, at the time appointed, actually waited on the archbishop, was received, and by his almost unparalleled magnanimity, enabled just to assure his lordship, that he hoped his words had left impressions which no inducement of want of money could ever efface. Nothing more of him was heard for a year and a half, or longer, when, one morning, a person knocked at his grace's gate, and, with a peculiar earnestness of expression and countenance, desired to see him.— The archbishop ordered the stranger to be brought in: he entered the room where his lordship was sitting, but had scarce advanced a few steps before his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he sunk, in an instant, almost breathless, on the floor. Proper means to revive him were used; and, at length, on recovering, he requested his lordship for an audience in private. The apartment being cleared, "My lord," said he, "you cannot have forgotten the circumstances at such a time and place; God and gratitude will never suffer them to be obliterated from my mind. In me, my lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind, and now, by your inexpressible hu-

manity, rendered equal, perhaps superior, in happiness to millions of mankind. Oh! my lord (tears for a while preventing his utterance) 'tis you, 'tis you that have saved my body and soul; 'tis you that have saved a dear and much loved wife, and a little brood of children, whom I tendered dearer than my life: here is that fifty pounds; but nowhere, never shall I find a language to testify what I feel. Your God is your witness; your deed itself is your glory; and may heaven, and a thousand blessings, be your present, and everlasting reward. I was the younger son of a wealthy man: your lordship knew him, I am sure. My name is —; my marriage alienated his affections; and my brother withdrew his love, and left me to sorrow and penury. My distresses—but your good heart already knows them. A month since, my brother died a bachelor, and intestate; what was his is become mine; and by your astonishing goodness am I now at once the most penitent, the most grateful, and happiest of my species."

—  
THE VICTORY OF VENUS—FROM PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

In my green and tender age,  
I the queen of Love defied,  
Steel'd my heart against her rage,  
And her arts repell'd with pride.  
Inaccessible before,  
Now, *almost gray*, I burn the more.

Venus, laughing, hear the vow  
By your *slave repentant* made;  
Greater far your triumph now  
Than of old in Ida's shade.  
There a boy adjudg'd the prize;  
Here Pallas from the contest flies.

Compare this with Malsherbes' address to the muses.

Quand le sang bouillant en mes veines,  
Me donnoit de jeunes desirs,  
Tantot vous soupiriez mes peines,  
Tantot vous chantiez mes plaisirs.

Mais aujourd'hui que mes années  
Vers leur fin s'en vont terminées,  
Seroit il bien à mes ecrits  
D'ennuyer les races futures,  
Des ridicules aventures  
D'un amoureux à cheveux gris?

While Youth ran boiling in my veins,  
And warm Desire inspir'd your measures,  
Sometimes you sigh'd my amorous pains,  
And sometimes sang my wanton pleasures;  
But now that slow and silent Time,  
Has stol'n the honours of my prime.  
Say, would it profit my fair fame,  
In drivelling verses to discover  
The dull amours and foolish flame  
Of an old doting, gray-beard lover?

---

The happiest fault with which a historian can be reproached, is that of a blind attachment to original discoveries. We may rely upon it, that a story can hardly ever suffer so much from any defect in the original letter, as it must suffer from running the gauntlet of successive transmissions. The light of history is like other lights; it dissipates far faster in proportion to its distance from the point of radiation; and a less portion near the centre is better than more afterwards.

---

From the annual account for 1812, published at Paris, of the Bureau of Longitude, it appears that the number of departments in the French empire amounts to 130. The total population of the empire is 43,937,144 inhabitants, and that of the different states which belong to the French system, 38,141,541.

---

WHILE Petrarch was most indefatigably employed upon his epic poem of "Africa," his patron, the Bishop of Cavaillon, fearing that his close application would destroy his health, which appeared to him already injured, came one day and asked him for the key of his library. Petrarch, not aware of his intention,

gave it him immediately. The bishop, after having locked up his books and papers, said to him, "I command you to remain ten days without reading or writing. Petrarch obeyed, but it was with extreme reluctance. The first day that he passed after this interdiction, appeared to him longer than a year; the second he had a violent headach from morning to night; and on the third he felt some symptoms of a fever. The bishop, touched with his condition, restored to him, in the same moment, his key and his health.

---

## EPITAPH ON JOHN WRIGHT, ESQ.

Here lies John Wright, as queer a wight  
As sleeps these tombs among;  
Who, strange to tell! though always *Wright*,  
Was *sometimes* in the *wrong*.

---

The Rev. J. Whitaker, the historian of Manchester, and the author of many other valuable works, died lately at his rectory in Cornwall. The following anecdote is related of this virtuous character:—He was so well acquainted with Gibbon, that the manuscript of the first volume of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was submitted to his inspection. But what was his surprise, when, as he read the same volume in print, that chapter, which has been so obnoxious to the Christian world, was then first introduced to his notice! That chapter Gibbon had suppressed in the MS. overawed by Mr. Whitaker's high character, and afraid of his censure.

---

A hundred years ago, most sermons had thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty particulars. There is a sermon of Mr. Lye's, an English clergyman, on the first of Corinthians, the terms of which he says I shall endeavour clearly to explain. This he does in thirty particulars, for the fixing of it on a right basis; and then adds fifty-six more to explain the subject. What makes it the more astonishing is, his introduction to all these *particulars*. It runs thus, "Having *beaten up* and *levelled our way* to the text,

I shall not stand to *shred* the words into any *unnecessary* parts, but shall extract out of them such an *observation*, as I conceive *strikes a full light* to the mind of man!

—  
A COMPARISON.

CUPID and Hymen bear two *linkboy* forms—

But as they carry *very* different torches,  
The flame of *this* burns *gently*, and but *warms*,  
The flame of *that* burns *fiercely*, and it *scorches*.  
*This* without boasting, guides your steps aright,  
And cheers your path of life with steady fire;  
*That* chatters much about his brilliant light,  
And lights, then leaves *your honour* in the mire.  
This, in sweet *union* takes you by the hand,  
And, by degrees, conducts you to a *carriage*;  
That leads you to a *hackney* on the stand,  
Calls you his *fare*, but never mentions *marriage*.

—  
ON the last night at the King's Theatre, it was observed by some one, that in Macbeth Mr. Kemble coughed *after he was dead*; then, said a wag, it must have been a *churchyard cough*.

—  
IMPROMPTU, BY THE LATE ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD, ESQ.

On reading an Order from a City Corporation, ordering all the  
*Dogs* to be killed.

'Tis done! the dreadful sentence is decreed!  
The law is made, and all the dogs must bleed.  
Ah me! what boots it that the dogs are slain?  
Since the whole race of *fluffies* yet remain.

—  
It is a curious circumstance, that the same marks by which Horace distinguishes the lower class of spectators at the Roman Theatre, are equally applicable to our own times. In the *Art-Poetica*, speaking of the incongruity of putting magnificent words into the mouth of a rustic, he says—

Offendantur enim quibus est equus, et pater, et res,  
Nec si quid *fricti ciceris* probat et *nucis emptor*,  
O quis accipiunt animis donantur corona.

The *frictum cicer* and *nuces*, are exactly the gingerbread and ground nuts by which the present ignobile vulgus annoys the peaceable spectator.

It is a singular fact, that the mode of testifying disapprobation at the conduct of an actor, in the days of Horace, is preserved in the present. To this the Roman bard alludes—

Populus me *sibillat*; at mihi *plaudo*,  
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arca.

—

SOME wag in London supposes that a Frenchman undertakes to prove that the English are, as the Moniteur declared, a nation of shopkeepers; and for that purpose selects the following,

MERCANTILE EXPRESSIONS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

This smells of the *shop*.  
*Accounts* have arrived from Cadiz.  
I can *account* for this.  
On *account* of my illness.  
Turn to *account*.  
He is *accounted* a great player.  
I *paid* my respects, a visit, &c.  
You *pay* me a great compliment.  
I *paid* every attention.  
He *paid* the debt of nature.  
He *repaid* his friendship.  
I *give you credit* for that.  
You must not *credit* all he says.  
It is very *creditable*.  
It is *reckoned* a good thing.  
He *reckoned* without his host.  
The day of *reckoning* will come.  
His *interest* is very great.  
I have a great *interest* in it.  
I cannot *charge* my memory.



I am greatly *indebted* to you.  
I *owe* it to justice.  
I am a *hundred per cent.* better.  
I don't care a *farthing*.  
To *insure* success.  
Upon an *average*.  
He goes on at a *great rate*.  
*At that rate* you might suppose.  
In *addition* to which.  
To *sum up* all.  
All this *amounts* to nothing.  
The *sum total* of his misfortunes.  
My *partner* in life.  
'Tis all for your own *profit*.  
*Commerce* with mankind.  
This measure is *calculated* to, &c.  
I did not *bargain* for that.  
You do not *deal* fairly by me.  
He *deals* in proverbs.  
She *dealt* out abuse *wholesale*.  
He *gained* my affection.  
He brought his talents to a good *market*.  
He *bids* fair to become, &c.  
You hold him too *cheap*.  
He began to *abate* in his pretensions.  
A *drawback* on his merits.  
*Dear-bought* experience.  
They *sold* their lives *dearly*.  
His arguments are of great *weight*.  
The *balance* of good and evil.  
A *bankrupt* understanding.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE late arrivals from Europe enable us to present our readers with a condensed view of the late publications in Paris, London, and some of the other foreign capitals. This is the more gratifying in relation to the continent with which our literary communications have for some time past been exceedingly limited. Among the recent works which have appeared at Paris, we notice the following.

A picturesque voyage through the North of Italy, by T. C. Brun Neergard, gentleman of the bed chamber of the king of Denmark, two vols. in folio, with one hundred plates.

The first number of a great work called *The Ancient and Modern Monuments of Hindostan*, with one hundred and fifty plates, accompanied by descriptions and inquiries as to the time of their foundation, together with a geographical and historical notice of that country, by L. Laugles, member of the institute, &c.

The twenty-sixth number of the *Historical and Picturesque Picture of Paris*.

The unpublished letters of Voltaire to the countess of Lutzelbourg, with a fac-simile of the author's hand writing.

Music, a poem in four cantos.

A new translation of the Epigrams of Martial.

The eleventh volume of the *Lives and Works of the most celebrated painters of all the schools*.

The *Necromancer, or the Prince at Venice*, being *Memoirs of Count O———*, by Schiller, translated by the Baroness of Montolieu.

Essay on Merinos, by Mr. Girou de Buzareingues.

*Monuments of Ancient and Modern Sculpture*, by Messrs. Delacour and Vauthier.

The works of Ponce Denis Ecouchard Le Brun, 4 vs. 8vo.

*The Annals of Arts and Manufactures*, by J. N. Barbier de Vémars.

The third and fourth volumes of the *Universal Biography*, by a society of literary men.

The eighth and ninth numbers of the *Museum of Antiques*.

The fifteenth and sixteenth volumes of the *Annals of Travels, Geography and History*.

We observe it confidentially asserted in one of the Parisian journals, that the *Life of Prince Eugene*, lately published is a fictitious work, the production of the Prince de Ligne.

*Copenhagen, 21 November.*

Mr. Rask has published a learned grammar of the Iceland tongue, which was in the ninth century, the language generally spoken throughout Scandinavia. He therein proves, that this language does not descend from the Saxon, as Mr. Adelung pretends, but that it is from a distinct branch of the family of the Gothic and Teutonic languages.

Mr. Sagen, a professor at Bergen, has published several martial hymns, in which he breathes the genius of Tyrtæus.

*Copenhagen, November 27.*

The work of Mr. Schlegel, entitled *Lessons of Dramatic Literature*, has just been translated from the German into Danish; and has excited much criticism here, since he attacks the reputation of a comic author, whom the Danes compare to Plautus, and even a little to Moliere. We need not mention the name of Holberg, whose comedies Mr. Schlegel represents as full of truth and comic effect; but containing too many tricks and free expressions, and possessing none of those ideal characters which Mr. Schlegel admires in the English and Spanish comedies. One of our journals has answered Mr. Schlegel in a very spirited manner, observing, that it ill becomes a countryman of Mr. Kotzebue, to find any expression too free. Another journal, however, contains some complaints which are, unhappily, but too well founded on the decline of the Danish theatre. "We have," says he, "over the Germans, the advantage of possessing a national theatre, a centre of the dramatic art. But we are about to see it perish, or at least see it fall into a state of perfect nullity. The good actors are all decrepit, and no new talent has arisen. The dramatic school, formed and supported at a great expense, produces no new actor. The best works, the masterpieces of the foreign theatres, and our own, are put aside to make way for

some monstrous productions, supported with open violence by a cabal. Mr. Oelenslœger it is, who reigns tyrannically over the stage. This little Shakspeare causes every piece to be regularly hissed, which is not in the taste of his school; and employs, for that purpose, a hundred students and as many merchant's clerks.

*Berlin, 21 December.*

Counciller Niebuhr has begun the publication of his *New History of the Roman empire*.

*Leipsic, 20 December.*

Some specimens have been just published of a new tragedy called *Œdipus and Jocasta*, by Mr. Klingeman in imitation of Sophocles.

*Vienna, 20 November.*

The celebrated traveller Mr. Humboldt will leave this place, to-morrow for Paris, whence he will undertake his voyage to Tibet.

*Works preparing for the press in England.*

*Memoirs of the Kings of Spain*, from the accession of the house of Bourbon to the death of Charles the Third, by William Coxe.

*A Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor to Constantinople*, in the years 1808—9.

*Travels in the Island of Iceland*, in the summer of the year 1810.

*The Present State of Ireland.*

*Continuation of Humboldt's Travels through Spain.*

*A History of the University of Cambridge*, including the *Lives of its Founders*, by George Dyer.

*A Picturesque Journey in the Interior of India*, by Thomas and William Daniel.

*Oriental Scenery*, by the same.

*Pelago, the Restorer of Spain*, by Robert Southey.

*The World before the Flood*, a poem, by James Montgomery.

*Temper, or Domestic Scenes*, a tale by Mrs. Opie.

The Life of William Penn, by Thomas Clarkson.

The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, by William Bretton.

Select Specimens of the Ancient Architecture of Great Britain, by Wilson Lowry and Edward Blane.

The British Gallery of Pictures, by Henry Thresham.

The Fine Arts of the English School, by John Bretton.

Engravings, with a descriptive account in English and French of Egyptian Monuments, in the British Museum.

The Italian School of Design, exemplified in a series of fac-similes.

Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory, by John Playfair.

A system of Mineralogy, by Robert Jameson.

The Poetical Works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, by the Rev. G. F. Nott.

A Brief Description of the different professions of Religion from the beginning of the Antediluvian Churches to the present day, by John Bellamy.

Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, by John Nichols.

Monastic Remains, by G. J. Parkyns, Esq.

Chronological Memoirs of Mahomedan History, from its earliest periods to the establishment of the house of Teymur.

A Grammar of the Persian Language, by M. Lumsden.

Historical Sketches of the South of India, by Lieut. Col. Mark Wilks.

The Opinions of different Authors on the Punishment of Death.

The Naval Biographer, comprehending the lives of all the present officers of the British navy, as well as those deceased, who obtained the rank of post captain since the year 1766, 5 vs.

Topographical Description of Scotland, by Nicholas Carlisle.

Memoirs of Joan De Arc, by George A. Graves.

History of Brazil, by Robert Southey, 2 vols.

The History of the Roman Emperors, by Mr. Crierier.

Tales of the East, collated from the history of early transactions, by Henry Wepper.

Biographie Moderne, or the Lives of remarkable Characters who have distinguished themselves from the commencement of the French revolution to the present time, translated from the French, in 4 vols.

A New Modern Atlas, by John Pinkerton.

Modern Geography, a description of the Empires, Kingdoms, States, and Colonies, digested on a new plan, by John Pinkerton.

The Loyalist, a Tale of Other Times, by Mrs. West.

A work is announced for publication entitled Northern Antiquities, or Tracts designed to illustrate the early history of Poetry and Romance of the Nations of the North of Europe. It is proposed to pursue not only the investigation of former antiquities concerning the literature of Scandinavia, but also to state the result of similar researches into that of Germany.

Memoirs of the Life of Prince Potemkin, field marshal in the service of Russia, during the reign of the empress Catharine, will soon be published in one vol. 8vo.

Mr. Wilson of Magdalen College, Oxford, has a volume of poems in the press—the principal poem is denominated the Isle of Palms.

Robert Southey has nearly ready for the press a work entitled Omniana, in a duodecimo volume.

The fourth volume of Mr. Parkinson's Organic Remains of a former World, is in a state of readiness for the press.

Alexis, the Royal Inconstant, extracted from the Persian Annals, by the immediate desire and under the patronage of madame Josephine Buonaparte, is announced.

Madame de Stael's work de la *Litterature Ancienne et Moderne*, which has been suppressed on the continent, will shortly appear.

Mr. D. Boileau is engaged in a translation of Mr. Charles Ganilh's works, an Inquiry into the various Systems of Political Economy, their advantages and disadvantages, and on the theory most honourable to the progress of national wealth.

A poem is announced, called the Philosophy of Melancholy, by Mr. Peacock, in one vol. 8vo.

Mr. Beloe is about publishing his fifth volume of *Anecdotes of Literature*.

A superb work will soon appear which will be a continuation of those magnificent productions, *Le Voyage Pittoresque de la Grece, de la Suisse, &c.* consisting of a select collection of romantic and admired views and scenery of Norway, including nearly the whole of the western and southern parts of the country, from drawings made on the spot, by John Williams, Esq. expressly for the work.

Mr. Thomas has in the press a history of King Solomon, in continuation of his *View of the Heathen Worship*.

The history of Sumatra, and a Grammar of the Malayan Language, will soon be published.

Mr. R. Warton, a member of parliament, has in the press a poem, entitled *Roncesvalles*, in twelve books.

A Description of the Island of Java, from Angevil Bay in the straits of Sunda in Batavia, containing its natural history, mineralogy, &c. to which is annexed a chart from actual survey of the straits of Maduna, is announced for publication.

Accounts have been received from Athens of a recent discovery in the Isle of Egina in the excavation of the earth to ascertain the hypethral in the ancient temple of Jupiter Panhellenicon. They consist of a great number of fragments of Parian marble of the most beautiful sculpture, the parts of which nearly complete sixteen statues between five and six feet in height, and are described as not inferior to the Elgin collection.

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## SELECTED POETRY.

### FROM THE GREEK.   ●

ONCE I know, in maddening hour  
I own'd your beauty's magic power,  
And prais'd those eyes of liquid blue,  
Those lips which sham'd the morning's hue,  
The golden locks whose wavy flow  
Shaded those rising hills of snow.

You each ardent wish repress'd;  
You continued still reproving:  
Still I wooed and still was loving,  
Still to you the sigh address'd.

Now, alas! what changes rise!  
Mark, each grace, each beauty flies,  
Time, your cruel foe, at last  
Grants me vengeance for the past;  
Youth no more that eye illumines;  
Age has brought its joyless glooms.  
Cease! those lures to spread forbear!  
Vain that studied dress and care.  
Others tempt; I'm not of those  
Who seek the thorn, and leave the rose.

—  
FROM THE GREEK.

Yes, still for thee my heart will beat,  
Still throb with love's alarms:  
Still glows my passion's earliest heat  
For thee and all thy charms.

What though some years have now flown by  
Since first I sigh'd for thee,  
I still for thee will heave the sigh,  
And swear none loves like me.

Years have not dared that eye to dim  
Which beams its wonted fires;  
Each shape, each feature, and each limb  
Its wonted grace respires.

The roses on thy lips are still,  
And still with nectar-dew  
And kisses fraught my bosom thrill,  
And each fond wish renew.



If now, thy life's meridian gone,  
Such beauty still be thine,  
O guess, when its first morning shone  
What joy and love were mine!

---

MUTAT VIA LONGA PUELLAS.—*Propertius.*

Yes, while I linger far away,  
Remembrance oft shall sooth my mind,  
And paint with glowing hues the day  
When first I saw thee fair and kind.

How oft I'll think upon that hour,  
When first thy looks and eyes confest  
Each secret wish, and own'd Love's power  
Had fann'd the flame within thy breast!

Yet, once before we part, once more  
From thy ripe lips one kiss bestow,  
And bid me feel, as oft before,  
My heart with kindling rapture glow.

And O forgive the jealous fear,  
While far away from thee I rove,  
And anxious pour the bitter tear,  
And think on all our former love;

Let no fond youth with siren strain  
Entice and lure thy heart from me;  
And nought, I swear, shall break the chain  
Which binds my willing soul to thee!

Then give again that kiss, my fair,  
Affection's surest tenderest seal,  
And I will chase each rising care,  
And hush each jealous doubt I feel.

---

#### EPIGRAMS.

ON SEEING A MAN FISHING.

Whilst thou with hooks the silly fish dost kill,  
Perhaps, the devil's hook sticks in thy gill.

## AN UNTOUCHED SUBJECT.

Dullman, who would be thought a wit,  
Met me, one evening, in the *pit*;  
Said he, I'll something write for you,  
Both *very odd* and *very new*:  
Here, Dæmon interrupted him,  
I'll help thee, said he, to a theme;  
A theme well worthy of thy muse,  
Which none e'er chose, or e'er would choose:  
And which will yield thee most delight,  
Ev'n thy *own panegyric* write.

---

BY MR. S. DODD.

Joe hates a sycophant,—it shows.  
*Self-love* is not a fault of Joe's.

---

## TO A LIVING AUTHOR.

Your comedy I've read, my friend,  
And like the half you pilfer'd, best;  
But sure, the piece, you yet may mend:  
Take courage, man, and steal the rest.

---

## COMMON THINGS BEST.

All mortal things are frail, and go to pot,  
What wonder then, if *mortal trowsers* rot!  
My *velvet* torn, I shone in mimic *shag*,  
Those soon grew rusty, and began to *flag*.  
*Buckskin* was greasy, *Serge* was mighty queer;  
*Camblet* was airy, but how apt to tear!  
Quoth I, sir Bodkin, shall we try a *rug*?  
Yes, sir, says he, that sure will hold a tug.  
Ah no, the *rug* decay'd, like all the past,  
Even *everlasting* would not ever last;  
At length, guess how I fix'd it? Why, in troth,  
With *projects* tir'd, I stuck to *common cloth*.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following lines were originally entitled, "An inscription for a monument at Richmond." The reflections, however, suggested by the subject, having extended beyond the limits usually allowed to inscriptive composition, they are now offered without a name; and may be supposed the natural effusions of every mind, on contemplating the scene of that memorable conflagration.

PILGRIM, whose pious steps have led thee on,  
To pause and ponder at this sacred shrine,  
Where relics rest, of sanctifying power,  
Greater than Mecca or Loretto knew;  
Lo! this the spot——where, at the very hour  
Of social sentiment, of scenic show,  
When eye met eye participant of pleasure,  
As pass'd the varied forms of mimic life—  
E'en at an hour like this, came Death's dread angel,  
Shrouding his mystic form in smoke and flame,  
And still dilating till his presence fill'd  
Rapid the dome——through blazing fires——anon  
Through deepest darkness——here his mighty arms  
Grasp'd close his victims!

Pilgrim—no common sigh,  
No vulgar tear! Profane not dust like this  
With aught but purest griefs, with holiest sorrows,  
Meet for the good, the great, the brave, the fair!  
How much of worth——worth greatest at the last!  
If e'er thy heart throb'd high at the remembrance  
Of him who bore, from Ilion's heaven-doom'd walls,  
And smoking battlements, his aged sire;  
Or her\* who sought, in Gallia's guilty hour,  
Death with the friend she lov'd; or, later yet,  
The glorious Scot,† whose daring aid preserv'd,  
Spite of the searching flames of civil war,  
Hundreds of hearts—who shall attest his praise

\* Princess de Lamballe.      † Duncan M'Intosh.

In earth—and heaven! O, if thy spirit stirr'd  
At such exploits, look *here*; and it shall own  
Kindred pulsations. Here Affection prov'd  
As proud a triumph; undismay'd at Danger;  
Strong ev'n as Death, and dearer far than life,  
Embrac'd the fiery ordeal of her faith.  
Think on't—th' admiring thought shall flush thy cheek,  
And dry the dews of Pity. Sooth thee, too,  
To think what they were spar'd! Not theirs to totter  
Unto the utmost verge of useless life,  
And tremble on the brink, dreading to go,  
Yet unallow'd to stay. Not theirs to feel  
Ling'ring disease—that slow but certain poison,  
Perpetual martyrdom, incessant death.  
Nor what were even worse, if worse can be,  
To witness such decay—the wasted form,  
The ruin'd intellect, the fever'd brain;  
The fitful hectic of the cheek, succeeded  
By pallid hollowness—and oh! the eyes  
That roll their wild dilated orbs around,  
Imploring aid—till the beholder's heart  
Hails with a kind of horrid hope the hour,  
That ends the being which was best belov'd!  
God, of his mercy, spar'd them sights like these!  
And gave their final moment one brief pang,  
That pang the first and last. "These died together,  
"Happy in ruin, undivorc'd by death."  
Their love so powerful was not left to dull  
On earth's low cares its fervors, but preferr'd  
To where its essence shall be more sublim'd  
Its ecstasy exhaustless. And if e'er,  
Stranger, the wretched havoc which the passions  
Too often make, has pierc'd thy pride of nature,  
'Twill heal thy heart to know they here asserted  
Their native rank, primeval destination,  
The firm allies and generous guards of virtue.  
'Twill raise thy hopes of man, and lift thy prayer  
To Him, who, when he form'd our beings mortal,

Made them immortal too,—that be thy call,  
 As sudden, thou mayst breast thee to the shock,  
 And buffet Fate as greatly, gallantly,  
 As those who perish'd here!

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TO THE MEMORY OF A HERO.

We have received from a friend a copy of the following Latin Ode to the memory of the late Col. Daviess, to which is subjoined an English translation of it.

*In Gloriosam Mortem magnanimi equitum ducis Joseph Hamilton Daviess, patriæ amoris victimæ in Tippecanoe pugna ad amnem Wabaschum, 7. die Nov. 1811. Epicedium; Honorabili viro Joanni Rowan meo ipsiusque amico dicatum.*

AUTUMNUS felix aderat granaria complens  
 Frugibus; umbrosas patulis jam frondibus ulmos  
 Exuerat brumæ proprior, cum Fama per orbem  
 Non rumore vago fatalia nuncia defert:  
 “ Sub specie pacis Sylvæcola perfidus atra  
 “ Nocte viros inopino plumbo occidit et hasta;  
 “ Dux equitum triplici confossus vulnere, fortis  
 “ Occubuit; turmæ hostiles periire fugatæ,  
 “ Hostilesque casas merito ultrix flamma voravit.”  
 Mensibus Æstivis portenderat ista Cometes  
 Funera; Terra quatit repetitis motibus; ægre  
 Volvit sanguineas Wabaschus tardior undas;  
 Ingeminant Dryades suspiria longa; Hymenæus  
 Deficit audita clade, et solatia spernit  
 Omnia; triste silet Musarum turba; fidelis  
 Luget Amicities, lugubri tegmine vestit  
 Et caput et lævam, desiderioque dolentis  
 Non pudor aut modus est. Lacrymas at fundere inanes  
 Quid juvat? Heu lacrymis nil Fata moventur acerba!  
 Ergo piæ Themidis meliora oracula poscunt  
 Unanimes; diram causam Themis aure benigna  
 Excipit, et mox decretum pronunciat æquum;

"DAVIDIS effigies nostra appendatur in aula;  
 "Tempora sacra viri quercus civilis adornet,  
 "Ac non immeritam jungat Victoria laurum.  
 "Signa sui Legislator det publica luctus;  
 "Historiæ chartis referat memorabile Clio.  
 "Prælium, et alta locum cyparissus contegat umbra.  
 "Tristis Hymen pretiosa urna cor nobile servet;  
 "Marmoreo reliquos cineres sincera sepulcro  
 "Condat Amicitias; præsens venturaque laudet  
 "Ætas magnanimum DAVID, virtute potentem  
 "Eloquii, belli et pacis decus immortale."

VITA habet angustos fines, at gloria nullos:  
 Qui patriæ reddunt vitam, illi morte nec ipsa  
 Vincuntur; virtutum exempla nepotibus extant.  
 Pro Patria vitam profundere maxima laus est.  
*Stephanus Theodorus Badin, Cathol. Mission.*  
*Mærens canebat, 15. Dec. 1811.*

## TRANSLATION.

*In Elegy on the glorious death of that brave Colonel of Cavalry, Joseph Hamilton Daviess, a victim to his love of country, in the battle of Tippecanoe, fought near the river Wabash, on the 7th day of November, 1811, dedicated to the honourable John Rowan, by Stephen Theodore Badin, Catholic Missionary, a friend to Mr. R. and of the deceased. Translated by Dr. Mitchell.*

A HAPPY autumn, with accustom'd cheer,  
 Had in profusion deck'd the fruitful year;  
 And elms, presaging winter's dreary reign,  
 Had spread their dropping foliage round the plain;  
 When Fame's loud trump the vault of ether rends,  
 As thus the true but mournful news she sends:  
 "Pretending peace, the faithless savage bands  
 "By night in blood imbru'd their murd'rous hands:  
 "With lead and steel, and unexpected force,  
 "Assail'd and slew the leader of the horse;  
 "Pierc'd by three wounds, the brave commander fell;  
 "The routed foes expir'd a hideous yell,  
 "'Till death o'ertook them with relentless frown,  
 "And flames vindictive, triumph'd through their town."

A Comet's glare foretold this sad event;  
The quaking earth confirm'd the dire portent;  
E'en Wabash slow his shores and islands laves,  
As thick with gore he rolls his viscid waves.  
The Dryads deeply sigh; sweet Hymen faints,  
Refusing comfort 'midst imbittered plaints.  
The Muses silent sit; while Friendship weeps,  
On hand and arm the crape of mourning keeps,  
And in incessant tears her eyelids steeps,

Yet what avails a never-ending wo?  
The Fates, obdurate, disregard their flow.  
But Themis eyes the scene with kinder view,  
Decides the meed of praise to merit due,  
And thus, with mind from doubt and error free,  
In solemn words declares her just decree:

"Brave Daviess' bust shall decorate the wall,  
"Where courts and juries meet within my Hall;  
"The civic oak shall round his temples twine,  
"And victor laurel rival sprigs combine:  
"The Legislature pay the debt of grief,  
"And Clio's pen inscribe th' historic leaf:  
"Cypress the field shall shelter with its shade;  
"And for his noble heart an urn be made:  
"A marble tomb shall faithful Friendship rear,  
"To guard his ashes with peculiar care;  
"Heroic Daviess, this our age shall sing;  
"Heroic Daviess future ages ring;  
"In eloquence among the foremost found,  
"In peace and war with deathless virtue crown'd."

Life occupies a small and bounded place,  
But glory's as unlimited as space:  
They who to country give their dying breath,  
Shall live immortal, and shall conquer death;  
Their great example times to come inflame,  
To shed their patriot-blood for everlasting fame.

• FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S LAMENTATION.

A Song.—Tune, "There is no luck."

I'M an old bachelor, half way down  
My life's declivity,  
Although the sweetest girls in town  
Once set their caps for me.

No loving wife at home have I,  
No prattlers on my knee;  
And if I live, or if I die,  
None cares a groat for me.

Yet I was once as blithe and gay  
As sky-lark on the wing,  
Was all the ton in dance or play,  
To frolic or to sing.

But now an odd old put am I,  
A stupid wretched thing,  
And might as well attempt to fly,  
As frolic, dance, or sing.

Ye young men all, while in your prime,  
Ne'er let occasion slip,  
Before the withering hand of Time  
The buds of pleasure nip.

But on some fair one, in a trice,  
Bestow your heart and hand,  
Ere one is stone, the other ice,  
And love is contraband.



FOR THE FORT FOLIO.

## THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER'S CONSOLATION.

———" To bid me not to love  
 Is to forbid my pulse to move;  
 My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,  
 And, when I'm in a fit, to lickup." HUDIBRAS.

I'm in love with a fair,  
 Whose beauty so rare  
 The flush of Aurora eclipses;  
 Compared with the maid,  
 With all their parade,  
 Your goddesses dwindle to gypsies.

Miss Venus, when she  
 First rose from the sea,  
 Was a hag to my spice of divinity;  
 And the beautiful trine  
 Of graces divine,  
 Like Macbeth's remarkable trinity.

But the breast of the dame  
 Would defy Cupid's flame,  
 Should he light on its snow-hills to fan it;  
 His prowess unfelt,  
 He might as well melt,  
 With a blow-pipe, two hillocks of granite.

Yes, her bosom, I'm bold  
 To affirm, is as cold,  
 As Spitzbergen ices of ages;  
 Less fibres to feel  
 Than buckram or steel,  
 Has the heart which that bosom incages.

These faults I discover,  
 Though still bound to love her;  
 There 's witchcraft, no doubt, in the matter;

And some wicked Elf,  
 May be Old Nick himself,  
 My harass'd heart sent her to batter.

With a pitiful face  
 As I open'd my case,  
 Scalding tears down my visage were coasting:  
 Boiling dumpling in pot  
 Than my heart was less hot,  
 Less scorch'd a Welsh rabbit a toasting.

But she open'd her clack  
 With a horrid attack,  
 And call'd me a lubberly loon,  
 And told me I might  
 Go that very night,  
 And hang by the light of the moon.

But Miss Jackanapes  
 May be forc'd to lead apes,  
 Like other old maids, as they tell;  
 And I, by the Lord,  
 If her heart be but thaw'd,  
 Will be her head monkey in h—ll.

AQUILA QUIZ:

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO MRS. . . . ., A LADY WITH TWO BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.

YE Nymphs and Flow'rs, alike my theme,  
 Alike in rich perfection here,  
 But Beauty still has all my dream,  
 And to my soul is doubly dear.

Though lovely is the morning rose  
 Which to this fleeting world is giv'n,  
 Yet lovelier still the cheek where glows  
 The greatest, mildest art of Heav'n.

But Virtue is a sweeter flow'r  
 Than ever deck'd the wildest grove;  
 And Beauty fades before its pow'r,  
*Nor leads our tranquil soul to love.*

In Fanny's wildest mood I came,  
 And oh, I wish'd supremely blest  
 Each ardent soul that fann'd the flame,  
 And *sweetly* bade my bosom rest.

*Thou once gay rose-bud of the North,*  
 Bright, blooming, as the summer morn;  
 NOW NATURE 'S CALL'D THY BEAUTIES FORTH,  
 AND TWO SWEET BUDS THY STEM ADORN.

Oh were I but the hand of Heav'n,  
 How kindly would I lend my aid;  
 No storms should round thy bow'r be driv'n,  
 Nor thy mild beauties ever fade.

EDWARD.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE WISH SUPPRESSED.

WHY, lady, why that tongue restrain,  
 Which should each dawning thought express?  
 That breast, where truth and goodness reign,  
 Ah! why its blameless wish suppress?

Silence, in vain, those lips assails,  
 And steals thy voice's melting sound:  
 Though there the sweet expression fails,  
 Its brilliant in thine eyes is found—

And only proves, bewitching fair!  
 Humility too lends its spell,  
 When Beauty and Attractions rare  
 With Piety and Virtue dwell.

For, not the throb enthusiasts feel,  
 Meek Charity's celestial glow,

Nor perfume, which the zephyrs steal,  
In groves where modest violets blow,  
More spotless purity can claim,  
Than what thine ev'ry thought inspires.  
Thy wish ne'er dimm'd Devotion's flame,  
Nor chill'd Religion's vestal fires.

E.

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**FOR THE PORT FOLIO.**

THE following little pieces were published in a western paper, some time ago; if they have enough of merit to appear in *The Port Folio*, the author will be gratified to see them preserved in so elegant a repository of taste and learning.

**TO A SOLITARY ROSE FOUND IN A FOREST.**

Sweet Rose! I found thee in a forest wild;  
But ah! I pluck'd thee in thy morning bloom;  
And now thy fragrance, once so sweetly mild,  
And blushing folds, shall wither ere thy noon,  
And leave a parent stock to mourn her fallen child.

The red-bird of the wild will find thee gone:—  
And chant thy requiem from the drooping thorn;  
For when the dew-drops on thy bosom shone,  
He hail'd thee, blushing to the rising morn,  
*And joy'd to breathe thy fragrant breath alone.*

*Manheim, (Penn.)*

J. E.

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**TO THE PLANET VENUS.**

Whene'er my soul shall feel the tie,  
The darkling tie to earth, unbound,  
On angel wings, O may she hie  
To wander through the stellar bound;  
And find a welcome home, though far,  
In yonder brightly beaming star.

Fond star! beneath thy lustre bright,  
 How oft the fervent vow is given;  
 As from thy streaming urn of light,  
 The beams of love are shed from Heaven.\*

Shine on fair Orb! thy rays shall oft  
 Be witness to the dalliance soft,  
 The mingling bliss and raptures sweet,  
 When lovers 'neath thy pale light meet.

*Manheim, (Penn.)*

J. E.

## MORTUARY.

DIED, at Macao, in China, on the 16th of August last, GEORGE BIDDLE, Esquire, late of Philadelphia, at the age of thirty-two years.

It is with deep regret that we record the premature loss of this amiable and excellent gentleman, which at once carries affliction to the bosom of a numerous family, and is lamented by a wide circle of affectionate friends. To his relatives he was endeared by the warmth and sincerity of his attachments—by filial love and paternal affection—by all the tenderest charities of domestic virtue. Among his associates he was cherished for the estimable qualities of the heart,—the generous liberality of his temper,—his frank and manly independence of spirit, and the high and honourable integrity of his character. During a long residence in China, his excellent education, the politeness of his manners, and the uniform propriety of his conduct, acquired for him the distinguished respect of natives as well as foreigners. Whilst his example thus contributed to sustain the national reputation amidst the jealousy of commercial rivals, he was enabled by his information to render essential services to

\* The doctrine of astral influence is sufficiently accurate for the poet.—If the propitious influence of Venus infuses into the bosom the amorous propensity, we may well say, that *she sheds the light of love from Heaven*. Were I to project a horoscope for a choice spirit, I could wish to give him three shines of *Mars*, a half of *Mercury*, and at least half a dozen of *Venus*.

his less experienced countrymen. With what disinterested cordiality that assistance was always given, can be attested by many who have profited from his counsels, or shared his hospitality; and all his companions will remember, with mingled feelings of regret and consolation, the unassuming worth which distinguished him in every domestic and social relation.

DIED, on the first of February last, aged 56, Mr. GEORGE BICKHAM. It would be an act of injustice to public and private worth to permit this excellent citizen to descend to the oblivion of the grave, without a tribute of respect to his memory. In conducting extensive mercantile transactions for many years, he maintained an unspotted character. In all the relations of religious, civil and social life, he was sincere, punctual, faithful and just. In domestic life he was gentle, kind, affectionate and exemplary. During a tedious illness, he was patient, often pleasant, and always resigned. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the latter end of that man is peace."

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE shall comply with the wishes of Z. Z.

The letter from the University of Vermont shall have an early insertion.

The poetical communications of N. T. E. and Carril, are under consideration, as are also the poem on Hope, and another on Friendship.

The papers of our correspondent at New York shall be disposed of as he desires; and we shall be pleased at receiving the sketches which he promises.

The contribution from Newbern shall receive due attention.









*CHARACTERISTIC SCENERY of the HUDSON RIVER.*

# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

---

VOL. VII.

MAY, 1812.

NO. 5.

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## AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE prospects on the Hudson river possess such an infinite variety of character, that it is difficult to groupe, within a single view, their more prominent peculiarities. The author of the annexed picture, in endeavouring to present something like a general idea of the scenery, has chosen a spot about twenty miles above Newyork, in the range of what are called the Palisado Rocks. These commence in the neighbourhood of the town of Bergen, and running along the western bank of the Hudson, terminate at the distance of about forty miles from Newyork, near the upper part of Haverstraw Bay. Their general appearance and character are uniform; they vary in height, from three to five hundred feet; and in their irregularities, present the form of an organ.

VOL. VII.

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## CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Exposition of the Transactions relative to the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the city of Newyork, from its establishment until the assumption of the charter by the Regents of the University. Newyork, 8vo. pp. 44.

WE announce unto thee, gentle reader, no ordinary work. The volume which is now about to pass through the fiery ordeal of our criticism, is not, as usual, the production of some solitary individual; neither is it the fruit of the conjoint labours of any sage confederacy of men of letters; nay, nor even yet, as thou mayest peradventure imagine, the compound offspring of some gentle pair of authors, determined, like Beaumont and Fletcher, to walk together lovingly, arm in arm, down to posterity. But it is the work of a college—or rather of what was a college; for the college alas, is dead, having been cruelly murdered, after a most *innocent* life (as we are herein repeatedly assured) of only four years, by the ruffian hands of the regents of the university of Newyork; and now its ghost thus appears to tell the sad story of its fate, and to haunt its murderers in the hydra-headed form of a committee of a college, and most amply proves that although “when the brains are out, the *man* will die,” yet the college, partaking of the nature of the tortoise and other slow and cold-blooded animals, can survive, and discharge most of the functions of its nature, long after that disastrous and unpleasant occurrence.

If, worthy reader, thou hast ever witnessed the malicious joy, the demure ferocity, with which the veteran mouser darts her velvet paw upon the trembling neck of the little full-fed plunderer of the pantry and the stove-room, then mayest thou faintly image to thyself those feelings of sober yet malicious exultation which now swell our breasts at thus, unexpectedly, apprehending a whole college of physicians and surgeons actually trespassing on our literary domain, and within the jurisdiction of this our critical tribunal. We no longer envy our elder brethren of Edinburgh the fame of gallant-daring, so bravely won, in apprehending that ancient and venerable malefactor, the university of Oxford, in spite of her wealth and dignity, and convicting her of the

black arts of logic and prosody. We too have our Oxford before us, and sit in judgment on professors and colleges; and it will be owing only to our own natural gentleness and good-nature, if the M. Ds. of Newyork are treated with one jot more civility and ceremony than the D. Ds. of Oxford. The good Iapis, we are told by Virgil, when he was offered by Apollo the choice of any talent within the gift of the god, was content with that of medicine, and cheerfully gave up all pretensions to literature and authorship.

Ipse suas artes, sua munera latus Apollo,  
 Augurium, citharamque dabat,——  
 Ille —— —— ——  
 Scire potestates herbarum, usumque medendi  
 Maluit, et mutas agitare inglorius artes.

If the faculty of Newyork are not wise enough to follow this example, and rest satisfied with their own peculiar province, they must even take the consequences and share the fate of humbler and unprivileged authors. But alas, the sober voice of Prudence, which warned them to forbear from this forbidden field, was drowned amid the harsh and dissonant clamours of Discord and Ambition.

Happy, thrice, and four times happy, are ye, worthy citizens of the peaceful town of Penn. Here no pulpit, "drum ecclesiastic," with its doubling thunders interrupts the calm slumbers of your pews, and summons you to the inky field of controversy. Here no factious feuds disturb the gentle sons of Esculapius; but like a band of brothers they go on blistering, bleeding, cupping and scarifying their happy fellow townsmen in love, peace, meekness and humility. Meantime the demon of black Discord hovers aloft over the very centre of fair Newyork, high above the marble walls and wooden cupola of the new city hall, and blows aloud the trump of hell, at whose fell sound, meek pastors and pious elders, grave divines and reverend bishops, rouse themselves to dreadful conflict. The masters of the healing art exchange the lancet for the pen, their mercury for ink, "and all the sons of physic crowd to war." Their cars of death stand empty at the doors of the hospital and the colleges, while the walls within ring with their high and hot debates. The noisy

pestle is still; and rhubarb and opium sleep undisturbed in the shop of the apothecary. Two rival colleges rear their opposing fronts, while the scattered fragments of a third, which has been overthrown in this wreck and crash of the *materia medica*, are again coalescing, and its forces rallying to the charge under the guidance of their Ajax leader, a chief "with atlantean shoulders, fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies." Head of Galen! Shade of Boerhaave!

What senna, rhubarb, or purgative drug,  
Can scour these factions hence?

The future historian of these civil broils in the republic of medicine, will find in the little volume before us, a most valuable document. Like Xenophon's *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*, or the *Commentaries of Cæsar*, it is a simple unvarnished narrative, related by those who were not only spectators, but themselves actors and leaders in the great events which they describe. Like too to those admired relics of classical antiquity, it adds to the interest of the story, all the charms of style—a style original and inimitable, without model and without parallel. With a grace peculiar to itself, half creeping and half flying, it moves along in a gait curiously compounded of the slouch of colloquial negligence, and the tragedy strut of holiday declamation. These various excellencies are not assumed by turns, but are skilfully mixed up in every sentence. Thus, we have continually some such beautiful idiomatic phrase as "agreeably to what was considered correct," "agreeable to what was proper," "the president was correct, and in the line of his duty, to inform the chancellor, &c. &c.;" and in the very same breath we are treated with as many brave sounding words about the "construction of the human mind," and "the dearest interests of humanity" as ever rounded the periods and swelled the thunders of a sophomore harangue. Occasionally, however, these flights of eloquence are longer and more sustained. As some ambitious gosling or aspiring duck, tired of waddling over the surface of the villanous earth, raises himself with might and main, some three feet from the ground, and with quick-beating wing, outstretched neck, and noisy gabble, struggles and flutters across a

farm-yard, even so our ponderous committee sometimes become suddenly inflated with inflammable gas, and balloon-like soar aloft into the regions of rhetoric and declamation, through half a page. Take for example the following choice specimen:

“ The form of a medical diploma was approved and registered by the regents, making the college a *party* in conferring medical degrees, by their approving the character, conduct, and learning of the candidate to whose care and professional knowledge might be intrusted the dearest interests of humanity; the lives of fathers and mothers, of children and infants, and of persons variously related by the ties of nature, friendship and usefulness in the bonds of society.”

And again,

“ In every age and country which has cherished the principles of humanity, a solemn respect has been entertained for collegiate institutions, appropriated to the purposes of education, and the promotion of science; nor has this propensity of the human mind been exceeded by any other, excepting that of reverence for religious establishments.

“ This disposition among men to respect the repositories of science and seats of education, has not only been manifested in patronizing and cherishing public instructors, who are among the greatest benefactors of human kind, but has been strongly proclaimed by the odium and horror that have ever been entertained against those who, from barbarous inclinations or sinister motives, have endeavoured to retard the progress of instruction, disturb the repose, or stain the reputation of seminaries of learning.

These generous feelings of the public towards their scientific establishments, have at all times animated the votaries of science, and teachers of truth, to further the progress and diffusion of knowledge, and display those virtues and excellencies, which, in so many seminaries of learning, have attracted the affection and respect of mankind.

This truly original specimen of medical literature is characterized by another remarkable peculiarity of style—a peculiarity doubtless the fruit of much art and study, and certainly of most admirable utility in controversial writing. We mean a certain misty vagueness of expression, which does not indeed altogether darken and overshadow the meaning, but presents it to us as objects are seen through a fog, faint and undefined, sometimes swollen above its natural dimensions, and sometimes melting away into shadowy indistinctness. The principal and leading

idea is never brought forward and made to stare you rudely in the face, at the first view; but we are led rambling about it backwards and forwards in all directions. This, as we have just observed, cannot well fail to be of most special use in polemical discussion: for you might as well attempt to catch one of those dancing jack-o-lantern reflections of the sun, in a bright summer's day, from water in motion, or a bit of looking-glass in the hands of a roguish boy, which now seems to lie at your feet, and the next moment is half way up to the top of the steeple, as to lay hold of the precise meaning of our authors, and to pin them down to any series of downright plain, positive, matter of fact assertions.

There is an ancient doctrine of the common law, that corporations have no souls; to which common opinion has added as a corollary, that they have no consciences; a doctrine which we think is abundantly proved by the present instance to be a most gross and pernicious error, as well by the apparition of the deceased college long after its political demise, (a circumstance we should conceive, which could only take place in a body in some degree spiritual), as also by the whole course and tenor of its life as here related; throughout the whole of which it appears to have acted as a conscientious moral agent. The four brief years of *frail and feverish being* which this chubby infant spent in "this mortal coil" were spent in manfully resisting a series of temptations, and plots of seduction, laid by the regents of the University (Heaven only knows why or wherefore) against the virtue and honour of this well-behaved amiable little college. Experienced in all the wiles of intrigue, they determined, like Satan in his plan of undermining the morals of good sir Balaam, to tempt "by making rich, not making poor." First of all they craftily began by "insisting that the professors should receive liberal sums from such students as should attend their lectures," "Because," added they, very plausibly, "experience has proved that the advancement of the highest seminaries of learning depends not on the reduced price of education, but on the talents, the industry, and the reputation of the professors; and without sufficient encouragement to insure these, no medical school can become respectable." "This is the language of delusion," stoutly

rejoins the college, "sixty dollars a year is enough; and we can suit our lectures to our prices." The next year, the persevering regents renewed their attempt upon the purity of this virtuous institution, by procuring the purchase of Dr. Hosack's botanical garden, at the expense of eighty thousand dollars, and presenting it to the college. "Away with it, filthy thing," roared out the college, "we won't have it; we would not touch it for the universe, —we can go and botanize on the battery, or among the green-women in the markets, if we choose it. Why did you not lay out the money in books or skeletons, or in purchasing for us Dr. Akerly's beautiful cabinet of conchology;\* we've there two species of the *ostrea* or *oyster*, and specimens innumerable of the *venus*, or common eatable clam."

Finally, the regents foiled in all these schemes, determined to make one last effort, to melt this hard-hearted, stubborn body corporate into kindness, by enlarging its establishment, decorating it with "a splendid collection of medical and surgical talents," and forming it into a *grand college*. Now as our magnanimous little college was firmly of opinion (as it declares in this its posthumous death-bed confession, p. 36,) that "*great colleges* were injurious to learning," it took this last offer so much to heart, that rather than submit to it, like the virgin martyrs of old, it resolutely lay down and gave up the ghost.

In perfect unison with this spirit of magnanimity are the lessons of high-toned morality, wisdom and good-breeding, which are scattered throughout the book. Thus we are told, p. 17, "that indelicate and improper conduct is at all times reprehensible," especially in the opinion of a gentleman and a man of science. In p. 11, we learn the important truth, that "agreeably to long usage, the interests of students, ought to be of primary importance in a public seminary." In p. 23, we are informed that the committee is decidedly of opinion that "it is injurious to ask for legislative patronage at unseasonable times and on *improper* occasions." As lord Chesterfield, in his invaluable manual of politeness, had neglected to lay down any rules for the behaviour of public bodies towards one another, our com-

\* See a description of this very valuable collection in the *Medical Repository*.



mittee take care to supply the deficiency by assuring us, p. 26, that "one community of gentlemen ought to observe the principles of urbanity towards another." In every page the college takes care to repeat that its behaviour was guided by *delicacy* and *honour*; that all its professors have conducted themselves *properly* "with order and decency," and that it "had inflexibly adhered to the cause of virtue, and in all its proceedings been governed by the principles of moderation and justice." Moreover, every possible occasion is taken to show its marked disapprobation of all impoliteness and *indelicate* behaviour, as is particularly observable in the remarks on "certain indelicate proceedings respecting the hospital."

That our readers may be better enabled to judge of the immense loss which the public has sustained in this unnatural drying up of this fountain of medical science,—a fountain of more value to the country than all the waters of Ballston or Saratoga, we shall insert at length a letter of the learned professor of botany and natural history, giving an account of one of his courses of lectures upon those interesting and important departments of knowledge. To do the professor justice, it is written with all the *naïveté* and good-nature of Goldsmith and La Fontaine.

*Copy of a letter from the hon. Samuel L. Mitchill, M. D. professor of natural history and botany, to Dr. Romaine, president of the college of physicians and surgeons: and afterwards transmitted by him to chancellor Tompkins.*

SIR,

I do myself the justice to report to you, for the information of the college and university, the failure of an effort which I lately made to give the usual course of instruction on natural history and botany. Pursuant to the duties attached to the professorship, it was announced verbally to such persons as spoke to me on the subject, that lectures would be delivered. And to give the more publicity, an advertisement was inserted in several of the newspapers, and among others in the Public Advertiser, Evening Post and American Citizen, that the summer sessions would be opened at the buildings in Magazine-street, in June.

Such uncommon and pressing recommendations had been made by the corporation of the city, the governors of the hospital, the students of physic, the medical society of the county, and the inhabitants at large, for the pur-

chase of a botanic garden, that it would seem as if a great taste for botany existed among the people, and an entire conviction of its usefulness and importance. The representations were made to the legislature during the last winter, with so much earnestness and feeling by these different classes of my constituents, that I employed such influence as my seat in the assembly afforded me, to obtain provision by law for a public botanic institution, at the expense of perhaps eighty thousand dollars of purchase-money, besides the expense of supporting the establishment afterwards. Under such circumstances I judged it seasonable and becoming to offer a regular course to a body of citizens, apparently so anxious to study the history of the vegetable kingdom, and so unhappy that suitable arrangements had not been made for teaching it. To make the accommodations more comfortable, I took care to open and ventilate the house, to have it swept and scrubbed by my own servants, and to put every thing in good order for the reception of hearers. The convenient situation of the house, and the beautiful condition of the apartments really offered to the votaries of science more elegant chambers than I have ever frequented during my attendance on lectures.

The notification was in these words; "University of the state of Newyork: The summer course of lectures on botany and natural history, by Dr. Mitchill, will commence on Wednesday, the 8th instant, at No. 12, Magazine-street, at 12 o'clock," with orders for its continuance in the gazette during a week. At the specified time I pronounced my introductory discourse to an audience of about fifteen persons. On the succeeding day, ten kept me in countenance. On Friday, my hearers were reduced to four. I reminded them of Dr Swift's address to his man Roger, and in a like manner went through the service, executing my task as faithfully as if there had been four hundred listeners. On concluding, I adjourned over Saturday until Monday. At the hour prescribed I attended again, and found an assemblage of nine persons. I went through my discourse in the same manner that I should have done, had my hearers been numerous enough to have filled the room. I now found that after a week's advertising, and nearly a week's lecturing that there was not much to be done. Not an individual of my few hearers had either taken a ticket of admission, or signified an intention of becoming a regular pupil.

After these events, it was the opinion of several prudent and considerate gentlemen that the business was too small and unimportant to be further pursued. It was finally my own opinion. I accordingly adjourned without day, and locked up the house.

Respectfully as ever, yours,

(Signed)

SAMUEL L. MITCHILL,

Professor of natural history and botany.

Newyork, June 19th, 1810.

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Nor less brilliant was the success of most of the other lecturers and teachers of medicine, and its auxiliary branches of science; for we are told, p. 34, that

“ At the opening of the fourth session of the college by the president, about thirteen students attended the introductory discourse; and the number who offered to take out tickets were so few, that after lecturing three weeks, all the professors discontinued their courses of instruction, excepting the two engaged in teaching chemistry and anatomy.”

It was at first our intention to have given a regular narrative of the life, death, and memorable deeds of this notable institution. But we must refrain. Our feelings are too much harrowed up by the “ indelicate proceedings” of those literary butchers the regents of the university, to proceed calmly in our story. We must therefore content ourselves with referring our readers, for further information, to the pamphlet before us.

Meanwhile we solace ourselves with the hope that brighter prospects will soon open upon the sons of science,—that the regents, convinced of the folly and inexpediency of attempting to form *grand colleges*, will speedily restore our little college and its great head to their former dignity and usefulness,—that “ agreeably to what is thought correct” they will permit the professors to communicate to their students such information “ as is proper” in their own way and at their own price,—that the professors themselves as heretofore, will continue “ to observe all the by-laws,” and behave themselves *properly*, like decent and orderly professors.—and above all, that the learned professor of natural history will never again be reduced to the mortifying necessity of delivering his invaluable lectures to empty benches, and his “ dearly beloved Roger.” Lastly, unto this worthy committee of *honest chroniclers*” who have reared this lasting monument to the memory of their departed college, do we bid an affectionate farewell, most heartily wishing them all honour and prosperity, to which we sincerely add the classical wish of the president in Moliere, that they may all long continue to enjoy practice, reputation, and a good appetite.

Salus, honor et argentum,  
Atque bonum appetitum.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## OBSERVATIONS ON EARTHQUAKES.

FOR wise and beneficent purposes, such is the physical constitution of man, that whatever appears to endanger his safety, takes a strong and permanent hold on his mind. It becomes the subject of his thoughts, the theme of his conversation, and, not unfrequently, the basis of his dreams. Were facts wanting to the establishment of this truth, they might be abundantly derived from the present condition of various parts of the United States.

Since the late novel and alarming occurrences on the waters of the Mississippi, as well as in several districts of the Atlantic section of our country, the public mind has felt an interest unusually lively, in every thing touching the subject of earthquakes. In many persons of weak nerves and sombre imaginations, who are constitutionally predisposed to the depressing rather than to the exhilarating passions, this interest has risen to serious apprehension. Every unusual noise that invades their ear, and every concussion that communicates motion to the walls or furniture of their apartments awakens in them the horror and dismay attendant on the expectation of an approaching earthquake. Those, however, who experience nothing of the uneasiness and perturbation of actual alarm, who are not hourly tormenting themselves with the horrid images of tottering walls, yawning chasms, sinking edifices, and frightful inundations, appear, notwithstanding, to have their curiosity inordinately awake, and their sensibility drawn to an edge more than commonly keen, in relation to this dismal convulsion of nature. With individuals of this description, the history and causes of earthquakes, the appearances in nature premonitory of their approach, the climates, warm or cold, and the descriptions of country, continental or insular, maritime or interior, mountainous or level, humid or dry, in which they occur most frequently and in their most destructive form, and the means by which they may be weakened, circumscribed, or prevented—with such individuals, topics like these, constitute, at present, in a degree which we have not before witnessed, subjects of conversation and eager inquiry.

Without professing ourselves qualified, beyond our fellow citizens, to shed light on the points which we have herein enumerated; and without even regarding them as susceptible of illustration, in the present defective state of science, particularly the science of subterranean geography, we, notwithstanding, in consideration of the existing condition of the public feelings, hold ourselves justified in offering to our readers, unsatisfactory as they must necessarily find them, a few observations on the subject of earthquakes.

An earthquake is a sudden concussion of the earth, accompanied with unusual noises, resembling frequently subterranean thunder, and, sometimes, as loud as the report of cannon. It produces from the earth an emission of vapour, flame, water, stones, mud, or other substances, is usually attended with a sulphureous smell, and differs in violence from a slight shock to the most tremendous convulsion. The concussion is subject to considerable variety in its form or direction, being, at different times, undulating or perpendicular, vibratory or vortiginous, vermicular or bounding. When violent in the first degree, nothing can withstand its all-destroying impetus. It resembles a stroke of vengeance urged by the might of Omnipotence itself. The palace and the cottage, the temple and the obelisk, all the works of industry and the monuments of art, lie around in disjointed fragments, or the earth yawns and they sink into the vast and fathomless profound. Lofty mountains with their rocks and woods are precipitated into the valleys and plains, with wide-spreading ruin and hideous commotion. The ancient courses of rivers are obstructed, and their waters forced to become stagnant or cut for themselves new and circuitous channels. Whole tracts of country with their cities, villages and human inhabitants, their flocks and herds, and all they contain, suddenly disappear, and lakes or the ocean occupy their place. Nor is the sea or the heavens exempt from the tumult. The waters of the deep, in the wildest disorder, now retreat from the shore, and now assail it with irresistible fury, while the skies themselves, rent with thunder and glowing with lightning, have presented, at times, the terrific appearance of a canopy of fire. It is scarcely hyperbolical to say, that the very fabric of nature seems ready to

be resolved into its primary elements, and that the reign of chaos threatens to return.

It has been justly observed, that of all the phenomena of nature, none is so awful in its appearance, or offers so slender a chance of escaping from the dangers attending it, as a violent earthquake. From a tempest at sea, a harbour affords an asylum of safety. When the heavens are descending in rain or in hail, we are protected in our dwellings from the fury of the storm. By a precipitate retreat, we may snatch ourselves from the rage of an approaching conflagration; and, by the use of conductors, even the thunderbolt itself may be averted from our heads. During the existence of an earthquake, however, all nature seems in arms against us; and destruction threatens us from every quarter. If we take shelter in our dwellings, they tumble around us and become our tombs. If we retreat to the plain, the earth sinks beneath us, or opens and receives us into the dismal hiatus. If we flee to the shore, the wave meets us, and makes us its victim. If to the mountains, they are shaken from their bases, or a thousand crags come thundering from above, and bury us under the ponderous ruin.

Although we have reason to believe that earthquakes have been repeatedly felt in every quarter of the globe, they are known to be more frequent in warm than in cold climates, and to visit islands oftener than continents. Maritime are more subject to them than interior, and mountainous than level, tracts of country. They are oftentimes violent along the banks and in the neighbourhood of large rivers, while at the distance of a few leagues in the hilly country, they are scarcely felt. Conformably to this, the late earthquake in the United States, was most threatening and destructive along the banks of the Mississippi, and some of its tributary streams. With the exception of the water-courses, it was also more violent in the mountainous region than along the plains. As far as our observation has extended, and as we have been otherwise able to inform ourselves on the subject, the places that may be considered most secure from the ravages of earthquakes, are extensive tracts of country, composed of plains and hills, and remote from large rivers, mountains and maritime situations. We are of opinion that few if

any instances are on record of such regions having suffered materially from the occurrence of these phenomena. Judging from these principles, we would be led to consider the tract of country situated midway between the Allegany mountains and the Atlantic ocean, less subject to misfortunes from this source, than that which is washed by the waters of the Mississippi. On the other hand, the situations most liable to suffer from earthquakes, are those that lie adjacent to active or extinguished volcanos. Hence the frequent visitations of these terrible convulsions in Sicily; Italy, Iceland, Anatolia, the whole tract of the Andes, the country lying to the Southward of Behring's straits, and other volcanic regions of the globe. We shall again refer to the affinity between volcanos and earthquakes, when treating of the causes of these latter phenomena.

Severe earthquakes occur, we think, most frequently during spring and autumn. In the course of the summer and winter months, they are more rare. It might be easily demonstrated, that, in point of time, they are marked by a striking coincidence with the lunar silyges. On this point, however, circumstances will not permit us, at present, to enlarge. We may perhaps, resume the consideration of it at some future period.

By a reference to history we learn, that not only particular countries, but certain periods of the world, have been unusually marked by the occurrence of earthquakes. In this respect the reign of Justinian, during a part of the sixth century, appears to have been distinguished above all other times. Each year of that period of desolation, says the historian, is marked by the repetition of earthquakes, of such duration that Constantinople has been shaken above forty days; of such extent, that the shock has been communicated to the whole surface of the globe, or, at least of the Roman empire. An impulsive or vibratory motion was felt; enormous chasms were opened; huge and heavy bodies were discharged into the air; the sea alternately advanced and retreated beyond its ordinary bounds; and a mountain was torn from Libanus, and cast into the waves, where it protected as a mole the new harbour of Botrys, in Phœnicia. Two hundred and fifty thousand persons are said to have perished, on the 20th of May 526, in the earthquake of Antioch, whose domestic mul-

titudes were swelled by the conflux of strangers to the festival of the Ascension—The cause we will not, now, attempt to investigate; but we think it clearly appears, that in former ages, the calamities resulting from this source were much more frequent as well as more extensive, than they are at present.

Approximated, however, in their horrors and devastations, to the severest earthquakes of the earlier ages, are three that have occurred in modern times, whose histories have been transmitted to us in ample detail. These are, the earthquake of Port-Royal, in Jamaica, in 1692; that of Lisbon, in 1755; and that of Calabria, in 1783. To such of our readers as have not been in habits of particular inquiry on this subject, but whose curiosity may have been awakened by recent occurrences, we flatter ourselves that the statement of a few facts in relation to these calamities, will not prove uninteresting.

The earthquake of 1692 destroyed, in two minutes, the town of Port-Royal, at that time the capital of the island of Jamaica. The gulf, into which the houses were thus suddenly precipitated, extended to the depth of forty fathoms. A noise resembling the loudest subterranean thunder contributed to deepen the horrors of the moment. The streets rose in frightful undulations, like the waves of the sea, first elevating the houses, and immediately dejecting them into the yawning chasms. The wells spouted their waters into the air with the most violent agitation. The sea burst far over its ordinary bounds, deluging or sweeping off every thing that stood in its way. The fissures in the earth were numerous, extensive, and of great depth. In some of them the inhabitants of the place were swallowed up at once and heard of no more. In others, the earth suddenly closing, caught the wretched sufferers by the middle as they were descending, and crushed them to death. In several instances, individuals had descended as far as the neck, when the earth closed and thus destroyed them. In others again, they were swallowed to a great depth in one chasm, and immediately afterwards ejected by another. A few persons had even the fortune, which we might almost denominate miraculously good, to escape unhurt, after having experienced these perilous alternations. Some of the clefts in the earth spouted up immense quantities of water,



drowning many persons whom the other forms of danger had spared. From having been clear and serene, the sky is reported to have assumed, in the space of a minute, the fiery aspect of a glowing oven.

The whole island of Jamaica trembled under the gigantic convulsion. About twelve miles from the sea, the earth opening, poured forth an abundant torrent of water. Scarcely a building stood secure throughout the island. The face of the country experienced, in some parts, the most singular mutations. An entire plantation, without sustaining any material injury, was removed nearly half a mile from its original situation. Several mountains tumbled into the adjacent valleys, with a crash that resounded to an immense distance. These enormous masses of matter, falling into rivers, obstructed the current of their waters, and forced them to hollow out new channels. In effecting this, they swept before them rocks and woods and houses and fields—all that lay in their way, whether the productions of nature or the monuments of art. To complete the calamities resulting from this earthquake, a pestilential disease broke out soon afterwards, in consequence of the stench of stagnant waters, and the poisonous exhalations emitted from the earth, which hurried to the grave a large proportion of the surviving inhabitants.

The famous earthquake which laid Lisbon in ruins, occurred on the 1st of November 1755. For a considerable time previously to it the character of the seasons had been somewhat peculiar. The four years immediately preceding that in which the catastrophe occurred, had been unusually dry. Springs and fountains had failed throughout the country to an alarming degree; and the effects of the drought were deeply impressed on the vegetable kingdom. During this period the city of Lisbon had experienced tremors of the earth, slight indeed, but frequent beyond example. The year 1755 was marked by numerous and superabundant falls of rain; and the weather throughout the summer was unusually cool. For forty days previously to the earthquake, the sky had been, for the most part, clear and serene. On the day immediately preceding it, a remarkable gloominess prevailed in the atmosphere; and the sun was dimly visible through a portentous obscurity. Early in the morning

of the ever memorable and tragical day, a thick fog arose and hovered for a while over the surrounding country, but was dissipated at length by the rays of the sun. A profound calm now prevailed in the atmosphere, the sea was unusually tranquil, and the weather was marked with summer heat. In the midst of this seeming pause of nature, at 35 minutes past nine in the morning, a frightful subterranean noise arose, and a tremendous earthquake assailed the city, dashing to the ground a great number of buildings. At first, the shocks were short and quick; but they soon changed to a kind of vibratory motion, tossing the houses from side to side, with a degree of violence that nothing could resist. In the space of about six minutes, the greatest part of the city was demolished, and 60,000 of its inhabitants buried under the ruins. The effects in the river Tagus deserve to be noticed. At the commencement of the earthquake, those who were in boats about a mile from the city, perceived a noise and experienced a sensation, as if their vessels were a-ground, although the depth of the water was several fathoms. Vessels of all sizes were driven from their moorings, and tossed about with the utmost violence, striking or appearing to strike against the ground. So prodigious were the undulations of the earth, that, in many places, the bed of the river rose above the surface of its agitated waters. A new quay, covered with a vast concourse of people, sunk in an instant, to an unfathomable depth. It is remarkable, that not a single corpse out of the whole number ever rose again to the surface. The bar of the river was, at first, laid dry from shore to shore; but, the sea soon afterwards rolling in like a mountain, the water instantly rose to the height of fifty feet above its usual level. Another violent shock, which took place about noon of the same day, aided in completing the ruin of the place.

This earthquake was not only violent in its effects, but extensive in its prevalence. It shook almost the whole peninsula from the Pyrenees to Cape St Vincent, and from the Atlantic and the Bay of Biscay, to the shores of the Mediterranean.

St. Ubes, a sea-port town about twenty miles to the southward of Lisbon, was entirely swallowed up, partly by the opening of the earth, and partly by the deluge that broke over it from the sea.

At Cadiz a very singular phenomenon occurred. Not long after the commencement of the earthquake, a wave sixty feet higher than had ever been witnessed in the same place before, was discovered at the distance of eight miles, rolling towards the city with the most threatening aspect. It dashed over the rocks that defend the western part of the town, struck the city walls, beat in the breastwork, and carried destruction as far as it extended. Immediately afterwards the sea retreated far beneath its usual level. This unprecedented ebbing and flowing was four times repeated in the course of the day.

The effects of the earthquake of Lisbon were not confined to the continent of Europe. They extended to England, Scotland, and Ireland, producing in each of these places very striking commotions in the waters of lakes, rivers, and bays. These commotions were the more singular, and to those who beheld them the more surprising, inasmuch as they were accompanied by no perceptible tremors of the ground.

Shocks were also very sensibly felt by vessels navigating the Atlantic, at the distance of many hundred leagues from shore, and in a depth of water that no length of line could fathom. The sensation experienced on these occasions was, as in the river Tagus, similar to that of running aground.

The earthquakes of Calabria were the most tremendous in modern times. They continued, with irregular intermissions, from the beginning of the year 1783 to the close of the year 1786. The severest shocks, however, and the most signal destruction occurred in February and March of the former year.

The summer of 1782, the year preceding the commencement of the earthquakes, having been unusually hot and dry, was succeeded by an autumn peculiarly rainy and cold. During the first part of the winter the weather was mild. On the 28th of October, the south of Italy was swept by a violent and destructive hurricane.

Although a tremor of the ground is said to have been felt on the first of January 1783, yet the earthquakes are not to be considered as having actually commenced, till the fifth of February. The shocks were preceded by phenomena which circumstances induce us to regard as electrical. The atmosphere was

hazy; the sun presented an inflamed appearance; and, though not a breeze was stirring, the waters of the ocean were unusually troubled. The earthquakes began about one o'clock. Our limits do not permit us to speak of them in detail. Five shocks of the most tremendous violence, and accompanied with horrors altogether indescribable, took place during the months of February and March. In the course of 1783 and the three following years, these were succeeded by upwards of twelve hundred other shocks, slighter, indeed, in degree, yet, many of them marked with great violence and followed by terrible destruction.

The stupendous and melancholy result of the whole was, an entire change in the face of a tract of country upwards of four hundred miles in circumference. Whole plains were sunk, mountains were leveled, valleys filled up, and rivers forced from their ancient channels. Two hundred and fifteen new lakes were formed, one hundred and eighty-two towns and villages utterly destroyed, and ninety-two others so materially injured as to be rendered uninhabitable. Two entire farms were removed to a considerable distance from their original situation. A husbandman who was ploughing in his field with a pair of oxen, near to the town of Oppido, was suddenly transported with his land and team from one side of a ravine to the other, and neither he nor his oxen materially injured. The number of human lives destroyed could never be satisfactorily ascertained. The most probable estimate appears to have been about forty thousand. Even at the present period, after a lapse of nearly thirty years, Calabria still feels and manifests the effects of this disaster.

The late earthquake in the United States deserves to be noticed on the present occasion. Although not, perhaps, so severe as either of those of which we have just spoken, it was, notwithstanding, sufficiently violent, in several places, to have reduced to a ruin the most substantial buildings. Had it assailed Philadelphia or Newyork with the same force which it manifested along the banks of the Mississippi, the destruction, we apprehend, would have been but little inferior to that of Lisbon. It began on Monday the 16th of December 1811.

“Precisely at two o'clock in the morning, says Mr. Pierce, whose interesting narrative we copy, we were all alarmed by the violent and convulsive agita-

tion of the boats (on the Mississippi) accompanied by a noise similar to that which would have been produced by running over a sand-bar. Every man was immediately roused and rushed upon deck. We were at this time moored to the bank of the river. Ignorant, at first, of the cause of such a concussion, the idea of an earthquake at length entered my mind; and this idea was confirmed by a second shock, and two others in immediate succession. These continued for the space of eight minutes. So complete and general had been the convulsion, that a tremulous motion was communicated to the leaves on the surface of the ground. A few yards from the spot where we lay, the body of a large tree was snapped in two, and the falling part precipitated to the margin of the river. The trees in the forest shook like rushes: the alarming clattering of their branches may be compared to the effect of a severe wind passing through a cane-brake.

“ At the dawn of the day I went on shore to examine the effects of the shocks. The earth, about twenty feet from the water's edge, was deeply cracked; but no visible injury of moment had been yet sustained. Fearing, however, to remain longer where we were, it was thought most advisable to leave our landing as expeditiously as possible; this was immediately done. At a few rods distance from the shore, we experienced a fifth shock more severe than either of the preceding. I had expected this from the lowering appearances of the weather. It was, indeed, most providential that we had started; for such was the strength of this last shock, that the bank, to which we were, but a few minutes since, attached, was rent and fell into the river; whilst the trees rushed from the forest, precipitating themselves into the water, with force sufficient to have dashed us into a thousand atoms.

“ It was now light; and we had an opportunity of beholding, in full extent, all the horrors of our situation. During the first four shocks, tremendous and uninterrupted explosions, resembling a discharge of artillery, were heard from the opposite shore. At that time I had imputed them to the falling of the river's banks. This fifth shock explained the real cause. Wherever the veins of the earthquake ran, there was a volcanic discharge of combustible matter to great heights, an incessant rumbling was heard below, and the bed of the river was excessively agitated, whilst the water assumed a turbid and boiling appearance. Near our boat, a spout of confined air, breaking its way through the waters, burst forth, and, with a loud report, discharged mud, sticks, &c. from the river's bed, at least thirty feet above its surface. These spoutings were frequent, and, in many places, appeared to rise to the very heavens. Large trees, that had lain for ages at the bottom of the river, were shot up in thousands of instances, some with their roots uppermost and their tops planted; others were hurled into the air; many again were only loosened and floated upon the surface. Never was a scene more replete with terrific threatenings of death. Here, the earth, river, &c. torn with furious convulsions, opened in huge trenches, whose deep jaws were instantaneously closed; there, through a thousand vents,

sulphurous steams gushed from its very bowels, leaving vast and almost unfathomable caverns. Every where nature itself seemed tottering on the very verge of dissolution.

“ During the day there was, with very little intermission, a continued series of shocks, attended with innumerable explosions, like the rolling of thunder. The bed of the river was incessantly disturbed; and the water boiled severely in every part. Our ears were incessantly assailed with the crashing of timber: the banks were crushed down, and fell with all their growth into the water. It was no less astonishing than alarming to behold the oldest trees of the forest, whose firm roots had withstood a thousand storms, and weathered the sternest tempests, quivering and shaking with the violence of the shocks, whilst their heads were whipped together with a quick and rapid motion.

“ Many small islands have been already annihilated, and from appearances, many more must suffer the same fate. To one of these I ventured in a skiff; but it was impossible to examine it; for the ground sunk from my tread, and the least force applied to any part of it seemed to shake the whole.

“ On Wednesday afternoon I visited an island which was extensive and partially covered with willows. The earthquake had rent the ground in large and numerous gaps; vast quantities of burnt wood, in every stage of alteration, from its primitive nature to stone coal, had been spread over the ground to very considerable distances; frightful and hideous caverns yawned on every side; and the earth's bowels appeared to have felt the tremendous force of the shocks which had thus riven its surface. I was gratified with seeing several places where those spouts, which had so much attracted our wonder and admiration, had arisen. They were generally on the beach, and have left large circular holes in the sand, formed much like a funnel.”

After exhibiting a view equally picturesque and melancholy, of the dismal scenes of devastation which the shores of the river presented, Mr. Pierce gives a table or rather diary of the shocks, setting forth their number, and the order of time in which they occurred. From this it appears, that, in the space of three days, they amounted to no less than eighty nine, many of them marked with extreme violence.

Thus far we have proceeded on solid ground, with the light of observation and the truth of faithful history for our guide. We must now, however, descend into more precarious, dark and intricate ways, in search of the origin and cause of earthquakes. “ *Hic labor, hoc opus est,*” with this begins our labour and difficulty.

At a very early period in the history of science, philosophers began to speculate and frame conjectures as to the cause of earthquakes. The subject being such as to afford great scope for the exercise of the imagination, hypothesis after hypothesis sprang up in relation to it with unbounded luxuriance. A hasty view of a few of these may contribute to the momentary amusement of our readers.

By Anaxagoras and his followers, the body of the earth was supposed to be filled with vast caverns, similar in their form to what we denominate, in common language, the "vault of heaven" and not much less extensive in their dimensions. Within these subterranean cavities he believed that clouds were formed analogous to those that glide through the atmosphere. The bursting of the lightning from these clouds beneath our feet, he regarded as the immediate cause of earthquakes.

Another sect of philosophers contended, that the caverns, in question, contained vast bodies of subterranean fire. These fires, by their constant action, weakened the walls of the caverns enclosing them, which ultimately fell in, and thus produced the concussions of an earthquake.

Epicurus and other philosophers of the peripatetic school attributed earthquakes to explosions produced by the ignition of certain inflammable gases, imprisoned or engendered in the bowels of the earth.

The sudden conversion of water into steam by the violent action of subterranean fires, has been long regarded as the cause of earthquakes. This hypothesis has numbered among its advocates some of the most distinguished characters of modern times. Gassendus, Kircher, Schottus, Varenus, Des Cartes, Du Hamel, and Honorius gave it all the support of their talents and authority. Fabri, Dr. Woodward, and the late Dr. Darwin were zealous in defence of different modifications of the same hypothesis.

The stupendous machinery by which these philosophers contrived to bring large bodies of fire and water together in the bowels of the earth—bodies large enough to propagate concussions throughout a great portion of the globe, the limits of this article will not suffer us to describe. The whole apparatus appears to be nothing but a mere creature of the imagination. As far

as we now recollect, subterranean geography furnishes not a single fact in favour of its existence. On the other hand, the whole amount of our knowledge in that science, is unfavourable to the notion of deep-seated caverns and central fires. Artificial excavations have been carried nearly two thousand feet into the bowels of the earth—a distance, perhaps, as deep as the seat of earthquakes—yet none of these subterranean caverns have been found. Nor have any discoveries been made which do not tend to a refutation rather than a confirmation of our belief in the existence of internal fires. After descending to the distance of a few hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth, the temperature begins gradually to decline as you advance towards the centre. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the reverse of this would be true, were you still approaching nearer to vast masses of ignited materials. It is, moreover, a well known fact, that the water at the bottom of the ocean, where the depth extends to several hundred fathoms, is much colder than it is either at the surface, or at any intermediate depth between the two extremes. This circumstance tends also, we think, to prove, that there is no general source of heat situated deep in the bowels of the earth. The existence of subterranean fires in volcanic regions has no bearing whatever on the main question. If, in other portions of the globe internal fires do occasionally exist, we are inclined to believe that they are only of temporary duration, and are kindled up at the time by the action of electricity on combustible materials. We regret that without trespassing greatly on the limits assigned us, we cannot discuss this subject at large. Were the case otherwise, it would, we think, be no difficult task to assign reasons altogether unanswerable against that hypothesis which deduces earthquakes from the action of subterranean fire and water. Were these phenomena produced by the mere impetus of imprisoned steam, that agent would, on the opening of the earth, rush out in such immense quantities and so visible a form, as to establish the fact to the entire satisfaction of every beholder.

The last hypothesis to which we shall invite the attention of our readers, is that which attributes earthquakes to the influence



of electricity. Nor shall we attempt to conceal the fact, that this is the opinion to which we are ourselves most strongly inclined.

Our inability to point out the precise mode of operation by which the electric fluid gives rise to earthquakes, constitutes no argument whatever against the validity of the doctrine. We are equally ignorant of the mode of operation of this fluid in the production of water-spouts, hurricanes, and thunderstorms; yet all observation convinces us, and all men of science, we believe, concur in the opinion, that these phenomena are marked by its presence and arise from its agency. Mock-suns, fire-balls, and the aurora-borealis, are also, by universal consent, ascribed to electricity; but where is the philosopher, either ancient or modern, who can explain to us the mode of its action in producing them?

We shall proceed to state, in a manner as succinct as may be consistent with perspicuity, a few of the considerations which induce us to attribute earthquakes to an electric origin.

These phenomena are most prevalent in warm climates, where electricity most abounds. They occur more frequently in the torrid than in the temperate, and more frequently in the temperate than in the frigid zones. To the universality of this truth, Iceland, Kamschatka, the country around Behring's Straits, and perhaps a few other volcanic regions in high latitudes, constitute exceptions. At the moment of the eruption of an earthquake, as well as for some time previously to the event, all nature is clothed in electrical appearances—such appearances precisely, except that they are much more strongly marked, as precede or accompany the tropical hurricanes. The waters of the ocean are unusually calm and transparent, or singularly agitated without the intervention of any perceptible cause. The sound sent forth by the surf is sometimes peculiarly loud and solemn. A portentous stillness prevails in the atmosphere, which is sometimes clear, and at other times so loaded with vapour and defective in transparency, as to give the sun a dusky or blood-like appearance, and to obscure the other celestial bodies. The clouds, by the peculiarity of their figure and movement, manifest a very highly electric condition. In many instances clouds of this description have been seen to settle and hang with a most

threatening aspect, directly over cities and other places, during the time of their convulsions from an earthquake. The heavens sparkle with fire-balls and other luminous meteors, or are extensively marked by the aurora-borealis. Geese, wild fowls, and other inferior animals, that are known to be peculiarly sensible to a superabundance or deficiency of the electric fluid, exhibit, previously to an earthquake, the same dismay in their looks and restlessness in their movements, which they are in the practice of manifesting, and send forth the same cries of terror which they so frequently utter, on the approach of thunderstorms and other powerful electrical phenomena. The shock, experienced by vessels navigating the ocean or lying in rivers, is precisely such as may be produced by passing powerful sparks of electricity through a body of water. The extreme velocity, with which the shock of an earthquake pervades extensive tracts of country, constitutes a powerful argument in favour of a belief in its electrical character. During the prevalence of these convulsions, streams of fire oftentimes issue from the ground, analogous in their appearance and action to flashes of electricity. They are accompanied, moreover, with the same sulphureous smell, which is so uniform an attendant on severe discharges of lightning from the clouds. Nor is this all. Under these circumstances, metallic conductors driven into the earth, and projecting a sufficient distance into the atmosphere, have sent forth from their summits, repeated and powerful electric coruscations. This interesting experiment was performed by several persons, and with complete success, during the destructive earthquakes of Calabria. It appears to establish the identity of electricity with the cause of these phenomena, almost as definitively as the famous experiment of Dr. Franklin did the identity of that fluid with the lightning of the skies.

Electricity possesses the power of igniting certain inflammable substances, and also of converting water into steam. Hence the facility with which, on the principles of our hypothesis, we can account for the volumes of vapour, smoke, and actual flame, which so frequently issue from the ground during the prevalence of an earthquake. Coming into contact, in certain subterranean situations, with bodies of water and large quantities of combus-

tible materials, the electric fluid suddenly converts the former into vapour and the latter into flame; both of which, bursting forcibly through the superincumbent strata of earth, increase the general amount of concussion, and add to the collective horrors of the scene. On the same principle, as well as from various other considerations, which our province does not, at present, permit us to enumerate, we think it highly probable, that electricity is the brand which lights up new, and rekindles, after ages, extinguished volcanoes.

In the northern hemisphere, the general course of earthquakes is from south to north; and in the southern, from north to south. In either case the concussions travel from the line towards the pole. This, too, is analogous to the general course of the electric fluid, which, received in vast quantities under the torrid zone, moves constantly through the body of the earth, to the polar regions; from whence, in the form of aurora borealis, it is again distributed into the atmosphere.

For diminishing the force of earthquakes, or preventing them altogether, different philosophers have proposed different experiments, corresponding to the views they have entertained of their causes. Those, who attribute these phenomena to the action of steam imprisoned in the bowels of the earth, advise us to provide for our safety by the sinking of numerous deep pits, which, by serving as so many vent-holes to this destructive agent, may thus prevent the impending mischief. Those, on the other hand, who consider subterraneous electricity as the cause of earthquakes, deem it perfectly feasible to discharge this fluid gradually into the atmosphere, and thus entirely avert its rage, by driving to a sufficient depth into the earth a great number of metallic conductors.

We profess ourselves wholly disinclined to place much reliance on either of these expedients. However highly we think of the light of science, and of the power of the philosopher, when armed with all the means it furnishes, we cannot prevail on ourselves to believe, that it belongs as yet, to the province of feeble man, either to disarm the heavens entirely of the thunder-bolt, or to draw from its subterraneous recesses the principle of earthquakes.

C.

## EPISTOLARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO

[The following original letter from Dr. Franklin is a most pleasing specimen of the amiable playfulness of that philosopher. It is addressed to a daughter of the dean of St. Asaph, and sister of the lady who afterwards became the wife of sir William Jones. Dr. Franklin was then in his 68th year, yet all the volatility of youthful genius could have dictated nothing more gay and good-humoured than this letter.]

*Chilbolton, Tuesday, 22nd September.*

DEAR SIR,

I have the misfortune to acquaint you that last week poor Mungo got out of his cage and was killed by a dog. I was really very much concerned for it, as I am remarkably fond of all squirrels and particularly valued Mungo, as being the gift of my good friend. I preferred it to the European squirrels for being more gentle and good-humoured and full as lively.

Papa and Mama have gone to spend a week at Bevismont. The bow-windows at Twypond go on but slowly. I believe we shall not be able to remove there this year, but we all hope you will still hold yourself engaged to spend some part of the autumn at Chilbolton. All this family desires their best compliments, and I remain

Your obedient humble servant,  
GEORGIANA SHIPLEY.

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*London, September, 26th, 1773.*

DEAR MISS,

I lament with you most sincerely the unfortunate end of poor Mungo. Few squirrels were better accomplished; for he had had a good education, had travelled far, and seen much of the world. As he had the honour of being for his virtues your favourite, he should not go like common skuggs without an elegy or an epitaph. Let us give him one in the monumental style and measure, which being neither prose nor verse, is perhaps the properest for grief, since, to use common language, would look as if we were not affected, and to make rhymes would seem trifling in sorrow.

ALAS! POOR MUNGO!

Happy wert thou hadst thou known  
 Thy own felicity!  
 Remote from the fierce Bald-Eagle,  
 Tyrant of thy native woods,  
 Thou hadst nought to fear from his piercing talons;  
 Nor from the murdering gun  
 Of the thoughtless sportsman.  
 Safe in the wired castle,  
 Grimalkin never could annoy thee.  
 Daily wert thou fed with the choicest viands  
 By the fair hand  
 Of an indulgent mistress;  
 But discontented thou wouldst have more freedom.  
 Too soon alas! didst thou obtain it:  
 And wandering,  
 Fell by the merciless fangs  
 Of wanton cruel Ranger.  
 Learn here ye who blindly wish more liberty,  
 Whether subjects, sons, squirrels, or daughters,  
 That apparent *restraint* may be real *protection*  
 Yielding peace, plenty, and security.

You see how much more decent and proper this broken style, interrupted as it were with sighs, is for the occasion, than if one were to say, by way-of epitaph,

Here skugg  
 Lies snug  
 As a bug  
 In a rug.

And yet there are people in the world of so little feeling, as to think *that* would be a good enough epitaph for our poor Mungo!

If you wish it I shall procure another to succeed him; but perhaps you will now choose some other amusement.

Remember me respectfully to all the good family; and believe me ever

Your affectionate friend,  
 B. FRANKLIN.

## TRAVELS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## TOUR THROUGH JAMAICA.

[We have had access to the interesting manuscripts of a late traveller through Jamaica; from which we shall occasionally select some letters for the amusement of our readers.]

*Kingston, Jamaica, Jan. 1811.*

DEAR W—,

I WILL give you a brief geographical description of this island, before I proceed to a detail of my *tour*.

Jamaica is one of the leeward islands. It is situated in the Atlantic ocean, in N. lat.  $18^{\circ} 12'$ . and W. long.  $76^{\circ} 45'$ . It has St. Domingo to the east, Cuba to the north, the Gulf of Honduras to the west, and the continent of South America to the south. It was originally denominated, according to some writers, *Xaymayco*, which appears to be of Indian origin, and which in that language signifies a country of springs.

The climate from the southern situation of the island must, of consequence, be uniformly warm. This warmth would, to Europeans, or persons from a northern latitude, be intolerable, had not Providence, in his beneficence, occasioned a breeze to blow at the regular return of morning and evening, and thus temporized and ameliorated the intense heat of the sun. The general commencement of the sea-breeze is at about ten o'clock in the morning, and that of the land, at four in the evening. Another cause frequently produces a temporary mitigation of heat: a vast collection of clouds often hover over the vales, mountains, and plains, and shade them from the parching rays of a tropical sun, and thus renders the heat less insupportable. From observation, while in Jamaica, I found that the medium height of the thermometer was  $75^{\circ}$  among the mountains, and  $87^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit in the low lands, and towns. This uniform continuation of heat eminently tends to produce that debility of the nerves, and relaxation of the solids, to which the Westindians are subject. They never experience the cold of winter which is so beneficial in invigorating the system.

The island is about one hundred and fifty miles in length, from east to west, and nearly fifty in breadth. Its surface is extremely irregular; which, however, adds to the beauty and sublimity of its landscape. The mountains are lofty, and uneven, running, not as is said by naturalists, from east to west, or from north to south, but thrown up in disorder and confusion. The observation of a gentleman, who once visited the island, that it resembled a piece of white paper crumpled up in the hand, is just and correct. I know of no description that could convey a more accurate idea of the irregularity of its surface. Their rivers are numerous but small. None are sufficiently expansive to swim any vessels larger than canoes. These rivers, or streams, pass through the island in various directions, contributing to its benefit, and adding to its picturesque beauty.

This short topographical description will, I conceive, be sufficient at present. As I proceed in my tour, I shall be more minute and particular. When you come within sight of the island, your eye is delighted by the prospect of cultivation which it presents. Extensive sugar plantations, and coffee estates, arise to view, with all the charms of novelty, and all the delight of variety. The traveller, who comes from a cold climate in the dead of winter, appears to be transported into a region of enchantment, where every thing blooms, in the efflorescence of spring. The scenes of Arcadia instantly strike his imagination; he dreams in fancy of roscate bowers, purling rills, murmuring cascades, and all the imagery and embellishments of poetry.

“Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata.”

The golden age, with all its happiness and simplicity, occupies his mind; and he wanders back, with an indescribable pensiveness, to the period when the poor natives of the island lived in peace, and expired in tranquillity. Such were *my* feelings when I first beheld Jamaica. I was struck with its appearance, and thought of my early reading; and when memory dwelt on the fate of those unfortunate beings, whom Spanish barbarity and religious cruelty have entirely exterminated, I dropt a tear in commiseration of their fate, and cursed the wretches who could so wantonly violate every principle of humanity.

The entrance into the harbour of Kingston appears to be well fortified. The forts on each side are placed in such situations as to render it almost inaccessible by water. Port Royal lies at the extremity of a neck of land which projects some distance into the ocean, and which affords an advantageous site for a fort. It is about seven miles distant from Kingston, and contains but few buildings; of which the whole seem to be small, incommodious, and inelegant. This town has been destroyed several times, once by an earthquake, once by a hurricane, and once by a conflagration. When the sea is transparent, some of its ruins can be distinctly seen at the bottom of the water. Port Royal is frequently resorted to by persons afflicted with indisposition, from an impression that it is healthy. I conceive this opinion to be correct, as the town is situated to receive the sea-breeze, without impediment or obstruction; and the sea-breeze is generally allowed by physicians to be salubrious and invigorating.

On my arrival in Kingston I waited upon the American consul, to whom I had a letter of introduction: I found him polite and attentive. From him I received some information as to the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the island; and, while with him, spent my time not disagreeably. Kingston is the metropolis of Jamaica. It is the most airy and comfortable city I have seen in the Westindies. It is nearly a mile and a half in length, and one in breadth. The streets are, for the most part, clean and pleasant, with pavements in front of the buildings, but unfortunately so irregular as to destroy their beauty. It strikes me that this city was at first improperly planned, as the inhabitants are generally excluded, in consequence of its triangular situation, from the benefits of the sea-breeze. The merchants, who are principally Europeans, have some very elegant and tastefully executed edifices in the suburbs, which are there called *pens*, to which they retire after the business of the day is transacted. This city contains a great number of Jews, who have spread over the whole island. They have two synagogues in Kingston, which are buildings of very little taste or beauty. They are excluded from the possession of every office, and the enjoyment of every privilege, except that which is particularly specified by law. As usual, they acquire great wealth; and as usual



are denominated great knaves. I am informed that the assembly of Jamaica petitioned, in the reign of William III, to have all the Jews expelled from the island, "because they were the descendants of the crucifiers of the blessed Jesus." I leave you to smile at the force of this irresistible reason. These miserable wretches have been persecuted since the death of Christ, with a malignancy and hatred not perfectly compatible with the pure doctrines of christianity. They have been driven with relentless barbarity, from the retreats of infancy, from the peaceful shades of their native home; and wherever they have fled, have been followed by a deep and irremovable hatred that casts a stain on the proselytes of Christ, and that even degrades the dignity of humanity. I cannot but reflect, my dear W——, with pleasure on that religious toleration, which forms so prominent a feature in the constitution of our country; and, whatever may be said by our transatlantic *friends* to the contrary, it must be allowed, by every unprejudiced individual, to be one of the best privileges of which a nation can boast.

The admiral's mansion appears to be the most elegant edifice in Kingston. It was built at the expense of government for the general residence of that officer; and therefore executed with some degree of taste. Over the gateway stand the jaw-bones of a shark; of which they relate a ludicrous anecdote, not much entitled to belief. A British vessel, they say, was in danger of being attacked by a French privateer, of much superior force, and having on board some documents of importance to the French nation, if obtained, they were thrown into the ocean, and very miraculously swallowed by a shark that casually glided by at that moment. This fish was afterwards, by an accident, not common in this wonderful world, taken by the admiral-ship, and the documents found entire and perfect in the interior chamber of the shark's belly. This singular incident made such an impression on the mind of the admiral, that he determined to perpetuate the event, by erecting over his gateway the jaw-bones of this astonishing animal, and thus convince the world that Solomon was not so wise as he imagined, when he declared there was nothing *new* under the sun.

*Kingston, Jamaica, 1811.*

DEAR W—,

NOTHING strikes a traveller, accustomed to the cheapness of American living, with more astonishment than its extravagance in this island. One would be induced to believe that the golden visions of Columbus had been realized, or that the mines of Golconda and Potosi lay exposed to every hand. There was a period indeed, when wealth scattered her gifts over the island, with a profusion that enriched all; when money was so abundant, that the most trifling article commanded a price almost too extravagant to mention; and though that period is past, so trammelled are men by the slavery of custom, that they still adhere to their ancient practices, and continue to demand, with their former exorbitance. For the benefit of those who may hereafter visit this island, I will here insert the general price of a few articles, which will demonstrate the enormity of their charges. In a *coffee-house*, (for there are no taverns in Kingston) the usual price for a breakfast is one dollar, second ditto, which is usually taken at twelve o'clock, three fourths of a dollar. Dinner, to which they sit down at seven o'clock, and from which they never rise sober, three dollars, if wine is drank; and lodging per night one dollar. The expense of travelling is also on a par with the price of living. As the extreme hillyness of the island renders the passage of a stage-coach impossible, those who feel disposed to ride into the interior, are compelled to make use of horses and chaises. The demand, therefore, for a horse, mule, and servant, per day, is ten dollars; for a horse and chaise, fifteen dollars; and thus proportionably for every other article of necessity.

The most numerous class of inhabitants are the merchants. These men, as I before mentioned, are for the most part Europeans. They came over to this island to accumulate wealth, and to this object they devote their every exertion. They carry on a commerce with the United States, extensive, advantageous, and profitable; and, with that cunning which results from an intimate knowledge of man, contrive to ingratiate themselves into the good opinion of the American captains so effectually as frequently to receive consignments to a considerable amount. Every

merchant has, besides a counting-house and store, which are usually situated near the water; a dwelling-house, or *pen*, in the suburbs, cool, airy and comfortable. To this retreat they repair after four o'clock in the afternoon, and transact no more business for the day. They seem to lead a dull, tedious, and monotonous life, totally destitute of the pleasures of mind, and the gratifications of literature. They appear wholly incapable of the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul." Their minds, thus limited as to information, must necessarily be subject to the influence of avarice, and consequently possess all the contraction of that passion. Their subjects of conversation are the common occurrences of the day, or the immediate objects of commercial transaction. They are indefatigably persevering in the pursuit and acquisition of that which they appear to think the *summum bonum* of life; and some are indeed immensely opulent. Without those internal resources which are furnished by a cultivated mind, they must consequently, when doing no business, spend their leisure moments in a kind of uniformity, disgustingly tedious. This, however, they relieve, by having recourse to dissipation, the usual resort of mental vacancy, and intellectual sterility. Their amusements are, as far as I can perceive, few. Excepting a ball, or assembly once or twice a year, billiards, and card parties for the purpose of gambling; I know of no diversion which can relieve the torpid sameness of their existence, or beguile the *tedium* of unoccupied time. The most rational amusement, that of the theatre, is, I understand, prohibited by the government of the island; and, in its room, cards and drunkenness are substituted as the only sources of diversion to which they can have recourse. To dinner, which is usually served up at about seven o'clock in the evening, succeeds a scene of bacchanalian riot and dissipation, which it is impossible to describe. I have seen, since my arrival in Kingston, during and after dinner, ten or twelve different kinds of liquor drunk by one individual, and never, to my knowledge, saw any arise from the table perfectly free from intoxication. It is a universal practice, prevalent throughout the island, to take one or two glasses of raw gin immediately after dinner by way of a tonic. This is followed

frequently by porter, ale, beer, brandy, rum, wine, &c., all thrown down the same channel in one delicious confusion; and yet, if indisposition is the consequence, as it must necessarily be, of this intemperance, it is instantly ascribed to the fatality and sickness of the climate. That the climate is unhealthy, cannot reasonably be denied, but that it is much less so than is generally believed, experience will establish. The sudden transition from the extreme heat of the day to the benumbing cold of night, must be replete with injury to the constitution; but if temperance, and regularity of hours be observed, no serious consequence need be apprehended. Strangers should, I think, upon their arrival in the Westindies, immediately retire to some elevated or mountainous situation, where the atmosphere is pure and elastic, and the heat tolerably moderate; and continue for a few months, until they become accustomed to the climate; after which they need fear no danger, if sobriety and regularity are regarded with that attention necessary to the preservation of health. I am acquainted with a gentleman who has been a resident of Jamaica for forty years, and who, during that period, though frequently exposed to the damps of night from his professional avocations, has had but few fits of indisposition, and is now, though past sixty, as capable of bearing fatigue as the most vigorous American. Several instances of longevity have occurred in this island, which tend completely to destroy the too prevalent opinion of the fatality of tropical climates. A black man, lately in Jamaica, died at the extraordinary age of one hundred and thirty years. So advanced an age has been but rarely known in the mildest regions of the earth, with all the advantages of temperance and exercise. Perpetual heat, acting upon the system, will, I grant, often produce fever and debility of nerve; but here the mountain regions boast of an air pure and wholesome, and a climate moderate and healthy. The residence of a few months among the mountains, to a gentleman accustomed to the warmth of the low lands or plains, is as beneficial as the cold of winter is to an inhabitant of the temperate zone.

There are a great many medical *murderers* in Kingston, who commence the practice of physic before they have learnt the

difference between a pestle and mortar. I can say of this place, with Le Sage, "Je sais bien qu'il y a de bons remèdes, mais Je ne sais s'il a de bons medecins." I know well there are some good remedies; but I do not know there are any good physicians. Young men, after continuing in the shop of an apothecary in England for two or three months, have come to this island, and instantly commenced the science of *killing*, with a degree of hardihood and presumption that excites astonishment. Men who were as totally destitute of intellect, and so perfectly ignorant of every thing relative to science, that they could not tell you whether chemistry belonged to law or medicine. There is an anecdote related of one of these empirics which serves to exhibit his ignorance as humorously as any thing I have yet heard. A medical gentleman in Kingston was boasting in company of his skill in physics, when a wag, who was present, and who had discovered his stupidity, very seriously asked him, if there was such a disease in medicine as "*Chrononhotonthologos*?" The doctor, after some reflection, replied he did not at that moment recollect, but that he believed there was; and that the symptoms were a violent palpitation about the region of the heart, and an inextinguishable thirst.

The only physician in the island, who has acquired any celebrity, is a Mr Dancer, who has danced himself into notoriety by the publication of a medical work on the diseases incident to the Westindies. He appears to be a man of considerable information in his profession; but, like Goldsmith, extremely tormented by vanity, which of course renders him subject to perpetual disappointment, and inquietude. A critique appeared, while I was in this island, upon his work, written by a person who pretended to reside in the Bahamas, but who was doubtless, an inhabitant of Kingston. This ephemeral production had so great an effect, in the mortification of the doctor's vanity, that he was obliged to take a sea voyage for the restoration of his health. Such is the weakness to which minds, even of the first order, are frequently subject. The most vigorous powers of intellect are often mixed with an imbecillity that renders the possessor an object of ridicule and contempt.

There are three public newspapers established in Kingston, of which two are published daily. These are conducted by men distinguished only for their antipathy against the Americans, which appears deep and indelible. They are nothing more than hirelings who gain a subsistence by the most extravagant eulogies on their superannuated king; and so tramelled are they by their boasted government, that they dare not publish a paragraph in opposition to the measures of the assembly of the island, however ludicrous and contemptible, without the dread of instantaneous fine, and imprisonment. Their greatest talent seems to be in selecting from the federal prints of our country, such remarks as have been dictated by spleen and envy, against the republican administration, and in republishing them, with all the exultation of certain triumph. These papers are the perfect model of literary sterility. Not an original essay appears once in six months, to relieve the mind from the contemplation of continued barrenness; yet the editors are industrious and attentive.

“Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.”

But let me dismiss these inoffensive animals, who are, no doubt, as displeasing to you, as they are disgusting to me; and finish this long letter which must, ere this, have completely exhausted your patience, and sickened you with the metropolis of Jamaica.

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EPISTOLARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*University of Vermont, Burlington, Feb. 15, 1812*

MR. EDITOR,

I WAS much gratified to see, in your Journal, Mr. WILSON's account of the death of Capt. LEWIS, and the tribute of respect which he was pleased to pay to the memory of that amiable but unfortunate man. I take the liberty to send you a

copy of one of his letters, while on his voyage of discovery. It may be grateful to his friends, as it affords an additional proof of that goodness of heart, which he had the reputation of possessing in so eminent a degree. I am informed, by respectable authority, that his good offices and amiable manners conciliated the warmest love and highest respect of the gentlemen of the North West Company, as well as of the Indians in that country. I am indebted for the copy of this letter to the politeness of RODERIC M'KENZIE, Esq. of Assiniboin, in L. Canada, who is in possession of the original. This gentleman has many papers and much information relative to the Indians of America, with which I hope he will be induced to favour the public.

Wishing that *The Port Folio* may be continued with that ability by which it was conducted by your accomplished predecessor, I am, sir, your most obedient,

JASON CHAMBERLAIN.

*Upper Mandane Village, Oct. 31, 1804.*

TO CHARLES CHABOILLER, Esq. of the N. W. Co.

SIR,

ON our arrival at this Mandane Village, the 26th instant, we met with Mr. Hugh M'Crachen, who informed us that he was in some measure employed by you in behalf of the North West Company, to traffic with the natives of this quarter; the return of the man to your parts affords us the means of making, thus early, the present communication; the contents of which we would thank you to make known, as early as possible, to those engaged, and traders immediately under your direction, as also, if convenient, to the principal representatives of any other company of his Britannic Majesty's subjects, who may reside or trade in this quarter.

We have been commissioned and sent by the government of the United States for the purpose of exploring the river Missouri, and the western parts of the continent of North America, with a view to the promotion of general science. Your govern-

ment have been advised of this voyage and its objects, as the enclosed copy of a passport, granted by Mr Edward Thornton, his Britannic Majesty's charge d'affaires to the United States, will evidence.

The cold season having now nearly arrived, we have determined to fortify ourselves, and remain the ensuing winter, in the neighbourhood of this place. During our residence here, or future progress on our voyage, we calculate that the injunctions contained in the passport before mentioned will, with respect to ourselves, govern the conduct of such of his Britannic Majesty's subjects, as may be within communicative reach of us. As individuals, we feel every disposition to cultivate the friendship of all well-disposed persons; and all that we have at this moment to ask of them, is a mutual exchange of good offices. We shall, at all times, extend our protection as well to British subjects as American citizens, who may visit the Indians of our neighbourhood, provided they are well-disposed; this we are disposed to do, as well from the pleasure we feel in becoming serviceable to good men, as from a conviction that it is consonant with the liberal policy of our government, not only to admit within her territory the free egress and regress of all citizens and subjects of foreign powers with which she is in amity, but also to extend to them her protection, while within the limits of her jurisdiction.

If, sir, in the course of the winter, you have it in your power to furnish us with any hints in relation to the geography of the country, its productions, either mineral, animal, or vegetable, or any other information which you might conceive of utility to mankind, or which might be serviceable to us in the prosecution of our voyage, we should feel ourselves extremely obliged by your furnishing us with it.

We are, with much respect,

Your ob't. serv'ts.

MERIWETHER LEWIS, Capt. 1st U. S. R. Inf.

WILLIAM CLARK, Capt.



## CLASSICAL LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT-FOLIO.

[We have received through the medium of the Trustees of Bedford Academy, (Penn.) an address delivered at the opening of the new academy, on the 6th of January, 1812, by the Rev. JAMES WILSON, president of that seminary. To this sensible and well written essay, we give publication with much pleasure. We regret only that our limits constrain us to omit the details relative to the rapid progress and flourishing state of the institution, as well as the excellent moral instruction with which the president introduces the more immediate object of his address. We have indeed rarely seen the cause of classical literature so ably yet so concisely asserted as in the ensuing pages, which justify the highest hopes of the establishment over which the writer presides.]

## MY PUPILS,

THE most of you are young and incapable of appreciating, in its full extent, the value of those improvements in literature which you are now making. I shall, however, endeavour to bring the few observations, which I am about to make, within the sphere of your understanding. You are nearly all engaged in the study of the learned languages; and it is natural that you should inquire what advantages will result to you from a knowledge of these languages, now spoken by no nation on earth, in the form in which you learn them. It is reasonable that, if possible, you receive a satisfactory answer.

An elucidation of this subject is peculiarly important in our times, when some modern pretenders to literary reform are labouring to banish at once all classical literature from our seminaries, or are attempting to confine it to limits so narrow as to render it both contemptible and useless. If the war which these gentlemen are engaged in carrying on against classical learning, is a laudable enterprise, then that plan of education which has been selected for you, and which you are now executing, is not only unprofitable; it is calculated to waste, in a criminal manner, both your time and your exertions. But I trust the reverse of all this is truth—truth confirmed by evidence the most conclusive and irresistible.

I trust I shall be able to satisfy you that the study of the ancient languages forms not only a highly ornamental, but also a most valuable and interesting branch of education; and that those who attempt to expel it from our temples of science are, how-

ever honest their views, pursuing measures highly unpropitious to literary and moral improvement.

In attempting to elucidate this subject, I shall confine my remarks chiefly to these five points.

1. The aids afforded by ancient languages in acquiring a knowledge of antiquity, and of political and moral truth.

2. The advantages which arise from them in philological inquiries.

3. The helps we derive from them in theology.

4. The facilities which a knowledge of the Latin tongue furnishes in the acquisition of foreign living languages.

5. The improvement in taste both in delicacy and correctness, which is produced by an *accurate* and *extensive* acquaintance with Greek and Latin essayists, historians, and poets.

The bare mention of this outline is sufficient to carry conviction, if he is not already convinced, into the bosom of every elegant classical scholar. But to you, my pupils, it requires to be filled up; and especially in this age when you will meet with such a herd of smatterers to discountenance your present pursuits—smatterers who know nothing of the value of classical education, and therefore oppose it;—who without the requisite qualifications, invade the pulpit, the bar, and the temple of Esculapius, as the Egyptian mice invaded, at Pelusium, the bow-strings and shield-straps of the Assyrian army.

A discussion of these five points, as full and as minute as they merit, you are not to expect at present. They embrace a wide field of literary investigation.

The knowledge of antiquity forms, as all confess, a highly important department of human science. The happiest means to put us in possession of this knowledge, with accuracy, is the means which ought to be resorted to: and we contend, that, were every excellent Greek, Latin, and oriental writer, translated into the English language, yet the mere English scholar could form but an imperfect view of the manners and customs and modes of thought in ancient times.

Clothe the histories of Thucydides and Cornelius Tacitus in the best garb which the English language furnishes, and you, in

a great measure, clothe the republics of Greece and the Roman empire, in an English dress: so intimate is the connexion between thought and the language in which it is clothed.

But read these excellent historians in the originals, and you remount to venerable antiquity: Grecian and Roman statesmen, heroes, and philosophers, tread the stage arrayed in all the sober grandeur of ancient times.

Were you to pluck the beard from the bust of a Roman senator, and clothe it in the most fashionable dress of modern times, would you exhibit accurately a Roman? No; except the stature and the robust form, a modern fine gentleman stands before you. Translations of ancient authors pluck the beard from antiquity; while the originals present it in all its hoary-headed majesty.

The profound Latin and Greek scholar can, at pleasure, transport himself into Greece in all its refinement—walk in the groves of the academy, and saunter along the banks of Ilissus, where every grove is rendered vocal by the sweet melodious strains of Apollo's lyre—he can see Rome in its glory, associate himself with the shades of heroes and sages, and hear the Roman senate-house ring with Tully's eloquence. To be thus conveyed beyond the regions of English language and English thought and English feeling, gives a new tone to the mind, an expansion of thought and a manliness to the feelings, both of youth and age, which no English translation can effect. But all the valuable classic writers are not translated. Rich mines of knowledge are yet covered from the view of the mere English scholar. Again suppose all the historians of ancient times were translated into modern tongues, and the study of the ancient languages neglected, and all knowledge of them lost; in three or four centuries the originals would be lost, and all times before the origin of modern writers would be numbered among the fabulous ages.

Why are the accounts we have transmitted to us of the infancy of ancient empires, Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Rome, accounted fables? Doubtless, because we no longer understand the historical language of the pillars, the knots, and the hieroglyphics, in which those events, for which we seek, were re-

corded. If you wish to lose all knowledge of antiquity, banish from your schools the ancient languages: if you wish it preserved, retain them. I might now develop the assistance which we derive from these languages, in political and moral investigations; how they enable us to trace with precision the rise, progress, and fall of states, and the causes which either forwarded or retarded these events—and I might explain to you the advantages which they afford, in our attempts to unfold the human character, as they present man placed in an endless variety of circumstances: but these I wave for the present.

I shall now attend to the second topic, the advantages which arise from these languages in philological inquiries. I say philological, in order to avoid the word etymology, which has become so disgusting of late.

From the revival of letters by the munificence of the Medici, in the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, until the time of Dr. Johnson, etymology was fashionable among the learned. Since Horne Tooke's *Diversions of Purley* made their appearance, etymology has been nearly hissed off the stage. It is probable that the etymologists and anti-etymologists have both gone to extremes. But I think the course which literary men now take, much less propitious to learning, than that which they pursued before the *Diversions of Purley* appeared. It is indeed vain to attempt, to ascertain from its derivation the precise meaning of every English word, which we can trace into a foreign language. No two nations think precisely in the same way, much less those which speak different languages. Hence words, in passing from one nation and tongue into another nation and tongue, generally lose a part of their signification, sometimes the whole of it, and have annexed to them other thoughts, or shades of thought accommodated to the nature of that language which has adopted them. But this very circumstance proves that we can never acquire an accurate knowledge of ancient times, without a knowledge of ancient language. This revolution, which words experience in their migrations from language to language, presents the fairest opportunity for arriving at certainty in our investigations of subjects so subtle as thought and the symbols of thought.

A Hebrew word, when used by a Greek, loses one shade of thought which was connected with it in the mind of a Hebrew; when a Roman employed it, another shade vanished; it became still more limited in signification in the mouth of a Gaul; when adopted into our language, we can perhaps scarcely recognise any remains of the thought which the Hebrew expressed by it. Thus we are furnished with a means of analyzing our conceptions, a means which is no where else to be found. The habit of thus analyzing our intellectual operations, we form while engaged in the study of ancient language.

What can be more admirably adapted to the young mind, just beginning to unfold its powers, than such an employment as this? It gives the mind an accuracy and clearness of perception, which renders lucid all its future operations. All this may be acquired at an age when a boy is incapable of any other important intellectual improvement. In many instances our inquiries in natural history are aided by etymology. Take the plant hyssop as an example. If it were asked whether the plant with which the Israelites sprinkled the blood of the passover lamb, on the lintels and door-posts, and the plant which grew on the wall, and of which Solomon wrote, is the same plant which we call hyssop: I answer, it is; and by etymology alone we ascertain its identity. By the Hebrews it was named *casoph*, by the Greeks *hyssophos*, by the Latins *hyssopus*, and we call it *hyssop*: thus its identity is ascertained.

To all this we may add, by being able to recur to those languages from which words in ours are derived, we are often able to ascertain the extent of their import, when no English dictionary ministers to us that satisfaction which we desire; and also, by this means, to arrive at clear perceptions of the origin and progress of language. By recurring to the structure and philosophy of the Latin and Greek tongues, we have been, and still are, aided by these regular and stately languages, to fix and determine our own, which is irregular and monosyllabic.

In the Latin and Greek languages, the philosophical principles of every language are comprehended. These principles every learner must, in some degree, understand. Without these

he can make no progress. The relations of things are expressed by change of termination in words; and the great number of these changes introduces the student to a knowledge of the astonishing variety of relations, which objects bear to each other—relations of which one, who was acquainted with his native tongue alone, could scarcely form a conjecture.

A Latin noun wears seven forms; an adjective forty-eight; a pronoun eighteen; and a verb two hundred and seventeen. A Greek noun, without contraction, has eleven terminations; some contracted nouns have above twenty-two; the article, twenty-one; some adjectives, sixty-two; some pronouns, twenty-one. An uncontracted Greek verb is found in no less than nine hundred forms; and some contracted verbs in more than one thousand.

All these changes are employed to express the relations of things which a Latin and Greek scholar must understand. These relations, in English, and in most modern languages, are expressed by small words, such as auxiliary verbs and prepositions, and cannot be presented to the mind of a learner in form so condensed, as in the Latin and Greek. And were it not for the help which we derive from these ancient languages, many of these relations, which are essentially necessary to be known, in order to form a correct writer, an eloquent speaker, or scientific man, would pass unnoticed.

While acquiring a knowledge of the classics, all these are clearly perceived, and can easily be applied, when we attempt an analysis of our native tongue. In these and many other ways, our philological inquiries are facilitated by an acquaintance with the classics.

I shall now proceed to the third topic in our enumeration—the helps we derive from the ancient languages in theology. It is with pain that I am compelled to express a fear, that the introduction of such a topic into a literary paper, will be esteemed a breach of the laws of fashion, which, in *modern times*, has enchaind all religion to the sacred desk, and forbids it, under pain of the high displeasure of society, to appear in the halls of science, or to tread the walks of social life. However, while engaged in the discharge of my sacred duty to the youth committed

to my care; under the auspices of omnipotent truth, I shall proceed regardless of the mandates of depraved fashion. Theology ought to interest, deeply interest, the private citizen, the lawyer, the statesman, and physician, as well as the divine. If I can show satisfactorily, that theological knowledge is promoted by an acquaintance with the branch of literature which I discuss, I shall believe that an argument absolutely irresistible is offered in its favour.

The writings of the Greek and Roman sages, when read in that language in which those sages thought, introduce us into the very bosom of man, unenlightened by the pages of inspiration, unmask the depravity of the human heart, and exhibit in glowing colours to us the weakness of human intellect. Extremely imperfect are the best representations, which translations make, of the feelings of a heathen relative to divine things, compared with the almost living picture contained in the original.

Had we seen Cato seated by his table, with the dialogues of Plato on the immortality of the soul, and his sword lying upon it—had we seen his countenance, and heard him speak and reason on the nature of futurity, how vivid would our perceptions have been of the feelings of the heathen philosopher?

If we read them in the language which he spoke, the perception is comparatively obscured; but when we read them in our own language, it is almost defaced. You may apply this to the morals of Epictetus and Seneca, to the meditations of Marcus Antoninus, and to every other Grecian and Roman treatise on moral or religious subjects.

The theological works of the ancient fathers of the church, are all written in Greek or Latin, and comparatively few of them are translated into any modern language. He who would avail himself of the excellent disquisitions of these immediate successors of the apostles, must be a classical scholar. In the many and great theological controversies which are agitated, the authority of these fathers is often much relied upon, and great deference is due to their opinions. He who understands modern languages only, will never be able to ascertain, with precision, what is the opinion of these old divines. Many of the theolo-

gical works of the reformers are written in Latin. Those of the continental divines are nearly all Latin.

These writings are such as we expect from men placed in their situations. The great events which were then exhibited; the shaking down of empires, and the destruction of systems of superstition and of tyranny, which for centuries had been held in veneration, awakened the human mind from the slumbers of ages; it arose in its might, and all its faculties stimulated to vigorous action. It performed every thing but miracles. Its first effort was to drag the Greek and Latin writers from their Gothic sepulchres; and next, to make the language of the latter the vehicle through which it found out the boldest stream of thought. The stupendous production of human intellect in that age, to the mere English scholar, are shrouded in darkness. No where did the genius of that constellation of heroes, who achieved the reformation, shine with such brilliancy as in the department of theology. The insight into the plan of Providence, and the display of the Christian system, contained in the works of Francis Turretin alone, will amply repay any one for all his labour in acquiring a knowledge of the language in which they are written. These works are not translated. The holy scriptures were originally written in languages now dead. In Greek and Hebrew we have the revelations which the God of nature and of grace has made to man—that wisdom which flows immediately from the infinite fountain of intellect. This consideration I think sufficient to strike dumb every enemy to classical literature, who professes himself a friend to revealed religion; and with the deist we have nothing to do: we hold him to be an incorrigible foe to all true learning, as well as to God and man.

The facilities which a knowledge of the Latin tongue affords in the acquisition of foreign living languages, is our fourth topic. To the enlightened part of our American citizens, it is not necessary, at this day, to press arguments in favour of the study of the languages of southern Europe, or the advantages which a knowledge of them affords to the man of business, to the professional character, and to the private gentleman. Every day we become more sensible of their importance. Commerce has enlarged her



sphere. All the civilized nations of the world are connected with each other, and interested in each other's fate. And though the European wars, which have lately raged with unexampled fury, bind commerce in chains, and contract the limits of social intercourse; yet this state of things is unnatural and cannot last long. It offers violence to the genius of the civilized world. And even in the present state of things, it requires little keenness of penetration to discover the advantages which the man possesses, who is acquainted with the languages spoken on the continent of Europe. He is at home in a foreign land. All state-papers, literary notices, and mercantile advices, he can read in the language in which they are written. In conversation he can avail himself of the descriptions which intelligent foreigners give of their native land. French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, are languages highly important to every scholar, and to every man in public life; and these are no more than dialects of Latin. It is true that when the northern barbarians rushed down upon the Roman Empire, laid it in ruins, and took possession of Italy and the northern provinces; many foreign words were introduced into those kingdoms where they settled down.

The Spanish has many words of Moorish origin. But so stately is the Latin tongue, and so firmly established in the philosophy of the human mind are its principle and structure, that the shock which prostrated the empire, was too feeble to overturn it. The savage nations fell into the use of it, and with such variations as their respective languages induced, adopted it as their own. The four languages which we have enumerated, are dialects of ancient Latin. Teach a boy the Latin, and from his very entrance on the study of these dialects he feels himself at home; his progress is rapid, and, in the end, his knowledge of them philosophical and complete. We may safely affirm, that Latin, Italian, and French, will be learned in the same time that the two latter can be acquired without the help of the former, and that the student will be much more accurate. The Spanish and Portuguese will require but a few months of additional labour. Hence much time and labour are saved.

The changes, which the various tribes of barbarians made in the Latin tongue when they adopted it, present to the learner an excellent opportunity of investigating the nature of the human mind. He will continually direct his thoughts to the Latin, and inquire after the causes which produced the various departures from its laws, which he finds in its living modifications. This topic deserves a separate paper.

My last-topic is the improvement in taste, which we derive from classical literature.

The late profound Dr. Nesbit, the greatest scholar that ever consecrated by his presence an American seminary, is known to have been a very warm friend of classical learning. And the cultivation of taste derived from Latin and Greek writers was his first and last argument. In his hand it was the shield of Achilles. I do conceive that his word is sufficient to silence the whole phalanx of smatterers.

All civilized nations have considered Homer's *Iliad* and Virgil's *Æneid* as standards by which the merits of all other epic poems must be measured. They come down to us with the accumulated approbation of ages. The *Idyls* of Theocritus and Virgil are imperishable standards of pastoral song. The *Odes* of Horace and Anacreon, and Horace's *Epistles* and *Satires*, and the *Satires* of Juvenal and Persius, have been esteemed by men of taste in all times, as works almost perfect in their kind. Thucydides, Livy, Xenophon, Plutarch, Tacitus, Cæsar, Curtius, and Sallust, furnish all nations with models of historical and biographical writing, which we despair of ever seeing excelled. What shall we say of the rapid and overwhelming eloquence of Demosthenes, and the flowing tide of Tully's oratory, which has charmed the world for eighteen centuries?

Form the taste of youth upon these, or some of these models, and, like the person who has been accustomed to the works of masters in painting, they have always a standard by which they almost intuitively approve or condemn every work which meets their eye. In all these works, there are delicate tints, impassioned touches, and manners and feelings warm from life, chasteness of expression, and accuracy of thought, which cannot in

their native beauty be transferred into any other language. Pope's Homer is beautiful; Cowper's is more truly Homeric; but they are both languid when compared with the glowing life of the original.

Indeed when I cast my eye over the pages of Greek and Roman history—when I see the astonishing accuracy of taste which they display; the bold and rapid flights of their genius; I am impelled into the belief, that one great design of Providence in raising up the empires of Greece and Rome, and in them condensing all the literature and all the polish of the east, was to furnish the world, in all ages to come, with standard works of taste and genius. This thought receives additional force from the circumstance that the New Testament has forever consecrated the Greek language. ●

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#### THE FINE ARTS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WE now turn our attention to the Venetian school of painting. Venice was once the seat of opulence and traffic, the repository of gorgeous silks and of shining tissues, and in fact, the splendid toyshop of Europe. The gay and fastidious hues imparted their tincture to the minds of all classes of people. From the artist who wrought, to the proudest of the nobility who was decorated with such glittering ornaments, the same taste pervaded. Colour, that delicate and captivating medium, instead of being subordinate, assumed a primary station, and was made the pander of traffic. From causes so obvious, the Venetian painter outrivalled all others in the beauty of his tints. Of this school Giorgione del Castel Franco, is considered as the earliest founder; for he abandoned the flat, dry, and meagre manner of his predecessors, and gave to his forms a bolder relief by stronger contrasts of light and shade. Possessing, however, no remains of antique sculpture, the artists were still incapable of elevating their thoughts to a standard of ideal excellence and visionary beauty. They had not been taught the mystery of selecting the fairest of the most beautiful forms of nature, and of

combining them into one harmonious whole. Such was the character of this school, rich in colouring, poor in design.

Tiziano Vecelli was born at Lodonì, a little town seated on the margin of the river Piave, in the year 1480. At the early age of ten years, his uncle perceiving his attachment to the pencil, sent him to Venice, under the care of Gian Bellino, who was at that time considered an eminent artist. To this may be attributed the grand defect in his education. How cold to the eye of youth must the coy and reluctant graces, manifested in the most exquisite models of Grecian or Roman workmanship, appear when contrasted with such vivid and beautiful tints! When a scene of such embellishment is thrown open, it is often a hopeless task to impress on the mind of youth, that all this is nothing more than embellishment.

Juvenile ardor was implanted in us for noble purposes, and should be confronted with difficulties requiring the exercise of such ardor to surmount. Colour has at all seasons such strong temptations, that little danger is to be apprehended on this score, when the artist has once become initiated in the severer graces of his art. Titian was thus led away by the common error of youth, that the most obtrusive beauties are the most essential—he considered form as the mere substratum for colour. Instead of studying the less obvious beauties of nature, he exhausted his youth in quest of those that lie upon the surface, and solicit our acceptance. With all his brilliancy he was, under the tutelage of Bellino, cold, formal and stiff. At length he became acquainted with Giorgione, who had caught, from Leonardo da Vinci, a style unusually rich and bold.

Titian now for the first time, discovered his own defects, and studied and imitated the style of his new master with so much attention, that he soon became his rival, and afterwards excelled him. Giorgione had undertaken to paint one front of the Fondaco de Tedesco, and taking Titian into partnership, assigned to him the execution of the other. When both of the fronts were finished, the Venetians, ignorant of Titian's agency, complimented Giorgione on the superior elegance of the front which his competitor had finished. He was repeatedly stung by such mor-

tifying panegyrics. These two fronts were cited as evidence how far a man was capable, at particular seasons, of excelling himself. At length the unfortunate Giorgione, to relieve himself from such persecuting compliments, shut himself up in his own house for several days, and never was reconciled to Titian afterwards. Bellino died about this time; and, having left in the Sala del gran concilio an unfinished representation of the emperor Frederic Barbarossa kneeling before the pope, who plants his foot upon the neck of that monarch, it fell to the lot of Titian to complete it. In doing this, he changed the cold and dry style of his first master, and brought into exercise the principles he had been taught in the school of Giorgione. In this picture too, he drew the countenances of many of his friends, an anachronism which, if not to be justified, is palliated by the example of the first painters of his age. The senate, as a reward, conferred on him an office, the annual revenue of which was three hundred crowns, and which was always bestowed on the first painter of the city. This picture was deposited in the palace of St. Mary.

In the year 1514, Alphonso, duke of Ferrara, employed Titian to finish a room that had been begun and far advanced by Gian Bellino. Two figures only remained to be executed: one was a bacchante—a naked woman was represented asleep; and here the limbs were so rounded and perfect, and the carnation so exquisite, and glowed with so much life, it seemed a human form reposing upon the canvas. The other piece contained a group of beautiful boys and rosy cupids, sporting in various light and graceful attitudes around an altar, surmounted with the statue of Venus. Upon the door of the armory, Titian drew a Jew presenting a piece of Cæsar's money to our Saviour, esteemed by connoisseurs amongst his happiest productions; and for this he was liberally rewarded.

Returning to Venice, he drew his famous piece of St. Peter the martyr, in the church of St. Giovanni e Paolo. At the entrance of a forest, a robber is striking the saint, who is lying on the ground deeply wounded in his head; and all the horror of death is delineated in his face. His companion, a monk of his

order, is flying from the robber with every mark of consternation in his countenance; while in the air two angels bearing the palm of martyrdom, are seen illuminating, with a blaze of sudden glory, the surrounding landscape. This picture, which is conceived and executed with a grandeur and sublimity worthy of Angelo himself, is now in the Louvre at Paris. Charles the fifth having come to Bologna, Titian, by the solicitation of his friend, Pietro Aretino, was permitted to draw the portrait of that emperor in complete armour. This he did in an admirable manner, and was rewarded with one thousand crowns. He drew a most beautiful piece entitled "The Annunciation;" and demanded five hundred crowns for his services. His employers having refused to pay him so large a sum, he made a present of his piece to the emperor, who made him a donation of *two thousand crowns*.

On the arrival of that monarch from Hungary, he met with the pontiff Clement the seventh, at Bologna. Titian, at his particular request, drew his portrait a second time, and likewise that of cardinal Hippolito of Medici, both of which were carefully preserved by the duke of Florence. Nor was his friend, Pietro Aretino forgotten; for he and Alphonso Davalos received the honours of his pencil; as did the duke of Mantua, and his brother the cardinal, to whom Titian was introduced. On his visit to the dominions of the duke, he drew the heads of the twelve Cæsars; under each of which a story was afterwards added from the pencil of Julio Romano.

In the year 1546 he was invited to Rome by that great patron of the graphic art, cardinal Farnese, whose portrait, the pontiff's, and duke of Parma's, he drew at full length; and they were most admirable pieces.

At this time he was honoured with a visit from Michael Angelo, who was introduced to Titian by Vasari, and carefully examined his picture of a sleeping Danæ. She was represented on a couch, surrounded with roses, perfectly naked, and of exquisite beauty. Angelo, after contemplating the delicacy and softness of the breathing surface, told Vasari, at his departure, that nothing but an early acquaintance with the Roman school was wanting to render Titian the first painter of his age.

He was once more, and for the last time, called upon to draw the portrait of that old admirer of the pencil, the emperor Charles, who told him, "this is the third time, Titian, that you have conferred immortality upon me." The painter, a little disconcerted by such a compliment, accidentally dropt his pencil from his hand. The courteous emperor, stooping down, restored it to the artist, and remarked that "such a painter as Titian should always be waited upon by emperors." His surrounding attendants testifying some marks of disapprobation, the royal enthusiast continued, "I can create dukes, marquises, and counts; but such a painter as Titian can only be created by Heaven." As a further testimonial of his esteem and reverence for his genius, he conferred on the artist the honours of knighthood, and allowed him a pension of two hundred crowns a year.

Titian afterwards travelled into Spain, where he drew the portrait of Philip, and executed several other pieces. The most remarkable of those paintings is the Last Supper. The faces of the surrounding disciples are most delicately drawn, beautifully coloured, and have a delightful effect by *chiaro oscuro*. It is seven yards in extent. It would be a vain attempt to enumerate all his pieces: there was scarcely a person of eminence in Italy, whose portrait he had not taken.

Of landscape painting Titian was almost the father; for whether it be considered as a transcript of nature, such as it is presented to the eye, or that more enchanting one that selects, combines, and harmoniously groups together the most beautiful and congenial forms, he is equally preeminent in both. He was indeed not so much the painter as the philosopher of colours. He was perfectly versed in the doctrine of reflexes, or the influence of local lights on surrounding scenery. When a piece was finished by his scholars, by the addition of a few slight and apparently unimportant touches of his pencil on the back ground, he threw over the whole such a variety of lights, it appeared perfectly new. These tints and demi-tints, he knew how to manage throughout all the gradations of contrast, from the boldest to the almost imperceptible varieties. It gave to his

figures what painters denominate an ideal depth, breadth and softness.

He gave not merely the verdure, but the peculiar glossiness of foliage; and nothing but the light zephyr seemed wanting to give to the fiction all the semblance of truth. In portraiture his carnations are endowed with all the plumpness and rotundity of flesh, from the rose and lily on the infantine cheek, to the harder and more muscular hue of manhood, and the death-like paleness of age. He was arbitrary in his choice of colouring for drapery—a license that gave him great control of *chiaro oscuro*; and he seemed to consider drapery in no other light than as a vehicle to manage *chiaro oscuro* to advantage. This he improved either by spreading masses of light, and thus raising and rounding his figures, or distinguishing them by gentler tones of contrast. Although not so excellent in design, he, in some measure, compensated for that defect by such a disposition of his drapery, as to expose the most beautiful parts of the body.

The learned and eloquent Fuzeli imputes the occasional grandeur and sublimity displayed by his pencil, in a style approaching that of Angelo; such as is seen in his Abraham offering up Isaac; his Cain and Abel; his David adoring over the headless trunk of Goliath; to the sudden starts and the capricious and irregular sallies of his genius. Men of warm and vivid imaginations are not content to accept of obvious facts. Titian executed most of these pieces when he had past the age of seventy: a period of life when it is not to be presumed that fancy would exercise such a daring prerogative. The probability is, that he studied design, and amended, by continual and persevering industry, the defects of his early education. What strengthens this conjecture, is the rapid improvement made by this artist, when he abandoned Bellino's style, and adopted Giorgione's. He very soon excelled that eminent artist; and when he found himself still reproved by Angelo, for his defect in this point, who can doubt that he redoubled his diligence? Probably it was this very reproof from Angelo, that prompted him to imitate his style with such signal success.



In Titian's latter days, his sight was much impaired; and he entertained a belief that his hues were not brilliant enough, a conviction wrought by the defect of his vision. He was desirous of retouching them; but his scholars mixed olive oil with his colours, and during his absence effaced his destructive labours without injury to his pieces.

In the earlier part of his life, his works appeared to the same advantage near, as remote, but in the latter part they were designed only for a distant view; for on a closer inspection they appeared to be filled with spots.

The annexed engraving, representing our Saviour crowned with thorns, is the outline of one of the finest paintings from the hand of this master, although not entirely exempt from some of his cardinal defects. The head of Christ has much dignity; the feeling of hatred, in the countenances of some of the surrounding spectators, is forcibly expressed. It is much to be lamented, that he did not, however, delineate the insulting irony expressed in the text, "And they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, king of the Jews." The draperies and accessories are executed with much life and vigour. The ground which is vigorous without darkness, and composed of the richest tints, is made to correspond with the imposing character of the piece. The principal light falls on the person of our Saviour, and spreads with much harmony on the surrounding figures.

After a life protracted almost to a patriarchal age, he died at Venice of the plague, in the year 1576. He left behind him a son named Francis Vecelli, whose historical pieces are said to be worthy of the hand of his father. Marcus Vecelli, his nephew, was eminent in painting. Of his scholars *Gyon Verde Zotti* excelled in landscape. He imitated the style of *Georgioni* and Titian. His best piece is a fisherman presenting the signora of Venice with St. Mary's ring. It is painted in fresco, and said to possess uncommon merit.

None of the disciples of Titian have, however, so peculiarly distinguished themselves as *Tintoretto* and *Paolo Veronese*. They have been thought by some to have nearly rivalled their



*Titian pinx.*

CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.



great master in colouring and execution; but to have fallen infinitely below him in judgment and delicacy. With Titian expired the grand and comprehensive views of human nature; and nothing but the fascinating charms of his colouring survived. The Venetian artists degraded the dignity of historio painting by mean and uncharacteristic agents. Turk's heads were placed on apostolic shoulders; and painters' mistresses, by a violent metamorphosis, were turned into holy virgins. Yet, with such palpable incongruities, it is almost impossible to resist the fascinating charm of their colouring. To common eyes it seems to atone for, if not to sanctify, every extravagance of the artist. This general character of the school is not, however, without great and honourable exceptions; and amongst these stands the famous piece of the Crucifixion, from the pencil of Tintoretto. The ominous and terrific twilight, and the sanguine aspect of the heavens, fill the mind of the spectator with fearful apprehensions, and indicate that more than mortal suffers.

The merits of Paolo Veronese demand more particular notice. We shall conclude the account of the Venetian school, with some few slight and imperfect sketches of this artist. Such notices must, from their very nature, be slight and unsatisfactory. It is not in the power of words to express those diversities of light and shadow, which the eye only is capable of comprehending.

Paolo Cagliari, better known by the name of Paolo Veronese, was born at Verona in the year 1530. His uncle, Antonio Badili, superintended his early education, and directed his attention, first to the works of nature, and then to the pencil of Titian. On a superficial view, this would appear to be all that was essential to a young artist: nature, the great repository from whence his materials are drawn; and the works of the most consummate pencil in the delineation of her colours. But we have already seen, that between these two extremes there are many stages that oppose formidable obstacles; and all of which must be surmounted. This only seems to bring to immediate connexion things so remote, and is the great nursery of hopes and disappointments. Every attempt of the young artist admonishes him that something

essential and preparatory has been neglected, and that the phantom approached so near only to elude the grasp when sought after.

"Ter conatus ibi collo brachia circum:

Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago

Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno."

So necessary is the knowledge of antique, a defect that Titian at the age of seventy repaired. Veronese became the early competitor of Tintoretto, and to this day the contest remains undecided. Tintoretto imitated Nature with more force, Verona with more delicacy and truth. Tintoretto was peculiarly grand in his conceptions; and he executed them with abundance of spirit—Veronese, his rival, displayed more grace, more elegance, more consistent dignity of character. Tintoretto mingled the fiercest extremes of light and shade: his canvas exhibited alternate noon and night—Veronese linked them together by softer and more delicate gradations. Veronese was splendid; but Tintoretto added what might be denominated wings of light and shade. It would probably be more correct to say, that there was no general point of analogy, than to ascertain whose merits were the greatest. Both, however, agreed in one particular; and that was their defects. They respectively degraded august and awful subjects by low and mean incidents. Veronese, in his beautiful piece of *The Last Supper*, introduces in the foreground a cat clawing a piece of meat, and a dog gnawing a bone. The draperies of Veronese are peculiar, derived from models furnished by strangers who visited Venice, but are, notwithstanding, grand, striking, and beautifully diversified. This artist husbanded his talents, and did not exert himself except when he thought the occasion called for their full exercise. Whatever he designed for palaces and churches, was finished in the highest style; while his paintings for private apartments have been often excelled by artists who were in no sense his competitors. This great disparity has rendered it often difficult to determine the genuine productions of his pencil, from the counterfeit. Having journeyed to Rome, he became, for the first time, acquainted with the works of Angelo and Raphaël. From this period, he





PERSEUS & ANDROMEDA

improved his style so much, that the doge conferred on him the order of knighthood. One of his most celebrated pieces was the marriage of Cana. It was placed in the convent of St. George at Venice, and contains upwards of one hundred and fifty heads. He likewise executed a beautiful piece at Pesaro, the subject of which was the calling of St. Andrew to the apostleship. The procurators of St. Mark prepared a large gold chain for the most exquisite painting; and six eminent artists contended for the prize. Titian and Sansovini were appointed judges; and the chain was awarded to Veronese. He was so proud of this victory, that he wore the gold chain on public days as a badge of distinction. He died in the year 1588, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

The annexed engraving, which is the best of this artist, within our reach, represents the story of Perseus and Andromeda.

Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, boasted that she excelled Juno or the Nereids in beauty. Neptune, to revenge this indignity, sent a sea-monster to ravage the country. The oracle of Jupiter Ammon, being consulted, answered that it was necessary Andromeda should be chained to a rock, and exposed to the fury of the sea-monster, to appease the anger of the gods. As the animal ran from the sea to devour his prey, he was slain by Perseus. Perseus appears to strike the monster at the moment its jaws are opened to devour him. The figure of the destroyer is admirably drawn; and that of Andromeda is well conceived. Her face and attitude express strong symptoms of dread; and she contemplates with fear and anxiety the combat on which her life depends. The colouring is excellent. The picture was formerly in the cabinet of Louis XIV, and considered one of the choicest in that collection. The figures are of the natural size.



## POLITE LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR,

I SENT for your February number some cursory observations on Mr. Dugald Stewart, to demonstrate, that what is termed the *sublime*, has nothing to do with sublimity; for magnitude, profundity, expanse, a volcano, or a cataract, all produce the emotion commonly called astonishment. Sublimity is a substantive defining a quality only: a sublime object is a cause; and what is denominated the sublime is an effect.

This inadvertence to causes and effects has created much confusion, as very able writers have frequently classed both under the general head of passions. The baroness Stael, in her admirable treatise on the "influence of the passions upon the happiness of individuals and of nations," has a chapter on *guilt*; in which she terms the love of guilt a passion, "an excess to which all the other passions lead; but when they have carried a man to a certain pitch of enormity, the effect becomes a cause, and the guilt, which at first was only the means, becomes the end."

It were unprofitable to adduce arguments to prove, that the consciousness of criminality is totally distinct from a *passion*, according to the common acceptation of the phrase; the indulgence of some violent propensity, having caused a violation of right, creates the painful sensations which are attached to us by our Creator. It were as preposterous to call the circle, occasioned by undulations, a stone, as to term the perturbations of culpability a passion. Every sensation, from an impulse gratified, may cause another impulse; and I agree with the baroness when she observes, that "the traces of reasoning, which can be discovered through the chaos of a guilty man's sensations, consist in the *dread* of the dangers to which he is exposed by his crimes."

Mr. Cogan, in his "ethical treatise on the passions," enumerates them in the following order:

1. Love, Hatred, Desire, Aversion.
2. Introductory emotions of Surprise, Wonder, and Astonishment.

3. Joy, &c.
4. Sorrow.
5. Fear.
6. Anger.
7. Desires.

And concludes with "Social Affections."

Surely joy and sorrow ought not to be classed among the impulses, as they result from gratification or disappointment, attainment or privation. A desire fulfilled occasions pleasurable emotions, which we term joy; and a desire frustrated causes the painful emotions of grief. It is to be regretted, that an improved nomenclature for physiology is not introduced. In chemistry much benefit has arisen by the application of appropriate names; and surely the important science of physiology merits the attention of your able correspondents. The sovereign, statesman, legislator, and teacher, ought to be acquainted with the nature of man, to promote his happiness.

The sanguinary conflicts, which have subverted empires and desolated countries, may be all deduced from man's ignorance of the desires, emotions, and sensations, implanted in him for his well being.

I have just thrown out a hint; upon which superior judgments may be induced to exercise their faculties: "The proper study of mankind is man."

ASIATICUS.

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## BIOGRAPHIE MODERNE.

WE have received a copy of the *Biographie Moderne*, a French work, said to have been suppressed by the police of Paris, but recently translated in England. It will be superfluous to mention how very suspicious are most of the works of this class which affect to delineate the history and character of the rulers of France: but, as the present volumes are said to possess more authenticity than others of the same kind, we have selected some brief notices of a few prominent individuals.

The following is the account of the Prince of Ponte Corvo, now at the head of the government of Sweden.

**BERNADOTTE**, born at Pau, in Béarn. At the time of the revolution he was a sergeant in the regiment of royal marines, of which M. Merle d'Ambert was colonel. His activity, his talents, and his bravery, advanced him rapidly, and he was commander of a demi-brigade, when Kléber, having distinguished him, employed him in various expeditions, procured for him an appointment to be general of a brigade, and soon obtained for him the command of a division of the army of Sambre and Meuse, at the head of which he fought in the battle of Fleurus, 1794. On the 2d of July, 1795, he contributed to the passage of the Rhine, near Neuwied, and in the course of August took the city of Altorf. On the 22d, his division, posted in front of Newmarck, was repulsed, together with the whole army under general Jourdan, but in the retreat Bernadotte distinguished himself as commander of the advanced guard. In 1796 he joined the army of Italy, and shared in the glory of the Tagliamento expedition. Soon after he took Palma Nova, Lamina, Caporetto, &c. &c. A short time before the 18th Fructidor, Bernadotte, in the name of his division, signed an address against the party which was that day overcome. Not long before he had commanded the arrest of M. d'Entraigues, who was attached to the Russian legation at Venice, and in whose correspondence papers were found, which served to point out the reasons for the measures which had been taken against a part of the members of the two councils. General Bonaparte afterwards sent him to Paris, to present to the directory the standards taken at Pischiera after the battle of Rivoli. About the end of September, 1797, he was appointed commandant of Marseilles, but preferred returning to the head of his division. On the 18th of January, 1798, he was sent on an embassy to Vienna, where he remained not long, for the inhabitants having joined to celebrate a festival to show their joy at the warlike preparations of their volunteers, designed to combat the French, who the preceding year had menaced their city, Bernadotte thinking this anniversary an insult to his country, on the same day gave a festival in his own palace in honour of the victories of the French arms, and planted on the outside the tri-coloured banner. The people of Vienna exasperated, strove to compel him to remove the banner, the palace was forced, and several guns were fired; shortly after Bernadotte quitted the country, but in his account spoke with respect of the emperor, throwing the whole blame on the baron de Thugut. On his arrival at Paris, he refused the command of the fifth military division, and also declined accepting of an embassy to the Hague, to which he had been appointed. For a long time, but without success, he endeavoured to obtain public reparation for the insult he had received at Vienna, and a formal testimony of approbation of his conduct. About the end of August, 1798, Bernadotte mar-

nied the daughter of a merchant of Avignon, who was settled at Genoa, named Clary. The young lady, sister-in-law to prince Joseph Bonaparte, had been originally betrothed to general Duphot, who was killed in a popular tumult at Rome. In 1799, Bernadotte being commander in chief of an army of reserve, bombarded Philisbourg, and drove from Franckfort the agents of Austria and the emigrants. After that petty revolution of the 19th of May, 1799, which expelled Merlin, Trielhard, and Lareveilliére, from the directory, Bernadotte was appointed war minister, and in the midst of the misfortunes of the armies, and the depredations and confusion of a dismembered government, he acted with surprising energy in that department. The directory, taking alarm at his connexion with several democrats, he was superseded by Millet Mureau; and yet that party in vain urged him to declare himself, and to overturn the projects attributed to Sieyes. He quietly withdrew, and after the 18th Brumaire was appointed a state counsellor, and commander in chief of the western army. In several engagements he dispersed the remains of the Chouans, and on the 6th of June, 1800, prevented the English from landing at Quiberon. The year following he gave up the command to general Laborde; his health then gave way alarmingly, and he appeared sinking under a species of decline. He recovered, however, and rose higher and higher in the estimation of the first consul, who, on obtaining the imperial diadem, made him marshal of the empire. In June, 1804, he was nominated to the command of the army of Hanover, and a few months afterwards appointed chief of the 8th cohort of the legion of honour. In March, 1805, though absent, he was chosen president of the electoral college in the department of Vaucluse, and a few days after by that of the Hautes Pyrenées was elected candidate for the senate. At the same time the king of Prussia conferred on him the title of knight of the black and red eagles, and his example was followed by the elector of Bavaria, who sent him the badge of the grand order of St. Hubert. Marshal Bernadotte left Hanover with the chief part of his army, about the end of Sept. 1805, and on the 25th of the same month, after having traversed Hesse and the margraviate of Anspach, he reached Wartzburg, where he joined the Bavarians who had just entered into alliance with France, and soon restored them to their capital, after which he went to the Ilser, and thence against the Russians, subsequently to the important victory gained at Ulm.

## LIFE OF MURAT,

### THE PRESENT KING OF NAPLES.

MURAT, (a French general and prince,) born at Castres, served originally in the constitutional guard of Louis XVI., afterwards as an officer in the 12th regiment of horse chasseurs, of which he became lieutenant-colonel,

was cashiered in July, 1794, and restored about the beginning of October, 1795. At this period began his attachment to general Bonaparte, who made him his aid-de-camp; as such he attained the rank, first of chief, then of general of brigade, and invariably displayed great valour and great talent, particularly on the 17th of April, 1796, at the battle of Mondovi. Towards the end of the same month general Bonaparte having received proposals of peace from the court of Turin, sent Murat thither to open the negotiation, and afterwards despatched him to Paris, where he and Junot delivered to government 21 banners, taken on different occasions from the Austro-Sardinians. On the 24th of May he returned to Turin, bearing despatches relative to the negotiations, and immediately rejoined the army. In June he attended the minister Faypoult to the doge of Genoa, to desire him to dismiss the imperial minister from the territories of the republic within forty-eight hours, and a few days after took the command of the advanced guard of general Vanbois' army, which was sent against Leghorn. On the 18th of July he directed the attack made by the left wing in the intrenched camp at Mantua; and on the 9th of September was commanded to pursue general Wurmser, who had been defeated, at the head of a body of chasseurs. On the 11th he undertook to cut off his retreat to Cerea, but after having routed several detachments of the enemy, he was himself repulsed by their superior numbers, and on the 13th, still continuing to attack, he received a wound. During the campaign of 1797, he displayed the same activity, and on the 14th of January, 1798, went to Monte Baldo at the head of a demi-brigade of light infantry, forced the Austrians who occupied the Corona, routed them after a very obstinate engagement, and obliged their cavalry to swim across the Adige. On the 24th of February he drove the enemy from their intrenchments of Foy, which were nevertheless valiantly defended. On the 16th of March he crossed the Tagliamento, at the head of his division, and on the 19th again distinguished himself at the passage of the Lisonzo. In September general Bonaparte commissioned him to march with a column towards the confines of the Valteline, to accommodate the disputes between that country and the Grisons, or rather to take possession of it in the name of the Cisalpine republic, in consequence, at the end of the month, he declared that the faults of the Grisons and the wishes of the people had induced him to join the Valteline to the Cisalpine states. In November he preceded Bonaparte in his march through Switzerland and Alsace, hastening on to Rastadt to prepare for him a situation, of which he did not take possession. In March, 1798, he was sub-commander to Berthier at Rome, then marched against the insurgents of Marino, Albano, and Castello, of whom he killed a great number, and caused many prelates and monks, who were enemies to France, to be seized. He next attended Bonaparte to Egypt, served with such success as to merit the rank of general of division, and returning with him to Europe, was one of those who most ef-

fectually served him, when, in 1799, he changed the form of government; for, entering at the head of 60 grenadiers the hall at St. Cloud, where the council of 500 were assembled, he said, "Let the good citizens retire, the council of 500 is dissolved." The command of the posts of the council of 500 was at first confided to him, and in December that of the consular guard. At the end of the month Bonaparte drew the bonds which united them still closer by giving him his sister in marriage, and afterwards employing him as one of his lieutenants in the army of reserve, the advanced guard of which he commanded. On the 27th of May, 1800, he entered Vercell by main force, crossed the Sesia two days after, went to Novarro, and took post along the right bank of the Tessino. On the 2d of June he entered Milan, and surrounded the citadel; on the 6th he passed the Po at Nocette, and on the 8th took possession of Placentia, with the immense magazines of the enemy. On the 6th of July government presented him with a sabre of honour as a particular mark of the satisfaction he gave the French people. The year following he was commander in chief of the army of observation, and in February he and the chevalier Micheroux signed an armistice at Soligno, between the French republic and the king of the Two Sicilies. After the definitive treaty of peace he addressed a proclamation to the refugees, to inform them that the pacification gave them the power and the right to return home. He then governed the Cisalpine republic under the title of general, and went to the consulta of Lyons, after which, in February, 1802, he installed the new authorities at Milan. Towards the latter end of 1801, the provisory government of that republic offered him a magnificent sabre, which he refused, saying, that the wants of the army were most urgent, and desiring that the value of this present might be expended in supplies for them. In November, 1803, after his return to Paris, he went to preside in the electoral college of the department of Lot, where he was born, and soon after became a member of the legislative body. In January, 1803, he was appointed governor of Paris, with the rank and honours of commander in chief, and in May following, marshal of the empire. On the 1st of February, 1805, he was, as high admiral, raised to the dignity of a prince, and afterwards honoured with the order of Prussia and Bavaria. When hostilities broke out afresh with Austria, he crossed the Rhine at Kehl, on the 25th of September, with the reserve cavalry, remained posted several days before the outlets of the Black Forest, and went to Bavaria, where, when Ulm was taken and Mack defeated, he, with the utmost activity, pursued the Austrian troops who were endeavouring to retire into Bohemia through Franconia, under the orders of the archduke Ferdinand and general Werneck. He compelled the forces of the latter to lay down their arms, continued to advance with the same rapidity, arrived among the first on the road to Vienna, first established his head-quarters at the abbey of Molk, whence he marched to St. Polten; made his entrance into Vienna on the 11th

of November, and took possession of duke Albert's house; afterwards defeated the Russians at Hollabrunn; again distinguished himself at the battle of Juttersdorff, where he took 2,000 prisoners, seized Brünn on the 18th of November, and having enclosed Kutusow granted him a capitulation, which was not ratified by the emperor Napoleon. The prince, Murat, afterwards contributed greatly to the victory at Austerlitz, and in January, 1801, when this brilliant campaign was ended, returned to the metropolis.

### LIFE OF NEY,

#### THE DUKE OF ELCHINGEN, NOW IN SPAIN.

NEY, marshal of the empire, grand officer and chief of the 7th cohort in the legion of honour, knight of the Portuguese order of Christ, &c. &c., was born in 1769 at Sarre Louis, entered very young into the colonel-general's Hussar regiment, and passed rapidly through all the subaltern ranks till he attained to that of adjutant-general, which was conferred on him by Kleber, in 1794. Under the command of this general, to whom he attached himself, he acquired that reputation for valour and talent, which so many splendid achievements have since increased. In 1796, while yet but an adjutant-general, he belonged to the army of Sambre and Meuse, where he displayed the greatest daring, and no inconsiderable degree of talent, particularly on the 4th of June, at the battle of Altenkirchen; likewise on the 9th of July at Obermersch, on the 26th at Wurzbourg, which he entered with general Championnet, and on the 8th of August at Forcheim. In that month, after a glorious engagement on the Rednitz, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general on the field of battle, after which he took possession of the fortress of Rothembourg. In the beginning of April, 1797, he powerfully contributed to the victory gained near Neuwied over the Austrians, whom he charged at the head of the French cavalry; on the 16th, after a very warm contest, he dislodged the enemy from Diersdorff; on the 20th his horse sunk under him near Giessen, when he was exposing himself like a common soldier to save a piece of flying artillery, he was taken prisoner by the Austrians, but soon released on his promise not to serve till he should be exchanged. On the 4th of September, 1797, he declared vehemently against the Clichien party, which then had the ascendancy in the councils, was raised in 1798 to the rank of general of division, and served as such in 1799 in the army of the Rhine. In October he defeated a body of Austrians at Frankfort, crossed first the Meine, and afterwards the Neckar, seized on Mannheim, and thus effected a diversion which was a principal cause of the victory at Zurich, as it forced prince Charles to send strong detachments to cover his right wing, which was threatened. In 1801 he distinguished himself at Kilmuntz, Ingolstadt, and Hohenlinden, under the command of general Moreau. In July, 1802, the first consul presented him with a splendid Egyptian sabre, and in

October following appointed him envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Helvetic republic. On the 25th, general Ney had an audience of the senate at Berne, whom he assured of the protection he was authorized by his government to promise them, and then gave general Bachmann orders to disband his troops, warning him that if it were not done before the 1st of November, he would lead the French troops against him. This threat was followed by an order to disarm the Swiss, and the confederate forces being soon dispersed, the chiefs were arrested, and the general received deputies from all parts of Switzerland, who were charged to declare their submission to France. He then busied himself in arranging the government as his instructions specified, till he was recalled in October, 1803, to take the command of the army at Compeigne, which he quitted for the camp at Boulogne. On the accession of Napoleon Bonaparte to the imperial throne, he was raised to the dignity of marshal of the empire, and in September, 1804, appointed grand officer and chief of the 7th cohort in the legion of honour. On the 1st of February, 1805, the red ribbon was conferred on him, and he was shortly after created knight of the Portuguese order of Christ. When war with Austria broke out afresh in September, 1805, he was one of the first generals who crossed the Rhine, and contributed to the successes which began this campaign. After the capitulation of Ulm, he was despatched with a body of 30,000 men to the right of the grand army, and drove the archduke John from the Tyrol; after having seized on the forts of Scharnitz and Neuslarck, he entered Inspruck and Hall, where he found immense magazines, then still pursuing the archduke John, he defeated his rear-guard on the 17th of November at the foot of Mount Brenner, and after the peace of Presburg, marched his troops into Upper Swabia. Marshal Ney married the daughter of M. Auguie, the postmaster.

## LIFE OF SOULT,

### THE PRESENT DUKE OF DALMATIA.

SOULT, a French marshal of the empire, served, under the old government, as a subaltern officer in a regiment of infantry. In the beginning of the revolution he enlisted in a battalion of volunteers of the Haut Rhin, and became their adjutant-major, after which he went as adjutant to the staff of the Moselle army. Being appointed adjutant-general, he, as chief of the staff of general Lefèvre's division, made the campaigns of 1794 and 1795, in the armies of the Moselle, and of Sambre and Meuse; in 1796 he was appointed general of brigade, then went into Italy, made the campaign of 1799, with distinction, in that country, where he was shut up in Genoa with general Massena. The proofs of talent and courage that he gave on various occasions, gained him in a very particular manner the attention and favour of the government. He afterwards became one of the generals who commanded the



infantry of the consul's guard, accompanied the first consul to Brussels in 1803, was appointed commander of the camp of St. Omer, then marshal of France after the accession of the first consul to the imperial throne. In September, 1804, he obtained the fourth cohort of the legion of honour, was decorated with the red ribbon on the 1st of February, 1805, and created a knight of the order of St. Hubert of Bavaria in the month of May in the same year. It was he who, when commanding at Boulogne in the beginning of 1805, announced to the government that the English had just thrown on shore balls of cotton infected with the plague, in order to spread that scourge in France. On the recommencement of hostilities with Austria in September, he commanded one of the divisions of the great army; passed the Rhine at Spire on the 26th of October; fell upon Heilbron, then penetrated into Swabia, and seized on Memmingen, which was so shamefully surrendered to him without the least resistance by general Spangen; this contributed greatly to the capitulation of Ulm. In November marshal Soult put the enemy's right wing to flight, and contributed, by his manœuvres, to the success of the battle of Juntersdorff. In February, 1806, he was in prince Joseph's army, which took possession of Naples.

#### GENERAL SUCHET

##### COMMANDS AT PRESENT IN SPAIN.

SUCHET, (L. G.), a French general, born at Lyon, was at first chief of the 4th battalion of Ardèche, and distinguished himself at the head of that corps at the siege of Toulon in 1793: on the 20th of September he took prisoner the English commander in chief, O'Hara. The next year his battalion took three standards from the Austrians at Loano. On the 7th Fructidor, year four, he was dangerously wounded, and confined to his bed for several months; he then rejoined the 18th demi-brigade, and with it made the brilliant campaign which occasioned the treaty of Campo-Formio. He was again wounded at Tarvis, and a third time at Nusmack in Upper Stiria, where he was nominated chief of brigade by general Bonaparte on the field of battle. In 1798 he served in the army which the directory sent into Switzerland under the orders of Brune, and he was commissioned to present to the government the colours taken from the enemy. He was then promoted to the rank of general of brigade, and in that capacity rejoined the army of Italy, the command of which had been given to Brune. This general made him chief of his staff, a station which he retained under general Joubert. Piémont was a source of great apprehensions respecting the rear of the army; Joubert resolved to occupy it, and general Suchet contrived the expedition. The country was invaded, and the Sardinian army defeated before the court had thought of resistance. Some time after general Suchet received orders to join the army of Switzerland, and he was detached into the Grisons, where he remain-

ed for six days separated from the whole army; he nevertheless defended his posts of Davos, Bergen, and Spugen, and rejoined the army, retiring by the sources of the Rhine on St. Gothard, without suffering his ranks to be broken. After the disasters of Schérer's campaign, Joubert returned to take the command of the army of Italy, and obtained for general Suchet the rank of general of division, and sent for him to commit his general staff to him. The battle of Novi followed close upon the arrival of Joubert, who received in it the fatal blow which deprived France of one of her most able defenders, and Suchet of his best friend. He continued to direct the general staff under Moreau and Championnet, who succeeded each other in the command. After the 18th Brumaire, year 8, (9th of November, 1799,) Massena was sent into Italy, and Suchet was appointed by the first consul his lieutenant-general. The command of the centre was conferred on him, and, at the head of that weak body, he defended the entrance of the bridge of Var, before which failed the efforts of Mélas, and his lieutenant Elnitz. In the various battles which general Suchet fought at that time, he took from the Austrians 11,200 prisoners, 33 pieces of artillery, and 6 standards. By this defence he saved the south of France from an invasion, and the diversion he operated was very useful to the army of reserve which was crossing the Alps under the command of the first consul. In 1801 general Bonaparte opened the campaign in Italy, and lieutenant-general Suchet commanded the centre. He passed the Mincio with the main body of general Dupont, and defeated the count de Bellegarde at Puzzoli; the Austrians lost 8,000 men. After the treaty of Lunéville he was made inspector-general of the infantry. In 1802 and 1803 he inspected various departments in the south and west. On the 4th Brumaire, year 12, the emperor gave him the command of a division of the camp of Boulogne. He was made grand officer of the legion of honour, and, soon after, governor of the imperial palace of Lacken, near Brussels. Towards the end of 1805 general Suchet was employed in the great army of Germany, and his division distinguished itself at Ulm, Hollabrunn, and especially Austerlitz, where it formed a part of that left wing which divided the enemy, and, according to the expression of the 30th bulletin, marched in rows, by regiments, as if exercising. He obtained the grand ribbon of the legion of honour on the 8th of February, 1806.

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#### LEVITY.

##### ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

THE following jeu de mots was lately made by an American at St. Petersburg. On all the public buildings, and the uniform of the guards, in France, the letter N, the initial of the French

emperor is inscribed. In Russia, the first letter of the emperor Alexander's name is used in the same way. A wit observed that the emperor of France "avoit des N mis partout." "Comme il est different ici," replied the American, "l'empereur Alexandre a des A mis partout."

The following anecdote is irresistibly ludicrous. The reader may rely upon the truth of the story.

Soon after Mr. Garrick had purchased a moiety of Drury-lane theatre, he discovered that the company wanted a considerable recruit of low actors. In the choice of these, he generally paid attention to person and look, more than to genius; for as they seldom had any thing to say, the eye was principally consulted. There was at that time about the theatre a very whimsical fellow, whose name was *Stone*; he had much humour, but never could be prevailed upon to tread the stage. Mr. G. however, found him something to do; and he was employed in recruiting about the town for the drama. Whenever he brought a person who was permitted to make an essay, whether successful or otherwise, he had a certain sum given him for his trouble; and for three or four years this man, who had acquired the title of *The Theatrical Crimp*, made in this kind of service a tolerable subsistence. A variety of letters passed between Mr. Garrick and *Stone*, during the course of their negotiations. The few following were written in the year 1748.

SIR,

Thursday noon.

Mr. Lacy turned me out of the lobby yesterday, and behaved very ill to me. I only *ax'd* for my two guineas for the last \*Bishop, and he swore I should not have a farthing. I can't live upon air. I have a few Cupids you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoemaker, who I drink with now and then. I am your humble servant.

W. STONE.

\* The person here called *The Bishop*, was procured by *Stone*, and had often *rehearsed* the part of the Bishop of Winchester, in the play of *Henry the Eighth*, with such singular eclat, that Mr. G. frequently addressed him at the rehearsal as *Cousin* of Winchester. The fellow, however, never *played*

## ANSWER.

STONE,

Friday morn.

You are the best fellow in the world. Bring the Cupids to the theatre to-morrow. If they are under six and well-made, you shall have a guinea a piece for them. Mr. Lacy will pay you himself for the Bishop—he is very penitent for what he has done. If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow, who keeps the apple-stand on Tower-hill; the cut in his face is just the thing. Pick me up an alderman or two for Richard if you can, and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely mayor. The bearer will not do for Brutus, although I think he will succeed in Mat.

D. G.

—  
EPITAPH ON A POOR AND ECCENTRIC POET.

Here bows to earth, where all must bow,  
A man devoid of care,  
Who ate and drank—the Lord knows how,  
Who lodg'd—the Lord knows where.

But Death, a penetrating scout,  
Stopping his worldly roam,  
Has slyly *pump'd his living out*,  
And *fix'd his wavering home*.

the part, although the night of his coming out was announced in the public papers. The reader will soon guess the reason, from the two following letters that passed between Mr. G. and Stone, on the very evening that *lawn-sleeves* was to make his appearance.

SIR,

The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the *Bear*, and swears d—n his eyes if he'll play to-night.

I am yours,

W. STONE.

## ANSWER.

STONE,

The *Bishop* may go to the *devil*. I do not know a greater rascal—except yourself.

D. G.

Yet, though thus fix'd, as all may tell,  
 Death still supports his pride;  
 For here *he's lodg'd*, and *farcs* as well  
*As monarchs by his side.*

Two Jews have lately been distinguished in London, one for his skill in pugilism, the other for his fondness for the fair sex. A gentleman being asked "to what *tribe* they belonged?" answered: "I rather think one is a *Hittite*, the other an *Amorite*."

AN AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR KNOCKING OUT HIS PRINTER'S  
 TEETH:—

I must confess that I was somewhat warm:  
 I broke his teeth—but where's the mighty harm?  
 My works, he said, would not afford him meat;  
 And teeth are useless when there's nought to eat.

VARIETY.

PATERNOSTER-ROW—had its denomination from the number of persons who resided in it, makers of paternosters, beads, or rosaries, a chaplet of spiritual roses, or sweet and devout prayers, first revealed to St. Dominic, the father and founder of the holy order of friars preachers. It consists of fifteen paternosters, and one hundred and fifty ave marias, and is divided into three parts, 'whereof each contains in it five decads, that is, five paternosters, and fifty-five ave marias.'

"To explain as much as possible to protestants, the extent of the trade carried on by paternoster-makers, I shall quote part of the exhortation to the use of the rosary from a Roman Catholic prayer-book.

"He that shall say the rosary with this attention of mind, and affection of will, shall undoubtedly give much glory to God, and reap much benefit to his own soul, which was the intention of pope Pius V. (a most pious son of St. Dominic) in ordering, &c

"Paternoster-row seems to have accommodated a variety of professions, from the symbols of prayer to the extreme of human

vanity; from the most contemptible productions of the press, to the most honourable. We are told by Stowe's continuators, that about seventeen hundred and twenty mercers and lacemen exhibited signs of greater beauty, and better disposed in their suspension, than were to be found in the whole city besides; and that their shops attracted so many of the nobility, and others, in carriages, that the street was almost impassable. Strange reverse! Very few coaches indeed are now to be seen in Paternoster-row.

"This street was before equally attractive *to the ladies*, and continued so for many years; for there every description of head-dress was displayed, as an old periodical paper, 1707, shall testify. Observer says, 'Sure our London barbers are very religious fellows, they have a power of saints looking out of their shops, with fine perriwigs on their heads; and then the sempstresses in Paternoster-row, *they* have got female loggerheads, with union top-knots upon them.

—

RALEGH conducted himself so admirably on his trial, as to gain the applause and good wishes of all the spectators. Even the king seemed to think him hardly dealt with. He was respited and confined to the tower during pleasure. It was during the twelve years of confinement which followed, that he wrote his History of the World, and other pieces. He applied himself also much to chemical investigations, and invented a celebrated cordial for fevers. His intimacy with prince Henry, and the high esteem in which he was held by that promising youth, are well known. King James for some time left him his estates which had been consigned to his son; but at length scandalously deprived him of them to give them to his favourite Carr. "*I mun have the land, I mun have it for Carr,*" vociferated this second Solomon, while lady Ralegh and her children were prostrate at his feet imploring for compassion.

—

DAPHNE'S COYNESS ACCOUNTED FOR.\*—BY MISS SEWARD.

O! stay, lovely nymph, while you hear who 'tis woos ye,  
That the blithe god of wit and of music pursues ye;

\* Fontenelle observes that Daphne had fled from Apollo lest he should give her physic; the author formed her bagatelle upon that hint.

Arrest thy fleet foot that hastes wildly along;  
 Nor fly from the lord of verse, physic and song.  
 At that dreadful word *physic*, she doubles her speed;  
 She springs through the thicket—she bounds o'er the mead:  
 For when fancy should paint a warm youth to have kist her,  
 It presented, O horrid! a bolus and blister!  
 So at length, to escape from the doctor's advances,  
 She commits her soft beauties to roots and to branches.  
 Dull god! hadst thou boasted, to vanquish her scorn,  
 Of thy locks hyacinthine that burnish the morn;  
 Of the grace of those limbs that can curb thy fierce horses,  
 And firm through the zodiac direct their rash courses;  
 Hadst thou urg'd her to turn and to gaze on those eyes,  
 The blessing of earth, and the boast of the skies;  
 Talk'd less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms—  
 Would the nymph have preferr'd a cold tree to thy arms?  
 No! no! 't was the thought, and the dread of a potion,  
 That made her, thus oddly, renounce loco-motion.  
 Ah! ne'er but for that had the coy tree of fame,  
 Stood trembling and silent by Arethuse stream;  
 And the bards, who have gain'd by this amorous quarrel,  
 Might have worn the dull bays, but have miss'd the bright laurel.

—  
 IRONICAL RULES FOR GOOD BREEDING.

If you walk in High-street, or any other public place, with a superior, always observe to take the upper hand yourself; and if three or more be in company, be sure to place yourself in the middle.

If two companies be passing each other, it is a proof you are acquainted with the principles of politeness, when you look over the shoulder of your friend with a fashionable grin, lisping out, at the same time, a d-n-d fine woman; or, a queer quiz, egad.

In walking, to keep up a conversation with yourself has a fine effect, particularly if you accompany it with extravagant gestures. If you are too well dressed for a poet or an actor, you will probably be taken for a member of congress.

It is very becoming to run along the street, like a little shop-keeper to a ready-money customer, or a dancing-master to wait

on a new pupil. It also looks very well to stop and loiter at every object you pass, like a printer's errand-boy, who is sent with a proof-sheet to an impatient author.

I would particularly recommend to all dashing young men to assume a contemptuous look, if an old acquaintance in adversity should pass, especially if he is a little shabby in his appearance: this shows humanity, generosity, good sense, and discrimination.

To gape into a dining-room, or parlour, where a company is assembled, as you pass along the streets, is presumptive evidence of your politeness.

If you meet a fine woman, instantly turn your eye-glass full in her face. The reason is obvious. If modest, you will throw her into the utmost confusion, which heightens her charms.

*Blonds* ought to dress strictly in *their* mode, viz. a black, shag, crop, round hat, turned over the left eye; whiskers from the tip of the ear to the corner of the mouth; a large belcher handkerchief, in lieu of a muslin cravat; or a black silk handkerchief may be used occasionally; a great-coat with *sixty-six* capes, leather breeches, and back-strap boots.

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INSTRUCTIONS FOR HAIR-DRESSERS, PERFUMERS, AND ALL OTHERS  
WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

It may, perhaps be thought injudicious in me, to begin with professions that seem to have exhausted the art I propose to teach. But I take their beaten track, in order to give a more striking exhibition of my skill, and to prove that I am capable of creating novelty, where it may naturally enough be considered as next to impossible that any novelty could be produced.

I shall begin, therefore, by supposing a well-instructed fashionable hair-dresser, &c. to have boiled up, clarified, and scented a large quantity of unguent, composed of mutton suet and chicken's grease, with a small infusion of tar; and that it appears upon the shelves of his shop in pots of an elegant form, covered with pink or pea-green paper, and adorned with a copper-plate label, supported by Cupids, with the following inscription in variegated letters:—Louis Pomade's Capillary Crescive. These materials being ready for sale, the proprietor must announce it to the public, in all the fashionable newspapers, by an advertisement of this description:—



## ALL FALSE HAIR AT AN END.

"WHEREAS it is a very great and lamentable disgrace to the fair and lovely part of the creation, heaven's last, best work, that they should be so frequently obliged to wear wigs; while the gentlemen so very generally wear their own hair: Louis Pomade begs leave to acquaint all ladies of fashion, as well as fashionable gentlemen, whom any accident or illness may have obliged to have recourse to the peruke-maker for an imitative covering of hair for that noble and capital part of the human frame, called the head, that he is the sole inventor, manufacturer, and proprietor of a pomatum called the *Capillary Crescive*, which causes such an amazing increase of vegetation in the human hair, that, in future, every lady or gentleman, though reduced to an absolute state of *Calvinism*, may be assured of possessing, in a very short time, a sufficient quantity of hair for all the purposes of fashionable head-dress. It is equally useful for the eyebrows, &c. &c."

When this advertisement, strengthened by a diffusive circulation of hand-bills, has sufficiently proclaimed this *Capillary Panacea*, the proprietor must proceed to inform the public of some indisputable examples of its astonishing operations. This will be best done by the *puff narrative*, which may be to the following purpose:

"ON Thursday last, as a young lady was crossing the upper part of Berkeley-square, a rude gust of wind took the liberty of bearing away her bonnet, and left her an object of much unseemly mirth to the vulgar passengers. The laugh, however, of the beholders was very soon converted into the utmost astonishment, when they beheld her tresses, which the loosened ribbon could no longer contain, fall down in a graceful flow almost to her knees. The uncommon length, beauty, and thickness of the lady's hair gathered such an immediate crowd about her, that she was obliged to take refuge in an adjoining shop, from the troublesome curiosity of the beholders: and though the footman who followed her, almost immediately recovered her head-dress, it was some time before the patience of the crowd was exhausted, who waited to see the *long-haired* lady make her re-appearance."

The foregoing paragraph must be inserted successively in all the morning, and some of the evening papers, and may be immediately succeeded by the following *puff intelligent*.

"It is proper to inform the public, that the lady whose *enormous head of hair* occasioned so much curiosity, in Berkeley-square, a few days since, and has created no small conversation among the fashionable circles, was, within these eighteen months, without a hair on her head, having been obliged to be shaved, in consequence of a delirious fever; and surely it ought to be known for the public benefit, that her present very extraordinary tresses have proceeded from the application of that astonishing pomatum, known by the title of *Louis Pomade's Capillary Crescive*."

When this essential intelligence is properly circulated, it may, after some interval, be followed up by the *puff precautionary* and *puff inventive*.

#### PRECAUTION AND PROOF.

"WHEREAS the waiting-woman of a lady of the first distinction, in consequence of her being daily employed in anointing her lady's hair, every day for about a month, with the *Capillary Crescive*, has found the palms of her hands to be covered with a thin pile, or hair; it is recommended to all persons applying this extraordinary unguent, to beware of using it without gloves. At the same time, *Louis Pomade* begs leave to inform the public, that, to remedy this inconvenience, he has invented a particular kind of skin, or bladder-glove, some hundred dozen pairs of which are now manufacturing, for the purpose of accommodating his customers, and preventing the very unpleasant incident that is here related; but which, at the same time, proves the uncommon *crescent* powers of his pomatum."

The attention of the public may also be renewed by the following *puff historical*.

"The celebrated *Capillary Crescive* is not the invention of its present proprietor, *Louis Pomade*, as he pretends, it being well known that he received it from a very learned physician and profound chemist, as a reward for having saved his life, when the doctor was attacked by robbers, within a few leagues of Basle, in Switzerland."

A few illustrative paragraphs may, from time to time, grace the columns of a morning paper to good effect; and I will venture to assert, that a pomatum composed, as may be easily done, to do no harm, and to be capable of some good, when recommended according to this system, will advance the fortune of any *Louis Pomade*, or, *mutatis mutandis*, any other ingenious artist, who has the good sense to adopt, and the spirit to prosecute, such a plan as that which has been proposed.

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SELECTED POETRY.

WE shall enrich this article of our miscellany with some beautiful quotations from *Psyche*, or the Legend of Love, by Mrs. Tighe. This poem, though originally published in 1805, has not obtained that currency amongst us, which its merit abundantly claims, and we therefore are gratified in perceiving that an edition is about to appear from the Philadelphia press.\* At some future period we may perhaps give a more detailed notice of this interesting production; but at present we have room only for the following extracts, which will no doubt be a sufficient attraction to a perusal of the entire poem:

The description of the voyage of *Psyche*, carried by zephyrs from the desert rock to the island of Pleasure, is wrought with unusual vigour of imagination:

When lo! a gentle breeze began to rise,  
Breathed by obedient zephyrs round the maid,  
Fanning her bosom with its softest sighs  
Awhile among her fluttering robes it strayed,  
And boldly sportive latent charms displayed:  
And then, as Cupid willed, with tenderest care,  
From the tall rock, where weeping she was laid,  
With gliding motion through the yielding air  
To Pleasure's blooming isle their lovely charge they bear.  
On the green bosom of the turf reclined,  
They lightly now the astonished virgin lay,  
To placid rest they sooth her troubled mind;  
Around her still with watchful care they stay,  
Around her still in quiet whispers play;

\* *Psyche*, with other poems, by the late Mrs. Henry Tighe. Printed and sold by J. & A. Y. Humphreys, and Anthony Finley.

Till lulling slumbers bid her eyelids close,  
Veiling with silky fringe each brilliant ray,  
While soft tranquillity divinely flows  
O'er all her soul serene, in visions of repose.

Refreshed she rose, and all enchanted gazed  
On the rare beauties of the pleasant scene.  
Conspicuous far a lofty palace blazed  
Upon a sloping bank of softest green;  
A fairer edifice was never seen;  
The high ranged columns own no mortal hand,  
But seem a temple meet for Beauty's queen.  
Like polished snow the marble pillars stand  
In grace attempered majesty sublimely grand.

Gently ascending from a silvery flood,  
Above the palace rose the shaded hill,  
The lofty eminence was crowned with wood,  
And the rich lawns, adorned by Nature's skill,  
The passing breezes with their odours fill;  
Here ever-blooming groves of orange glow,  
And here all flowers which from their leaves distil  
Ambrosial dew in sweet succession blow,  
And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow.

The sun looks glorious mid a sky serene,  
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;  
The clear blue ocean at a distance seen  
Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,  
While closing round it with majestic pride,  
The lofty rocks mid citron groves arise;  
"Sure some divinity must here reside,"  
As tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,  
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmed eyes.

Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,  
For now the pompous portals opened wide,  
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole  
Through halls high domed, enriched with sculptured pride,  
While gay saloons appeared on either side,  
In splendid vista opening to her sight;  
And all with precious gems so beautified,  
And furnished with such exquisite delight,  
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright.

The amethyst was there of violet hue,  
And there the topaz shed its golden ray,

The chrysoberyl, and the sapphire blue  
 As the clear azure of a sunny day,  
 Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play:  
 The snow-white jasper, and the opal's flame,  
 The blushing ruby, and the agate gray,  
 And there the gem which bears his luckless name,  
 Whose death by Phœbus mourned insured him deathless fame.

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow,  
 And rich carbuncles pour eternal light,  
 With all that India and Peru can show,  
 Or Labrador can give so flaming bright  
 To the charmed mariner's half dazzled sight;  
 The coral paved baths with diamonds blaze:  
 And all that can the female heart delight  
 Of fair attire, the last recess displays,  
 And all that Luxury can ask, her eye surveys.

Now through the hall melodious music stole,  
 And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands;  
 Self-poured the nectar sparkles in the bowl;  
 The lute and viol, touched by unseen hands,  
 Aid the soft voices of the choral bands;  
 O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams  
 Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands:  
 For sweet refreshment all inviting seems  
 To taste celestial food; and pure ambrosial streams.

But when meek Eve hung out her dewy star,  
 And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky,  
 Lo! the bright folding doors retiring far,  
 Display to Psyche's captivating eye  
 All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply  
 To sooth the spirits in serene repose:  
 Beneath the velvet's purple canopy  
 Divinely formed a downy couch arose,  
 While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

The appearance of Love, as he was discovered asleep by  
 Psyche, is of the same poetical character:

Oh, daring Muse! wilt thou indeed essay  
 To paint the wonders which that lamp could shew?  
 And canst thou hope in living words to say  
 The dazzling glories of that heavenly view?  
 Ah! well I ween, that if with pencil true

That splendid vision could be well exprest,  
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew  
Would seize with rapture every wondering breast,  
When Love's all potent charms divinely stood confest.

All imperceptible to human touch,  
His wings display celestial essence light,  
The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,  
The brilliant plumage shines so heavenly bright,  
That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the sight;  
A youth he seems in manhood's freshest years,  
Round his fair neck, as clinging with delight,  
Each golden curl resplendently appears,  
Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic wears.

Or o'er his guileless front the ringlets bright  
Their rays of sunny lustre seem to throw,  
That front than polished ivory more white!  
His blooming cheeks with deeper blushes glow  
Than roses scattered o'er a bed of snow;  
While on his lips, distilled in balmy dews,  
(Those lips divine that even in silence know  
The heart to touch,) persuasion to infuse,  
Still hangs a rosy charm that never vainly sues.

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep  
Disclosed not yet his eyes' resistless sway,  
But from their silky veil there seemed to peep  
Some brilliant glances with a softened ray,  
Which o'er his features exquisitely play,  
And all his polished limbs suffuse with light.  
Thus through some narrow space the azure day  
Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,  
Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the brow of night.

His fatal arrows and celestial bow  
Beside the couch were negligently thrown,  
Nor needs the god his dazzling arms, to show  
His glorious birth, such beauty round him shone  
As sure could spring from Beauty's self alone;  
The gloom which glowed o'er all of soft desire,  
Could well proclaim him Beauty's cherished son;  
And Beauty's self will oft these charms admire,  
And steal his witching smile, his glance's living fire.

These are charmingly contrasted with passages of a gentler and more touching excellence; from among which we select the introduction to the sixth canto, descriptive of the power of love to soften adversity, and the advice to guard it from the attacks of ill temper:

When pleasure sparkles in the cup of youth,  
And the gay hours on downy wing advance,  
Oh! then 'tis sweet to hear the lip of truth  
Breathe the soft vows of love, sweet to entrance  
The raptured soul by intermingling glance  
Of mutual bliss; sweet amid roseate bowers,  
Led by the hand of Love, to weave the dance,  
Or unmolested crop life's fairy flowers,  
Or bask in joy's bright sun through calm unclouded hours:

Yet they who light of heart, in May-day pride,  
Meet love with smiles and gayly amorous song,  
(Though he their softest pleasures may provide,  
Even then when pleasures in full concert throng,)  
They cannot know with what enchantment strong  
He steals upon the tender suffering soul,  
What gently soothing charms to him belong,  
How melting sorrow owns his soft control,  
Subsiding passions hushed in milder waves to roll.

When vexed by cares and harassed by distress,  
The storms of fortune chill thy soul with dread,  
Let Love, consoling Love! still sweetly bless,  
And his assuasive balm benignly shed:  
His downy plumage o'er thy pillow spread  
Shall lull thy weeping sorrows to repose;  
To Love the tender heart hath ever fled,  
As on its mother's breast the infant throws  
Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

O fondly cherish then the lovely plant,  
Which lenient Heaven hath given thy pains to ease;  
Its lustre shall thy summer hours enchant,  
And load with fragrance every prosperous breeze,  
And when rude winter shall thy roses seize,  
When nought through all thy bowers but thorns remain,

This still with undeciduous charms shall please,  
Screen from the blast, and shelter from the rain,  
And still with verdure cheer the desolated plain.

Through the hard season Love with plaintive note,  
Like the kind red-breast tenderly shall sing,  
Which swells mid dreary snows its tuneful throat,  
Brushing the cold dew from its shivering wing,  
With cheerful promise of returning spring  
To the mute tenants of the leafless grove.  
Guard thy best treasure from the venom'd sting  
Of baneful peevishness; oh! never prove  
How soon ill-temper's power can banish gentle Love!

Repentance may the storms of passion chase,  
And Love, who shrunk affrighted from the blast,  
May hush his just complaints in soft embrace,  
And smiling wipe his tearful eye at last:  
Yet when the wind's rude violence is past,  
Look what a wreck the scattered fields display!  
See on the ground the withering blossoms cast!  
And hear sad Philomel with piteous lay  
Deplore the tempest's rage that swept her young away.

The tears capricious beauty loves to shed,  
The pouting lip, the sullen silent tongue,  
May wake the impassioned lover's tender dread,  
And touch the spring that clasps his soul so strong;  
But ah, beware! the gentle power too long  
Will not endure the frown of angry strife;  
He shuns contention, and the gloomy throng  
Who blast the joys of calm domestic life,  
And flies when Discord shakes her brand with quarrels rife.

Oh! he will tell you that these quarrels bring  
The ruin, not renewal of his flame:  
If oft repeated, lo! on rapid wing  
He flies to hide his fair but tender frame;  
From violence, reproach, or peevish blame,  
Irrevocably flies. Lament in vain!  
Indifference comes the abandoned heart to claim,  
Asserts forever her repulsive reign,  
Close followed by Disgust and all her chilling train.



Indifference, dreaded power! what art shall save  
 The good so cherished from thy grasping hand?  
 How shall young Love escape the untimely grave  
 Thy treacherous arts prepare! or how withstand  
 The insidious foe, who with her leaden band  
 Enchains the thoughtless slumbering deity?  
 Ah, never more to wake! or e'er expand  
 His golden pinions to the breezy sky,  
 Or open to the sun his dim and languid eye.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## MAY.

## ADDRESSED TO MARY.

OUR favourite month appears again;  
 Welcome, thou loveliest child of spring!  
 For health and joy compose thy train,  
 With all the tribes of tender wing.

E'en now the heart-delighting lay,  
 From verdant hedge and blooming tree,  
 They wake to hail thee, gentle May;  
 And charming is the song to thee.

O! I must roam!—the splendid car  
 Of Phœbus mounts the flecker'd skies,  
 And sends his golden beams afar,  
 To bid the morning incense rise.

Or shelter'd in my green retreat,  
 Where vice and folly ne'er appear,  
 I'll teach my pipe, so soft and sweet,  
 A song to sooth my Mary's ear.

Yet wherefore rouse the dulcet strain?  
 No Mary lingers in the grove:  
 Alas! the fond resolve how vain!  
 I will not wake the song of love.

I will not roam, tho' beauty's queen,  
Herself, with every witching air,  
Strew'd roses o'er my garden scene,  
And planted all her myrtles there.

Ah! no, I cannot, must not stray,  
Tho' May invite with voice divine:—  
Go, bid thy airy sylphs display  
Thy charms to other eyes than mine.

My vagrant heart, sweet child of spring,  
Indeed thou striv'st in vain to bind;  
E'en now it steals thy zephyr's wing  
And leaves this blooming scene behind.

Where rests it, Mary, thou canst tell;  
To thee its dear desires are known;  
O does it in thy bosom dwell?  
And was it welcom'd by thine own?

G.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## INVOCATION TO MUSIC.

SWEET Music! nymph of silver tongue!  
Tuning thy harp to Lydian song,  
Come dancing on with measured pace,  
Whilst list'ning constellations gaze,  
And the torrent, rough and hoar,  
Tempers soft his sullen roar;  
And those joyous mountains near  
Stoop their haughty heads to hear;  
And planets to thy magic strains  
Dance thro' heaven's cerulean plains!

Come Music! mistress of sweet sound,  
Who in celestial worlds art found;  
The queen of heaven's high minstrelsy,  
With angels shouting jubilee!

O come! but not with drum or fife,  
Or brazen trumpet, boding strife,  
As thou art wont when (threat'ning wan)  
BELLONA shakes her bloody train!

O come! but not with merry strains,  
To which the swain, on rustic plains  
With jolly youths and maidens coy,  
Shakes his frantic limbs with joy!  
Now such as jovial Bacchus sung,  
What time old Greece with madd'ning transport rung!  
Nor such, as crowds theatric suit,  
Which hold the list'ning audience mute,  
While their giddy heads turn round,  
Swimming in a sea of sound!  
But come, mild queen of harmony,  
With gentler notes—O kindly try  
Love-soothing sounds, with smoother tongue,  
Than Echo to a siren's song;  
Which near some fair, but fatal isles,  
The sailor heard, and Ocean stood in smiles!

O! come, enchanting queen of sound,  
And breathe thy mellowest notes around!  
Such notes as love-sick virgins play,  
While o'er their cheeks the tear-drops stray;  
Or such as amorous nightingales  
At evening, warble in the vales,  
Whilst even the demons of the night,  
Tho' hell-born listen with delight,  
And quitting their enchantments dread,  
Stalk around with silent tread!  
Or such as swans, on ocean lying,  
Oft sing, as poets feign, when dying,  
Whilst like heaps of new-fall'n snow,  
They seem to melt among the waves below!  
O! let thy carols, sweet and clear,  
Fall gentler, softer on mine ear,

Than moon-light on a hill of snow,  
Beheld afar, from some deep vale below!  
Pour in the silver-sounding flute,  
Thy mellow breath! awake the lute!  
Blow! blow the sweetly speaking horn,  
From some lone stream or cliff forlorn;  
Whilst the joyous echoes round,  
Prolong the sweetly tremulous sound;  
Strike! strike with lily hands the wire,  
Of golden harps, that joy inspire,  
For ah! with love, with love I die,  
O! ease my pains with melody!

THE WANDERER.

—  
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

EARLY on a pleasant day,  
In the poets' month of May;  
Field and forest look'd so fair,  
So refreshing was the air,  
That, despite of morning dew,  
Forth I walk'd where, tangling grew,  
Many a thorn and briery bush,  
Where the red-breast and the thrush,  
Gaily rais'd their early lay,  
Thankful for returning day;  
Every thicket, bush, and tree,  
Swell'd the grateful harmony.  
As it sweetly swept along,  
Echo seem'd to catch the song;  
But the plain was wide and clear,  
Echo never whisper'd there.  
From a neighb'ring mocking-bird  
Came the answering note I heard;  
Near a murmuring streamlet's side,  
Perch'd on branch extending wide.

Low, and soft, the song began;  
Scarce I caught it, as it ran  
Through the ring-dove's plaintive wail,  
Chattering jay, and whistling quail,  
Twittering sparrow, cat-bird's cry,  
Red-bird's whistle, robin's sigh,  
Black-bird, blue-bird, swallow, lark;  
Each his native note might mark.  
Oft he tried the lesson o'er,  
Each time louder than before;  
Burst at length the finish'd song:  
Loud and clear it pour'd along.  
All the choir in silence heard,  
Hush'd before the wondrous bird.  
All transported and amaz'd,  
Scarcely breathing, long I gaz'd.  
Now it reach'd the loudest swell;  
Lower, lower, now it fell;  
Lower, lower, lower still,  
Scarce it sounded o'er the rill.  
Now the warbler ceas'd to sing;  
And I saw him spread his wing;  
And I saw him take his flight,  
Other regions to delight.  
Then, in most poetic wise,  
I began to moralize.

In this bird can fancy trace  
An emblem of the rhyming race,  
Ere with heaven's immortal fire,  
Loud they strike the quivering wire;  
Ere in high, majestic song,  
Thundering wars the verse along;  
Soft and low each note they sing,  
Soft they try each varied string;  
Till each power is tried and known;  
Then the kindling spark is blown.  
Thus, perchance, has Maro sung;  
Thus, his harp has Milton strung;

Thus, immortal Avon's child;  
Thus, O Scott! thy witch-notes wild;  
Thus, has Pope's melodious lyre  
Rung each note with Homer's fire;  
Thus, did Campbell's war-blast roar  
Round the cliffs of Elsinore;  
Thus, he dug the soldier's grave,  
Iser! by thy purpled wave. C. F.

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## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY KIRK WHITE.

GREEN springs the turf on Henry's grave,  
And fairer flow'rs successive rise;  
Soft vernal show'rs its bosom lave,  
And Zephyrs sport where Genius lies.

Does Nature seek her gifts to pour  
On her fond vot'ry's lowly bed?  
Ah! never poet lov'd her more,  
Or plac'd more garlands on her head.

Yet here will weeping Friendship dwell,  
And to its sad and tearful eye,  
Less gaudy scenes might suit as well,  
Less vernal bloom, less azure sky.

Let not the youthful poet say,  
That Nature mourns where Virtue sleeps;  
For here the dancing sun-beams play,  
And here the moon her night-watch keeps:

And be it so; nor will we grieve  
That life returns to him who gave;  
'Tis ours to hope, submit, believe,  
And fix our view beyond the grave.

Poet belov'd! and could'st thou think  
Thy worth would ever be forgot?

Virtue must sure of Lethé drink,  
When her lov'd child's remember'd not.

Lie gently, earth, upon that breast  
Which sought thy treasures to explore;  
Who oft was seen thy kneeling guest;  
Who gaz'd, untir'd, thy landscapes o'er.

And Learning, too, wilt thou despise  
The first-love of his op'ning youth;  
For thee he breath'd his early sighs,  
And worshipp'd thee with zeal and truth.

But soon a brighter object came;  
With stronger love his bosom glow'd—  
Immortal Glory blew the flame,  
And pointed to her upward road.

Peace, such as holy angels know,  
Sooth'd life's last fleeting pulse away;  
And ere his eye had clos'd below,  
His spirit melted into day.

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#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PROPOSALS have been issued, for publishing by subscription, the Poems and other Miscellaneous Writings of the late Robert Treat Paine, to be comprised in one octavo volume, containing five hundred pages. The work is to be printed with good type, and on fine vellum paper, at the price of two dollars and fifty cents in boards, and three dollars bound. The productions of this poet are characterised by bold and original flights of fancy, strong conception, and his versification is uncommonly harmonious. His faults are as characteristic as his beauties. They are the sallies of a mind prone to dare the utmost verge of propriety, and betray the masculine hardihood of genius. There is

in Mr. Payne nothing of mediocre. His merits as a poet, abstracted from the motive that induces a publication of his works, the benefit of his amiable widow and orphans, will, it is hoped, secure the patronage of the public.

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#### OBITUARY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WHILE contemplating the natural objects which surround us, the reflecting mind perceives great variety in their structure and uses—all formed by one hand—all designed for useful ends. The sturdy oak gradually acquires strength with age; deeply rooted in its parent earth, it stands firm amidst the howling of tempests, and retains its vitality during many winters.

Others are of a different class; they early bud, they blossom, they yield their fruit, replete with fragrance and virtue, nipped by the frost they wither and they die.

If the contrast be admissible, such was SUSANNA VAUX, jun. who, on the eighth ultimo, in the morning of life, fell a victim to pulmonary consumption. Her delicate frame was the residence of a mind refined and vigorous—sweetness and energy were happily combined.

To a widowed mother, and an only brother, she was bound by the strongest ties of affection. While amidst her relatives and friends, her amiable disposition, her pleasing manners, combined with the strictest sense of propriety, secured their regard, and clothed her with peculiar dignity of character.

She was favoured to possess a portion of pure and undefiled religion—and, in obedience to the mandate of the immaculate Redeemer, she associated herself with others in discharging the pious duty of visiting the sick, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked.

But disease seized upon her frame: favoured with divine support, she received the dispensation with resignation.—With a serenity almost unparalleled, she marked the gradual sinking of



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her system; and in the whole course of her illness, the slightest murmur never was heard to escape her.

With a just sense of the awfulness of her situation, she entered the valley of the shadow of death, fearing no evil, and leaning as on the arm of her blessed Redeemer, she triumphantly passed into that state, where the conflicts of time are swallowed up in the joys of eternity.

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#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A COMMUNICATION on the subject of American gallantry, during our revolutionary war, and a variety of other interesting articles, are necessarily postponed for want of room. Our correspondents will, of course, impute this delay to no inattention on our part, but wholly to the quantity of original communications with which we are now favoured, and which impose on us the duty of giving to each its regular insertion.





*Sir Samuel Auchmuty, 1st.*

# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.  
COWPER.

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VOL. VII.

JUNE, 1812.

No. 6.

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## BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF LT. GEN. SIR SAMUEL AUCHMUTY.

It is, perhaps, not very generally known, that among the warriors of Britain who are so successfully conducting her arms in the mighty contest in which she is now engaged, some, of not the least heroic, may be claimed by this country as her alien sons.

In the list of her naval commanders especially, many an American name can be traced, which is illustrated by a series of the most gallant and splendid achievements. Not to mention others of less distinction, we find two of our countrymen elevated to the rank of admirals: the one contributing by his valour to the triumphant issue of the memorable battle on the 1st of June;\* while the other† has vexed every sea by his extensive enterprize, and is signalized by services in almost every region where the British flag has been unfurled.

Nor is her army less indebted to us. It was on the plains of Mador that an American, by a decisive victory, first retrieved the reputation of her arms, and taught her no longer to enter-

\* Admiral sir Isaac Coffin.

† Admiral Hallowell.

tain a panic terror of the veterans of France. How much she owes to the valour and military genius of another of our countrymen may be seen in the ensuing memoir.

Sir Samuel Auchmuty, the youngest son of the late reverend Samuel Auchmuty,\* rector of Trinity Church, Newyork, was born on the 22d of June, 1758, and was educated at King's, (now Columbia) college.

From his early youth he bent his mind to the study of divinity, and, during the four years of his residence at college, made it not only an object of attention but of delight.

The then unhappy differences between this country and England obliged his father, who was a royalist, to shut up his churches and retire to Newjersey. This first gave sir Samuel the idea of entering the army. As a volunteer in the 45th regiment he carried a musket in the battle of Longisland, and the next day was made an ensign in that regiment, and was with it in most of the actions in that and the subsequent campaign.

At the peace he went with his regiment to England; but dissatisfied with an idle life, he exchanged into the fifty-second, and accompanied it to India. Having served during the Mysore war and against the Rohillas, he attracted the notice of lord Cornwallis, and was appointed deputy judge advocate of Madras, prior to the celebrated trial of sir J. Burgoine; which office he enjoyed with reputation for several years; and although it was very lucrative, yet, as it interfered with his military promotion, he resigned it, and was by the marquis Cornwallis appointed brigadier of the British troops at Bombay. On the removal of general Meadows, in whose staff he then was, from that place to Madras, he was

\* Dr. Auchmuty was descended from a Scotch family of the same name. One of his ancestors, a colonel under king William at the battle of Boyne, afterwards settled in Ireland. The doctor's father, Robert Auchmuty, one of his descendents, received a liberal education in Ireland, and after completing his studies at the Middle Temple, London, came to America, and having practised the law for several years with great reputation in Boston, was, by George the second, appointed judge of the vice admiralty court at that place, and held the office until his death.

selected, by his successor colonel Abercrombie,\* as his confidential staff-officer; and having served many years as adjutant general in India, and military secretary to the commander in chief, returned to England in 1797.

In the year 1799, then colonel Auchmuty, he was ordered to the cape of Good Hope, to take under his command a brigade of troops and sail for Suez, to meet sir David Baird with the forces from India, and with him crossed the desert to Egypt, where he was appointed adjutant general.

In 1802 he returned to England, and, on the threat of a French invasion, was appointed to the honourable command of the Isle of Thanet, the part of England most accessible to invasion, and shortly after received the honour of knighthood.

In 1806, general Beresford's capture of Buenos Ayres being known in England, he was ordered in October with a detachment for that place; but on his arrival in Rio de la Plata, finding the whole army defeated and prisoners of war, and learning that colonel Backhouse was with a body of troops from the cape at Maldonado, he hastened to that post and assumed the command. After a consultation with rear admiral Sterling, he determined on the attack of Monte Video, and on the 18th of January landed about nine miles from the town, in view of a formidable enemy, who annoyed him with a distant cannonade, and the next day attacked his line of march with 4000 cavalry, which were repulsed with a severe loss after a sharp engagement. In this action, sir Samuel had his horse shot under him. The next day the Spaniards came out of the town with six thousand men in two columns; one of which being defeated, the other dispersed, and shortly disappeared. The siege of the place was then commenced under the fire of the castle and town, mounted with 160 heavy cannon, and continued until the 2d; when the breach being reported practicable, he determined on an assault the next morning before day light, and carried the place. This daring mode of attack sir Samuel was under the necessity of adopting, as his

\* Now lieutenant general sir Robert Abercrombie, brother to the celebrated sir Ralph Abercrombie.

ammunition was nearly consumed, and general Leniers was within a day's march with an army of near 8000 men for the relief of the place. For this gallant affair he had the unanimous thanks of the lords and commons, and was particularly complimented for his humanity and discipline, which were attested by the fact, that at noon, after the assault, the inhabitants of the town were transacting their business as usual!

Sir Samuel continued in Monte Video until he was superseded by general Whitelocke on the 10th of May, to the regret of the inhabitants, whose respect he had gained by his victory, and whose affection he afterwards acquired by his mild and just administration.

The unsuccessful attack on Buenos Ayres shortly after followed, to the disgrace of the commanding officer, though much to the honour of sir Samuel, who with great personal intrepidity and skill carried the Plaza de la Toros, defended with thirty pieces of cannon. In this desperate assault he was exposed to a hot and destructive fire of grape and musketry, while cheering and leading on the grenadiers of the army against the earnest expositions of his gallant comrades, who fell in numbers around him.

At the conclusion of the disastrous business, already alluded to, sir Samuel returned to England, and the next year, being promoted to the rank of major general, enjoyed a short repose at his estate in Kent: when, without being consulted, he was appointed commander in chief at Madras, with the rank of lieutenant general. As he had expressed to his friends his determination of never again going to India, he gave to one of them, in the following words, his reasons for accepting the appointment. "This situation was offered to me in such a manner that I knew not how to refuse it—as it was totally unsolicited on my part; as it was so creditable a command for an officer of my rank; and as the situation of affairs at Madras make it as honourable as arduous—my resolutions have been got the better of."

That he had been successful in quieting the serious disturbances to which he refers, we may conjecture by his appointment by lord Minto, governor general of India, to the important command of the forces against Java. The brilliant success of

that expedition, by attacking in their strong works an army superior in numbers, well disciplined, fully appointed, and headed by experienced generals, the taking or destroying nearly the whole of them, is a military achievement which has scarcely ever been surpassed.

For this distinguished service, as we have lately seen by the papers, he has been introduced to the notice of parliament by the prince regent, and received the unanimous thanks of both houses.

On the total reduction of the island, we hear he intends returning to Madras, of which he is now both civil and military commander.

The following extract, so honourable to sir Samuel, is from an English publication. "There are few officers in the service who have had the advantage of a more liberal education than sir Samuel Auchmuty, or who possess a greater fund of military information. In his character there is nothing superficial, volatile, vain-glorious, or self-sufficient: it is marked by the most unassuming modesty, a trait which ever accompanies true merit, and gives additional lustre to the other qualifications by which he is adorned."

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#### CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

### NEW VIEWS

#### OF THE ORIGIN OF THE TRIBES AND NATIONS OF AMERICA,

BY BENJAMIN SMITH BARTON, M. D.

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THE continent of America, on its first discovery, was regarded by the various characters of Europe, in a light corresponding to their several dispositions and stations, habits and



pursuits. The ambitious monarch beheld in it a new world, where, in consideration of its defenceless condition, and the peculiarly artless simplicity of its inhabitants, he was irresistibly invited to fresh acquisitions of territory and dominion. The daring and rapacious leader discovered in it a field alike propitious to his lust of gold and his love of glory—where his cupidity might be easily satiated with wealth, and his temples adorned with the wreaths of victory. The enlightened merchant looked to it as a scene of new and profitable enterprise in his profession, and considered its discovery as an important epoch in commercial adventure. The roving and unsettled spirit was anxious to traverse it, that he might gratify his curiosity with a sight of all that was new or wonderful in so extensive a region. The patriot, indignant at the insolence, and detesting the iniquitous exercise of power, longed to shelter himself in its wilds from the rod of oppression. The pious and persecuted christian earnestly sighed for freedom of conscience in the western hemisphere; and the philosopher himself was anxious for an opportunity of exploring a region where his researches, besides augmenting his store of knowledge, and thereby extending the sphere of his renown, might also contribute to the promotion of science.

To the naturalist, in particular, the new world presented a prospect that was peculiarly inviting. It opened to him a field of research unparalleled in extent, and rich in every thing he had been accustomed to value. Its spacious plains and lofty mountains, formed and ornamented in the munificence of nature, had been hitherto trodden only by the foot of the savage; its animal, vegetable and mineral productions had attracted none but the savage eye. To sources like these he was eager for access, conscious that they would abundantly remunerate his toils.

It was not, however, by the rich exuberance of the mineral productions, it was not by the majesty and beauty of the vegetable kingdom, nor yet by the diversity and novelty of the inferior animals, that the attention of the naturalist was principally attracted towards the new world. The men of America themselves, the aborigines and rightful owners of the soil, constituted the most interesting object of inquiry. It was in relation to

these, that a new, interesting, and most difficult problem in the history of the human race, now presented itself to the eye of the philosopher.

When considered in all the relations and tendencies which rightfully appertained to it, the spectacle was not only interesting to science, but essentially connected with the truth of revelation. A new continent was discovered of vast dimensions, separated from Europe by a thousand leagues of ocean, and, for aught that was then known to the contrary, by an equal distance from the shores of Asia. By all pious and orthodox believers, the old world was acknowledged to be the birth-place of the human race, whence alone they had been disseminated throughout every peopled region of the earth. The continent of America, however, remote as it was from Europe and Asia, was occupied by millions of the human race, utterly unskilled in the art of navigation, which alone could have conducted them from a distant country. This people, moreover, differed very materially in complexion, features, figure, customs, and manners, from any that had been discovered in the old world. From every view, which, under existing circumstances, could then be taken of the subject, they were by many thought to have strong appearances of a race peculiar to themselves—the *genuine aborigines* of the soil they inhabited,

The origin of the inhabitants of the new world soon became a question eagerly examined and warmly contested by the philosophers of the day. Nor does the controversy appear to have been conducted with that spirit of harmony and mutual charity, which, whatever may be their religious tenets, should never fail to actuate the votaries of science. Harsh and unseemly vituperation was too often substituted for liberal discussion, a denunciation of motives for an examination of arguments, and, perhaps, a desire of victory for a love of truth.

The enemies of revelation triumphantly embraced the opportunity, which, in their estimation, now presented itself, of invalidating the Mosaic account of the creation. Although it were possible, said they, to derive from a single pair, the numerous, widely scattered, and strikingly dissimilar inhabitants of the old

world; the case is different in relation to the new. America presents us with an argument in our favour, which must paralyse forever the efforts of opposition. In the western hemisphere, the voice of nature is heard in our behalf. We here discover a continent disjoined even from the most adjacent points of land in the eastern hemisphere, by vast and formidable tracts of ocean—tracts utterly impassable by any people not extensively versed in navigation. This continent, however, is now inhabited, and appears to have been occupied time immemorial, by tribes and nations so entirely ignorant of maritime affairs, that they have never unfolded a sail to the wind. This people, therefore, must be regarded as a race radically distinct from the inhabitants of Europe, Asia, or Africa. Their progenitors must have been separately created for the peopling of the new world, as Adam and Eve are reported to have been formed for the peopling of the old. Such is the chain of reasoning by which the enemies of revelation endeavoured to bring into disrepute the Mosaic account of the creation of man, and to prove that the people of America are descended from a distinct and specific origin.

The advocates of revelation, on the other hand, maintained the unity of the human race with every argument that learning and ingenuity aided by a fruitful imagination could furnish, and with all the perseverance that a laudable zeal for religion could inspire. Some of them contended, that the primary emigrants to the new world, the ancestral stock of the present inhabitants, might have been sufficiently versed in practical navigation at the time of their first arrival in America, although, by long disuse, their descendents had entirely forgotten the art. Others alleged, that, in former ages, America had been united to Europe or Asia, or both, by tracts of country which earthquakes had overwhelmed in the bosom of the deep. Along these tracts, previously to their submersion, the original inhabitants were supposed to have passed into the western continent. Even the fabled Atalantis was called up from the ocean to serve as a passage between the old world and the new. A third class conjectured, that, in high northern latitudes, a connexion by land still existed between the west side of America and the east side of Asia, and that

by that route the former country had received her inhabitants from the latter. A fourth sect of philosophers were persuaded of the practicability of peopling America from the countries near the Baltic. The passage deemed most favourable was from Norway to the Faroe Isles; from thence to Iceland; from Iceland to Greenland; and from Greenland to Labrador. It was conjectured that the original germe of population had been thrown through this channel on the American shore, and had afterwards spread from north to south, till it ultimately reached the heights of Cape Horn. Should any remarks be offered on these hypotheses they will be reserved for a subsequent part of this article.

Having demonstrated, as they supposed, the practicability of the original people of America having passed, either by land or water, from the old world to the new, philosophers next turned their attention to the establishment of the fact. They directed their researches to the discovery of some circumstance or appearance, either physical or moral, which might tend to prove, not only that the aborigines of America might have emigrated, but that they actually did emigrate, from the shores of Europe, Asia or Africa. For this purpose they attempted to point out some characteristic resemblance or affinity between the inhabitants of the old world and those of the new, either on the score of figure, features, complexion, traditions, customs, manners, or religion. A few of these resemblances it may be proper to mention, in order to show on how slender a foundation philosophers are frequently induced to erect their hypotheses.

It was said, by some, to be a custom with the ancient Scythians to scalp their enemies whom they slew in battle, and that, therefore, the Indians of America, pursuing the same inhuman practice, might be justly regarded as of Scythian extraction.—Others again derived the aborigines of America from the people of Kamschatka; inasmuch as it was ascertained, that, contrary to common custom, both nations, when advancing to war, march in the order of *single*, or what is usually denominated *Indian file*. A third class discovered a wonderful resemblance between the bark canoes of the Canadian savages, and those constructed by

the Tungusi, a nation inhabiting the north of Asia; and hence they concluded that the former were to be considered as a colony from the latter. A fourth contended that the Mexicans and Peruvians were obviously descended from the ancient Egyptians, because, like them, they were accustomed to perpetuate the memory of remarkable events by hieroglyphic representations. Other fancied resemblances between the natives of the new world and the northern Asiatics were found in the complexion, the figure of the head, the form and arrangement of the features, the appearance and qualities of the hair, the want of a beard, the manner of sitting on the ground, the treatment of children, the popular mythology of the countries, the ideas of a deity and a future state, and in certain parts of the ceremonial of religious worship; all of which, however, we deem unworthy of a detailed statement, and therefore wholly insufficient to serve as the basis of any opinion as to the origin of nations.

As yet the most substantial source of resemblance appears to have been overlooked: we should rather say, that philosophers were as yet unprepared to avail themselves of the valuable information which it seemed to offer. We allude to resemblances on the score of language, which is, perhaps, the least mutable and perishable of human institutions. Customs, manners and habits, whether public or private, civil or military, although frequently the objects of strong attachment, become seldom very deeply radicated in our nature. Such is their slight and superficial hold on us, and such our plastic and accommodating character, that they are easily adopted, modified, or laid aside. Being, for the most part, nothing but conformities to external circumstances, instituted on grounds of convenience, or necessity, pleasure or advantage, they are liable to change with every material change of situation. Remove a people from a pastoral or agricultural country, where they have lived in ease and security, to one where they are obliged to subsist by fishing and hunting, and to defend themselves against the stratagems and attacks of enemies, and the no less formidable encroachments of wild beasts; or transplant them from the fervours of a tropical region to the piercing colds of a high northern latitude, and an entire revolution in their customs, habits and manners will be the ne-

cessary consequence. The speedy adoption and relinquishment of customs and manners are moreover frequently the result of a spirit of imitation, which operates so powerfully on communities no less than on individuals. Through the medium of this active principle of our nature, nations and tribes, by contracting alliances, mingling in commercial transactions, or otherwise establishing a mutual and continued intercourse, have oftentimes affected each other with very signal changes.

In religious opinions and forms of worship, particularly among barbarous and wandering nations, the history of mankind teaches us that there is almost an equal liability to change. In the round of mutations to which human affairs are liable, it has repeatedly occurred, that a single enterprising and artful fanatic has succeeded in revolutionizing the religion of a whole people, in effacing every vestige of their former mode of worship, and establishing a new ceremonial in its place. The human figure, features, and complexion are themselves so liable to be affected in their appearance by external circumstances, and by the progress of society in the acquirements of civilization, that even they cannot, at all times, be securely relied on as to the evidence they furnish in relation to the origin of nations.

With regard to language the case is known to be materially different. Having no essential dependence on external circumstances, it is, comparatively speaking, but little affected by a change of situation. When once formed, it becomes appended to a people with an adherence almost as firm as that of their existence. To change, adulterate, and mold it into different dialects is easy and perhaps natural; but to efface it entirely is almost impossible. Neither conquest, exile nor emigration, nothing short of a national annihilation, can effect such a total and complete demolition of it, as not to leave behind some perceptible traces. No instance, we believe, has ever yet occurred in which the descendants of a nation have been entirely deprived of the language of their ancestors, unless where they have voluntarily adopted another. The language of the modern Greeks exhibits a striking affinity to that of the ancient; in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and all the adjacent islands of the Mediterranean, the language of the Romans is easily recognised; and, even in

Egypt, India and other countries of the east, which have so often been the scenes of conquest and devastation, not a single language has ever been annihilated, unless with the extermination of those by whom it was spoken.

Aware of the truth, and feeling the force, of these considerations, professor Barton, from whose rich, and multifarious stores of knowledge, his country cherishes the loftiest expectations, began at a very early period to direct his attention to the languages of the native tribes and nations of America, with a view to the ultimate development of their origin. The following is the professor's own account of his commencement, progress, and success, in this arduous and interesting enterprise in science:

"As early, says he, as the year 1787, whilst I was a student of medicine in the University of Edinburgh, I endeavoured to discover, whether there was any resemblance between the American and Asiatic languages. But although I devoted a good deal of time to the inquiry, I met with but little success. Upon my return to my native country, in the latter end of the year 1789, I resumed the inquiry, and, by the assistance of the tables in Strolenberg's work, and very mutilated vocabularies of the languages of some of the American tribes, principally, if not entirely, of the Delaware stock, I discovered such affinities that I was persuaded that more extensive researches would, in time conduct me to something interesting on the subject. In the midst of many, and more favourite, pursuits, I never entirely lost sight of this, though I had not an opportunity of prosecuting the question much farther, until the spring of 1796, when I received, through the hands of my learned friend, Dr. Joseph Priestley, the *Vocabularia Comparativa* of professor Pallas. It is this great work that has enabled me to extend my inquiries, and to arrive at some degree of certainty on the subject. The general result of my inquiries is now offered to the public. They will be extended and corrected in proportion as I shall receive additions to my stock of American vocabularies."

The following paragraph will furnish the reader with a view, at once satisfactory and succinct, of the plan and arrangement of the work which we are about to examine.

"The order I shall pursue, says professor Barton, in the ensuing pages, is the following: I shall first give some account of the various American tribes and nations whose languages are taken notice of in this memoir. Remarks on their languages are afterwards to be offered. I shall then give some account of the various Asiatic and European nations, whose languages I have compared with those of the Americans; and shall conclude the memoir with some general observations relative to the course of the migrations of the Americans through the continent, their comparative antiquity, &c.

That the public might not, on the present subject, expect more from the pen of professor Barton, than, under existing circumstances, it was practicable for him to accomplish, he briefly unfolds to them, in language which we shall quote, a view of the difficulties he had to encounter in the inquiry.

“Let the reader, says he, who follows me in this inquiry, recollect, that the path which I tread is almost entirely new. I may without vanity, compare myself to the new settler in the wilderness of our country. I found no cultivated spot. In the vast forest, my easiest task was the removal of briars and thorns. Unequal to the opening of an extensive road, I have, at least, succeeded in opening a path, which will serve to direct the traveller in his pilgrimage of science. Unequal to the building of a stately edifice, I have erected an humble habitation, in which philosophers, who have laboured in researches of this kind, may repose from a portion of their toil. More ought not to be expected of *one* person, who, in the practice of a profession as anxious as it is important, has known neither the felicities of leisure nor of wealth.

In the interesting treatise which we now hold under our consideration, its learned author has in view a twofold object—to demonstrate, first, the existence of an identity of origin between the aborigines of America and certain tribes and nations of the northern Asiatics; and, *secondly*, to prove, that America derived the germe of her population from Asia, and not Asia from America, as Mr. Jefferson and a few other writers have contended.

As an argument in favour of his position, that America is to be regarded as the *officina virorum*, the nursery of the human race, in relation to the northern parts of the continent of Asia, Mr. Jefferson asserts, that there exists in the former country (we mean among its savage inhabitants) a much greater number of *original languages*, than there does in the latter. Hence he infers its higher antiquity, as a populated country. This position professor Barton attempts to invalidate, by setting forth and endeavouring to prove, that instead of a *great number*, there exists, in reality, among the savage tribes of America, but *one original* language. This he alleges to be the language spoken by the Indians of the Delaware tribe, or, as he more technically denominates them, the *Lenni Lennàpe*. To this, as the parent-stock, he traces all the other languages of the country, in the character of dialects.



The professor acknowledges, to adopt his own words, "that in America there is frequently less affinity between languages which he considers as being radically the same, than there is in Asia between languages which are also taken to be radically the same. This, however, does not, in his opinion, "prove that the Americans are of greater antiquity than the Asiatics. It would seem, as he maintains, to prove no more than this, viz. that the Americans alluded to have been longer separated from each other in America, than the Asiatics of whom he speaks have been separated from each other in Asia."

His opinion that America derived her original population from the countries of Asia, our author rests on a twofold basis: *First*, the traditions current among the Indians of the present day, in relation to the place of residence of their ancestors, and the course of their former national migrations; *Secondly*, the comparative state of population between the eastern and western parts of America, when it was first discovered by adventurers from Europe.

After asserting as his opinion, that, in the determination of the present question, no inconsiderable weight ought to be attached to traditions prevalent among the aborigines of America, professor Barton subjoins:

If all, or many, of the North American tribes had preserved a tradition, that their ancestors formerly dwelt towards the rising of the sun, and that, in process of time, impelled by the spirit of conquest, by urgent necessities, by caprice, or by the influence of a dream, they had moved towards the setting of the same planet (*luminary* he meant) would not such a tradition be thought entitled to some attention in an inquiry concerning the original of these people? would not such a tradition rather favour the opinion of those writers who have imagined, that the Norwegians, the Welsh, and other nations of Europe, have been the principal peoplers of America? But the nations of America have not preserved any such tradition as this. On the contrary, their traditions inform us, that they came from the west; that they crossed the Mississippi, and that they gradually travelled towards the east. "When you ask them, says Lawson, speaking of the Carolina Indians, whence their forefathers came, that first inhabited the country, they will point to the westward and say, *where the sun sleeps, our forefathers came thence.*"

Our author adds, that, as far as his inquiries have extended on the subject, "All the Indian nations on the east side of the

Mississippi; assert, that they past thither from the west, from the north-west, or from the south."

Again:

"When the Europeans, says professor Barton, took possession of the countries of North America, they found the western parts of the continent much more thickly settled than the eastern. This assertion is confirmed by the testimony of all the earlier visitors of America; and it is a fact, which, in my opinion, gives considerable weight to the theory, that the Americans are of Asiatic origin. I will not, continues our author, attempt to conceal, that this greater degree of population of the western parts of America was used as an argument to prove the derivation of the Americans from Asia, almost two hundred years ago."

Contrary to the sentiments of the Abbé Clavigero, and some other writers of talents and distinction, our author is of opinion, that the aborigines of North and those of South America, are descendents of the same original stock. He derives them alike from the nations that inhabit the north of Asia. This position he endeavours to maintain partly from traditions now prevalent among some of the people of South America, setting forth, that their forefathers had emigrated from regions far to the north; and partly from an affinity which he conceives he has discovered between the languages of the aboriginal tribes and nations inhabiting the two grand divisions of our continent.

We are now prepared for an examination of what constitutes the leading feature of our author's essay—his attempt to prove the existence of a radical affinity between the American and certain Asiatic languages.

The professor's scheme in relation to this subject, as far as it extends, is certainly judicious and well directed. It is perhaps, as happily calculated to conduct him to a successful issue (if, indeed, such an issue in an inquiry so arduous be at all attainable) as any thing the wisdom of man could devise.

He selects a certain number of objects, ideas, and relations, which must, under some denomination or mode of expression, find a place in the language of every people. The artificial representations of these may be regarded as constituting, in part, the basis of all communication whether oral or written. By an examination of vocabularies of a number of the languages of America, he ascertains the names or terms by which these objects,

ideas, or relations are therein expressed. These names or terms he compares with names or terms of the same import, as contained in professor Pallas's *Vocabularia Comparativa* of the languages of Asia. By this process, which appears to us to be the most promising that, under existing circumstances, could be adopted or devised, he has discovered, as he conceives, a radical affinity between the languages of the two continents.

A few examples of the professor's examination of the languages of Asia and America, while it will afford the most satisfactory elucidation of his principles and manner of proceeding, will, at the same time, enable the reader to judge for himself, as to the success or failure attendant on the inquiry. That the specimen of our author's examination, as here exhibited, may be fair and unexceptionable, the examples shall be extracted promiscuously from his essay, without any regard to their being either the best or the worst that might have been selected.

The name of the nation or tribe, whose language is examined, stands in the first column, and the particular word or form of expression, constituting the immediate object of comparison, in the second, directly opposite. Our author's *Comparative Vocabularies* begin with the word

## GOD,

To which we find the following synonymes.

### *American Tribes.*

Lenni Lennape or Delawares	-	Kitschi-Mannitto, Patamawos, Ketanne-toowet.
Chippewas	-	Kitchi-Manitou, Mannitto.
Minsi	-	Pachtamawos, Gichtannettowit. Keeshel-lomeh, the maker of the soul.
Mahicanni	-	Mannittooh, Puhtamauwoos, Pottamauwoos.
Shawnees	-	Manitah, Wisi-Mannitto, Westhilliquh.
Miamis	-	Monaitowa?
Messisaugers	-	Mungo-Minnato.
Algonkins	-	Kitchimanitou.
Indians of Penobscot and St. John's	-	Jeenoois.
Indians of New-England	-	Ketan ( <i>Wood</i> ).
Narragansets, &c.	-	Manit, Manitto.
Naticks	-	Manitto-Manittoom.
Senecas	-	Haueneu, Howweneah.
Mohawks	-	Niyoh.
Onondagos	-	Nioh, Hawonia.
Cayugas	-	Hauweneyoo.
Oneidas	-	Nceyoo.

Tuscaroras	-	-	-	Yewaunecyooch.
Canadians	-	-	-	Aatio.
Nandowessies	-	-	-	Wakon, Tongo-Wakon.
Muskohge	-	-	-	Eefeekec-eesa.
Choktah	-	-	-	Ishtohoollo-Aba.
Natchez	-	-	-	Coyococop-Chill.
Akanzas	-	-	-	Coyococochill.
Mexicans	-	-	-	Teotl, Toutl.
Poconchi	-	-	-	Nim Ahval, the great Lord.
Brasilians	-	-	-	Tupana, Tupa.
Peruvians	-	-	-	Viracocha, Pachacamae.

*Asiatic Nations.*

Kamptchadals	-	-	-	Kootcha, Kootchae, Koot.
Semoyads	-	-	-	Nom.
Tartars	-	-	-	Alla.
Semoyads (of another tribe.)	-	-	-	Nga, Ngos.
Japanese	-	-	-	Sin, Kami.
Mordva	-	-	-	Paas,

MOTHER,

*American Nations.*

Lenni-Lennape	-	-	-	Gahowees, Anna, Aunnah.
Minis	-	-	-	Guk, N'Guk, my mother.
Mahicanni	-	-	-	Okukkeen, Inguck, my mother.
Shawnees	-	-	-	Newah, Niokee.
Pottawatameh	-	-	-	Nanna.
Miamis	-	-	-	Missah, Aukeemeemauh, Niangah, my mother.
Messisauagers	-	-	-	Kukkiss.
Acadians	-	-	-	Nekish.
Indians of Penobscot and St. Johns	-	-	-	Neekoupe.
Indians of New-England	-	-	-	Nitka.
Narragansets, &c.	-	-	-	Okasu, Witchwhaw.
Indians of Pennsylvania	-	-	-	Anna.
Senecas	-	-	-	Noyegh, Nooyeah, Noien.
Mohawks	-	-	-	Isstaah, Ikilnoha, Ronisteggha.
Onondagos	-	-	-	Onurha.
Cayugas	-	-	-	Nohoh.
Oneidas	-	-	-	Ragoonoochah, Aggoonnohah.
Tuscaroras	-	-	-	Anah.
Cochnewagoes	-	-	-	Istaah, Istanhau.
Wyandots	-	-	-	Nehah, Neah.
Cheerake	-	-	-	Akachee, my mother.
Muskohge	-	-	-	Cchutkskeh.
Chikkasah	-	-	-	Saske.
Choktah	-	-	-	Iakeh, Ishke.
Mexicans	-	-	-	Nantli.
Darien Indians	-	-	-	Naunah.
Golibis	-	-	-	Bibi, Issano.
Peruvians	-	-	-	Mama.
Chilese	-	-	-	Gnuque, Nenque.

*Asiatic Nations.*

Turks	-	-	-	Ana, Neenc.
Tartars	-	-	-	Ana, Anace.

Mogul-Tartars	-	-	-	Ekec.
Boureti	-	-	-	Eke.
Japanese	-	-	-	Fasa, Kasa.
Tartars (several different tribes.)	-	-	-	Ana.
Ingooshevi	-	-	-	Nana.
Tooshetti	-	-	-	Nana.
Kazec-Koomitski	-	-	-	Neenoo.
Semoyads	-	-	-	Newan.
Toungoosi	-	-	-	Anee.
Lamuti	-	-	-	Anai.
Vagoulitchi	-	-	-	Sees.
Albanians	-	-	-	Mamma, Nanna.
Carclians	-	-	-	Mooamo, Mamo.
Olentzi	-	-	-	Mamo.
Zhiryanc	-	-	-	Mamo.
Permiaki	-	-	-	Mam.
Koriaki	-	-	-	Memme.

## VIRGIN.

*American Nations.*

Lenni-Lennape	-	-	-	Kikochquees.
Chippewas	-	-	-	Jeckwassin, girl, Ickwee, woman.
Minsi	-	-	-	Ochquesia, a girl.
Mahicanni	-	-	-	Peesquausoo, a girl.
Shawnees	-	-	-	Squauthauthau, a girl.
Miamis	-	-	-	Konesawah, girl.
Algonkins	-	-	-	Ickouessens, girl.
Indians of Penobscot, and St. Johns	-	-	-	Nunakeenoose, girl.
Narragansets, &c.	-	-	-	Kihtuckquaw.
Onondagos	-	-	-	Ixhagoni, Echro, girl.
Muskohge	-	-	-	Hootocco, a girl.
Darien Indians	-	-	-	Neenah, a girl.

*Asiatic Nations.*

Kangatsi, in Independent Tartary,	-	-	-	Koes.
Teleouti	-	-	-	Kisseetchak.
Semoyads	-	-	-	Nedookoo.
Another tribe	-	-	-	Nietschoo.
Another	-	-	-	Chassakoo.
Mogul-Tartars	-	-	-	Kook, Koeoken, Okeen.
Boureti and Kalmuks	-	-	-	Okeen.
Vogoulitchi	-	-	-	Neoo, Anee.
Ostiaks	-	-	-	Neniaiwrem, Ewa.
Another tribe	-	-	-	Ewi.
Another	-	-	-	Oeggooce.

## EYE.

*American Nations.*

Lenni-Lennape	-	-	-	Wuschginquall, eyes.
Chippewas	-	-	-	Wiskinkhie, Skesick, eyes.
Mahicanni	-	-	-	Ilkeesque.
Shawnees	-	-	-	Skeesacoo, Skisseeqwa, Skesickqueh, eyes.
Pottawatameli	-	-	-	Neskesick.
Miamis	-	-	-	Keesseequee.

Algonkins	-	-	-	Ouskinchie, eyes.
Indians of Penobscot and St. John's	-	-	-	Seeseeco, eyes.
Acadians	-	-	-	Nepiguigour, eyes.
Indians of New-England	-	-	-	Sheesuck.
Sankikani	-	-	-	Schinquoy.
Onondagos	-	-	-	Ogachra.
Naudowessies	-	-	-	Eshtike, eyes.
Cheerake	-	-	-	Cheekatole.
Muskohge	-	-	-	Istetolhwah, Etotlewah, eyes.
Chikkasah	-	-	-	Skin, Skin, eyes.
Mexicans	-	-	-	Ixtelotli, eyes.
Brazilians	-	-	-	Dessa, Dessa, Seescah, eyes.
Chitsee	-	-	-	Ne, eyes.
Caraibes	-	-	-	Nakou, my eyes.

*Asiatic Nations.*

Semoyads	-	-	-	Sayeo
Another tribe	-	-	-	Sacewa
Another	-	-	-	Saiaoo
Another	-	-	-	Sée.
Another	-	-	-	Sace.
Tcherkessi	-	-	-	Ne.
Inbaci	-	-	-	Dees.
Kartalini	-	-	-	Toolee, Twalee.
Imeretians	-	-	-	Tolee.

HAND.

*American Nations.*

Lenni-Lennape	-	-	-	Nachk, my hand,
Chippewas	-	-	-	Neningeen.
Indians of Pennsylvania	-	-	-	Nach, Aloenskan, Olœnskan.
Mahicanni	-	-	-	Oniskan.
Shawnees	-	-	-	Niligee.
Pottawatamch	-	-	-	Neninch.
Miamis	-	-	-	Enahkee.
Indians of Penobscot and St. John's	-	-	-	Oleechee.
Acadians	-	-	-	Nepeden.
Onondagos	-	-	-	Eniage.
Oneidas	-	-	-	Osnoonzee.
Muskohge	-	-	-	Istinkeh.
Chikkasah	-	-	-	Ilhock.
Mexicans	-	-	-	Maytl.
Poconchi	-	-	-	Cam.

*Asiatic Nations.*

Akashini	-	-	-	Nak.
Altekeseck	-	-	-	Eenape.
Toungoosi	-	-	-	Naila
Another tribe	-	-	-	Nalee.
Another	-	-	-	Nala.

BLOOD.

*American Nations.*

Lenni-Lennape	-	-	-	Moocum.
Chippewas	-	-	-	Misquy, Miskow.

Minsi	-	-	-	-	Mocheum.
Mahicanni	-	-	-	-	Pucakan.
Shawnees	-	-	-	-	Misqueh, Musqui.
Pottawatameh	-	-	-	-	Musqueh.
Algonkins	-	-	-	-	Miscoue, Miskoo.
Sankikani	-	-	-	-	Mohocht.
Onondagos	-	-	-	-	Otquechsa.
Wyandots	-	-	-	-	Ingoh.
Cheersake	-	-	-	-	Kegore?
Muskohge	-	-	-	-	Chautauh.
Brasilians	-	-	-	-	Tagui.
Chilese	-	-	-	-	Mollbuen, Molvin.

*Asiatic Nations*

Tartars	-	-	-	-	Kagan.
Koriaki	-	-	-	-	Moollyamool.
Dugorri	-	-	-	-	Toog.

## ICE.

*American Nations.*

Chippewas	-	-	-	-	Mequarmer.
Mahicanni	-	-	-	-	Mooquaumeh.
Shawnees	-	-	-	-	Coone.
Pottawatameh	-	-	-	-	Mucquam.
Onondagos	-	-	-	-	Owissa.
Muskohge	-	-	-	-	Hittote.

*Asiatic Nations.*

Kazec	-	-	-	-	Meek.
Akashini	-	-	-	-	Meeh.

The preceding is a specimen, as ample as our limits will permit us to exhibit, of professor Barton's mode of proceeding in his comparison of the American and Asiatic languages. However exaltedly we may think of our author as a philosopher and a man of letters (and in this respect we yield to none of our countrymen) and however high our estimation of his ingenuity, industry and perseverance, in preparing and arranging the materials of the present essay, we are forced to observe, that, in our view of the subject, the result of his inquiry is by no means conclusive. Without attempting to vouch for its effect on the minds of others, and without intending the slightest detraction from the distinguished and well earned reputation of its author, we will be permitted to say, that his comparison has entirely failed to convince us of the original identity of the languages spoken by the nations of Asia and America. In one branch of his inquiry he has been more fortunate. His success

in pointing out a radical and striking affinity between many of the native languages of America, as professor Pallas had previously done in relation to many of those of Asia, must appear, we think, to every one complete and incontestable. We have said "many of the native languages of America," meaning to exclude from this number the language of the Mexicans, in particular, which appears to us to be essentially and strikingly different from every other with which it has been compared. From our present view of it (which, however, is, probably, much less extensive than that of our author) we think there are strong reasons for considering it an original language.

That professor Barton has pointed out a few resemblances between certain languages of America and some of those that are spoken by the northern Asiatics, is true. In our estimation, however, the number is too limited to serve as the basis of a doctrine touching so important a subject as the origin of nations. As far as appears from the professor's vocabularies, we cannot think the resemblances in question either too numerous or too striking, to be regarded as the result of mere accident. Fortuitous resemblances are by no means uncommon, and are frequently far from being either faint or equivocal, between most languages that have become objects of attention with men of letters. Between the Greek and the Latin language, in words which can be proved never to have been copied from the former into the latter, such resemblances are certainly numerous; much more so, we venture to assert, than the resemblances pointed out by professor Barton between any two languages contained in his vocabularies, the one an American, the other an Asiatic.—On the mere score, then, of a few apparent verbal affinities, as well might the professor contend, that the ancient Romans were descendents of the Greeks, as that the aborigines of America are descendents of the Asiatics.

We are the further confirmed in our opinion on this subject in consideration of its coincidence with that of the baron De Humboldt, one of the ablest writers that has ever exercised his pen on the natural history of the new world.

"All these conjectures, says the baron (conjectures respecting the Asiatic origin of the aborigines of America) will acquire more probability when



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a *marked analogy* shall be discovered between the languages of Tartary and those of the new continent; an analogy, which, according to the latest researches of Dr. B. Smith Barton, extends only to a *very small* number of words."

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On the general subject of the original peopling of America, we regret that our limits will not at present suffer us to dwell. It is a theme rich in matter that is curious and interesting, and, we think, also considerably instructive and important. We have never seen the question treated to our satisfaction; and doubt if it has been, at any time, considered in its full extent. It is perhaps, one of those pleasing phantoms in the history of mankind, destined to amuse our hopes, yet elude our researches. Admitting, however, its complete elucidation to be a point in science absolutely unattainable, it might notwithstanding, did time permit, be presented to the reader in certain lights which we believe to be new.

When considered in all its bearings and relations, the question of the original population of the new world, is not only difficult but remarkably complex. It evidently embraces that which relates to the causes of the variety in the stature, complexion and figure of the human race. The aboriginal tribes of America being found, even on a slight examination, to be strikingly dissimilar in their appearance to any of the existing inhabitants of Asia, it follows, of course, that, admitting them to have been primarily derived from that continent, they must have been very widely different at the period of their emigration, from what they are at the present time. It presents itself, then, as a question of the utmost difficulty, as well as of great moment to the present inquiry, what causes there are peculiar to the new world competent to the production of such signal mutations. Why should the descendents of Asiatic nations assume, in America, an appearance so widely different from that of their progenitors? We venture to assert, that a mere change of residence and climate, from the old world to the new, accompanied by all the alterations in the state of society and mode of living, which can be supposed to have occurred, would be a cause utterly inadequate to so extensive an effect.

To meet the general question in its full force, we must take the world precisely as we find it, marked by its present distribu-

tion of land and water. It is alike unworthy of philosophy and of the subject under consideration, to substitute conjecture for history, in supposing that the continents of Asia and America were, at some former period, united by land, where we now find them separated by upwards of a thousand leagues of ocean. Having no evidence that such an union ever existed, to suppose it in the present case would amount to a disingenuous evasion—an unmanly shrinking from the difficulties that present themselves. It would be an arbitrary and unjustifiable attempt to fashion the state of the globe to our mode of reasoning, instead of adapting our reasoning to the state of the globe.

We find, from voyages of discovery, that the continents of Asia and America approach each other at Behring's Straits, which are situated in the vicinity of the polar circle; and, in the present inquiry, we are not authorized to allege that they have ever been contiguous at any other point. Admitting, then, that the progenitors of the present nations of America came from Asia, it is in this high northern latitude, and at no other place, that they must have effected their passage. The original emigration, moreover, must have consisted of those who resided immediately adjacent to the Straits, and were somewhat versed in the art of navigation. Tribes from the interior of Asia, where the soil is more productive and the climate less rigorous, and where no surplus of population has ever existed, could have had no motive for penetrating into the barren, bleak, and inhospitable region, whose shores are washed by the Straits of Behring. Nor, had they even arrived at this arm of the sea, would they have ventured to pass it, ignorant as they are of the management of vessels.

It must have been the Kamtschadales alone, then, or some other people assimilated to them in stature and appearance (the whole of the maritime region in the north of Asia being inhabited by the same deformed and diminutive race) that originally emigrated into the continent of America, and became the parent stock of her future population. We perceive no possible, at least, no probable mode, by which the loftier and better formed inhabitants of the interior of Asia could ever have found their way into the new world. We believe, however, there are but

few philosophers who will seriously contend, that the tall, straight, and well proportioned tribes of America, who possess at the same time such a different complexion, are descendants of the squat and shapeless race, who people the north-eastern coast of Asia. Yet, according to the hypothesis of professor Barton, such must necessarily have been the origin of most of the aborigines of the new world.

Admitting however, that it were practicable to prove, that the present savage tribes of America are lineal descendants of the northern Asiatics, the question relative to the *original* population of the new world, would, still, in our estimation, remain unsettled. We are persuaded that there existed in America a race of men anterior to those by whom it was occupied, when first discovered by the nations of Europe. We feel further assured that this primary race was advanced in the arts of civilized and cultivated life, far beyond the attainments of either the present aborigines of our country, or the savage inhabitants of the north of Asia. This opinion we hold to be amply supported by the remains of those regular and well constructed fortifications, and the ruins of apparently large and once populous cities, which are every where found on the waters of the Mississippi. In relation to the founders of these mouldering yet venerable relics, the present savage inhabitants of our country do not possess even a tolerable tradition. Had they, however, been erected by the ancestors of this race, even at the earliest period of time, the event would not have been wholly effaced from their legendary chronicles.

Objections to the population of America, from the north of Asia, still stronger than any we have heretofore urged, might be drawn from the history of the inferior animals. Having, however, already far exceeded our intended limits, we are not insensible that the best amends we can make to our readers for the trespass we have so reluctantly committed on their patience, is to bring the article abruptly to a close. Yet this, in justice, we cannot do, without referring them to the essay of professor Barton, for much curious and interesting matter which we have been unable to notice.

C.

## EPISTOLARY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[We are enabled to present to our readers another very curious original letter from Dr. Franklin. Of its genuineness there can be no doubt; but the correspondent, to whose politeness we are indebted for it, having omitted to copy the direction, we are ignorant of the name of the lady to whom it is addressed.]

LETTER FROM DR. FRANKLIN.

*Paris, September 14, 1767.*

DEAR POLLY,

I AM always pleased with a letter from you; and I flatter myself, that you may be sometimes pleased with one from me, though it should be of little importance, such as this, which is to consist of a few occasional remarks made here, and on my journey hither.

Soon after I left you in that agreeable society at Bromley, I took the resolution of making a trip, with sir John Pringle, into France. We set out the 28th past. All the way to Dover we were furnished with post-chaises hung so as to lean forward, the top coming down over one's eyes like a hood, as if to prevent one's seeing the country, which being one of my greatest pleasures, I was engaged in perpetual disputes with the inn keepers and postilions about getting the straps taken up a hole or two before and let down as much behind, they insisting the chaise leaning forward was an ease to the horses, and that the contrary would kill them. I suppose the chaise leaning forward looks to them like a willingness to go forward, and that its hanging back shows a reluctance. They added their reasons that were no reasons at all, and made me, as upon a hundred other occasions, almost wish that mankind had never been endowed with a reasoning faculty, since they know so little how to make use of it, and so often mislead themselves by it; and that they had been furnished with a good sensible instinct instead of it.

At Dover the next morning we embarked for Calais with a number of passengers who had not been before at sea. They would previously make a hearty breakfast, because if the wind should fail, we might not get over till supper time. Doubtless they thought that when they had paid for their breakfast they had a right to it, and that when they had swallowed it they were

sure of it. But they had scarce been out half an hour before the sea laid claim to it; and they were obliged to deliver it up. So it seems there are uncertainties even beyond those between the cup and the lip. If ever you go to sea, take my advice, and live sparingly a day or two beforehand; the sickness, if any, will be lighter and sooner over. We got to Calais that evening.

Various impositions are suffered from boatmen, porters, &c. on both sides the water. I know not which are most rapacious, the English or the French; but the latter have with their knavery, the most politeness.

The roads we found equally good with ours in England, in some places paved with smooth stones, like our new streets, for many miles together, with rows of trees on each side; and yet there are no turnpikes. But then the poor peasants complained to us grievously that they were obliged to work upon the roads full two months in the year, without being paid for their labour; whether this is truth or no, or whether like Englishmen, they grumble, cause or no cause, I have not been able fully to inform myself.

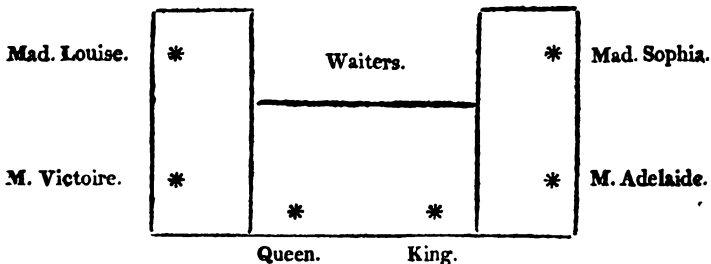
The women we saw at Calais, on the road to Bologne, and in the inns and villages, were generally of dark complexions; but arriving at Abbeville, we found a sudden change, a multitude both of women and men in that place appearing remarkably fair: whether this is owing to a small colony of spinners, wool-combers and weavers, brought hither from Holland with the woollen manufactory about sixty years ago, or to their being less exposed than in other places, their business keeping them much within doors, I know not. Perhaps, as in some other cases, different causes may club in producing the effect, but the effect itself is certain. Never was I in a place of greater industry, wheels and looms going in every house.

As soon as we left Abbeville the swarthiness returned. I speak generally; for here are some fair women at Paris, who I think are not whitened by art. As to rouge, they don't pretend to imitate nature in laying it on. There is no gradual diminution of the colour from the full bloom on the middle of the cheek to the faint tint near the sides; nor does it show itself differently in different faces. I have not had the honour of being at a lady's

toilet, to see how it is laid on; but I fancy I could tell you how it is, or may be done. Cut a hole of three inches diameter in a piece of paper; place it on the side of your face in such a manner as that the top of the hole may be just under your eye; then with a brush dipped in the colour, paint face and paper together; so when the paper is taken off, there will remain a patch of red exactly the form of the hole. This is the mode from the actress on the stage upwards, through all the ranks of ladies, to the princesses of the blood; but it stops there, the queen not using it, having in the serenity, complacency, and benignity that shine so eminently in (or rather through) her countenance, sufficient beauty though now an old woman, to do extremely well without it.

You see I speak of the queen, as if I had seen her, and so I have; for you must know I have been at court. We went to Versailles last Sunday, and had the honor of being presented to the king. He spoke to both of us very graciously and cheerfully, is a handsome man, has a very lively look, and appears younger than he is.

In the evening we were at the *Grand Couvert* where the family sup in public. The form of their sitting at table was this:



The table, as you see, was half a hollow square, the service gold. When either made a sign for drink, the word was given by one of the waiters *a boire pour le Roi*, or *a boire pour la Reine*, &c. Then two persons within the square approached, one with wine and the other with water, in the carafes; each drank a little glass of what they brought, and then put both the carafes, with a little glass on a salver and presented it.

The distance from each other was such as that three other chairs might have been placed between any two of them. An officer of the court brought us up through the crowd of spectators, and placed sir John so as to stand between the king and madame Adelaide, and me between the queen and madame Victoire. The king talked a good deal to sir John, asking many questions about our royal family; and did me too the honor of taking some notice of me. That's saying enough; for I would not have you think me so much pleased with this king and queen, as to have a whit less regard than I used to have for ours. No Frenchman shall go beyond me in thinking my own king and queen the very best in the world, and the most amiable.

Versailles has had infinite sums laid out in building it, and supplying it with water. Some say the expenses exceed eighty millions sterling. The range of buildings is immense. The garden front most magnificent, all of hewn stone; the number of statues, figures, urns, &c. in marble and bronze, of exquisite workmanship, is beyond conception; but the water-works are out of repair, and so is great part of the front next the town, looking with its shabby half brick walls, and broken windows, not much better than the houses in Durham yard. There is in short both at Versailles and Paris, a prodigious mixture of magnificence and negligence with every kind of elegance except that of cleanliness, and what we call *tidiness*; though I must do Paris the justice to say, that in two kinds of cleanliness they exceed us: the water they drink, though from the river, they render as pure as that of the best spring, by filtering it through cisterns filled with sand; and the streets by constant sweeping, are fit to walk in, though there is no paved foot-path. Accordingly many well-dressed people are constantly seen walking in them; the crowd of coaches and chairs is not so great; men, as well as women, carry umbrellas in their hands, which they extend in case of rain, or too much sun; and a man with an umbrella not taking up more than three feet square, or nine square feet, of the street, when, if in a coach, he would take up two hundred and forty square feet, you can easily conceive that though the streets here are narrower, they may be much less incumbered. They are

extremely well paved; and the stones, being generally cubes, when worn on one side, may be turned and become new.

The civilities we every where receive give us the strongest impressions of French politeness. It seems to be a point settled here universally, that strangers are to be treated with respect; and one has just the same deference shown one here, by seeing a stranger as in England, by being a lady—The custom-house officers at Porte St. Dennis, as we entered Paris, were about to seize two dozen of excellent Bourdeaux wine, given us at Bologne, and which we brought with us; but as soon as they found we were strangers, it was immediately remitted to us on that account.

At the church of Notre Dame, where we went to see a magnificent illumination, with figures, &c. for the deceased dauphiness, we found an immense crowd, who were kept out by the guards; but, the officer being told we were strangers from England, he immediately admitted us, accompanied, and showed us every thing. Why don't we practice this urbanity to Frenchmen? Why should they be allowed to outdo us in any thing?

Here is an exhibition of painting, &c. like ours in London, to which multitudes flock daily—I am not connoisseur enough to judge which has most merit—every night, Sundays not excepted, here are plays, or operas; and though the weather has not been hot, and the houses full, one is not incommoded by the heat so much as with us in winter; they must have some way of changing the air, that we are not acquainted with—I shall inquire into it.

Travelling is one way of lengthening lives, at least in appearance. It is but about a fortnight since I left London; but the variety of scenes we have gone through makes it seem equal to six months living in any one place. Perhaps I have suffered a greater change too, in my own person, than I could have done in six years at home. I had not been here six days before my taylor and peruquier had transformed me into a Frenchman. Only think what a figure I make in a little bag-wig, and naked ears! They told me, I had become twenty years younger, and looked very *gallant*; so being in Paris, where the mode is to be sacredly followed, I was once very near making love to my friend's wife.



This letter will cost you a shilling; and you may think it cheap when you consider that it cost me at least fifty guineas to get into the situation that enables me to write it. Besides I might if I had staid at home, have won, perhaps, two shillings of you at cribbage. By the way, now I mention cards, let me tell you that *quadrille* is quite out of fashion here; and English whist all the mode at Paris and the court.

And pray look upon it as no small matter, that surrounded as I am by the glories of the world, and by amusements of all sorts, I remember you and Dolly, and all the dear folks at Bromley. It is true I cannot help it, but must and ever shall remember you all with pleasure. Need I add that I am particularly,

My dear good friend,

Yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## TOUR THROUGH JAMAICA.

*Spanish Town, February, 1811.*

DEAR W.

I have reached, you perceive, another town. *Incedet Scyllam cufiens vitare Charybdem.* My journey to it was accompanied with a considerable degree of pleasure. The prospects on each side of me, as I advanced, were frequently beautiful, picturesque and romantic. The road from Kingston is a turnpike, and very fine. Logwood and other trees, natural to the tropics, are planted on each side, which contribute much to the romantic beauty of its appearance. Extensive lawns, checkered with mansion houses and negro cottages, and interspersed with cattle, grazing in every direction, constantly met the eye as I proceeded; and formed a scene of more pastoral simplicity than any of which the fabulous Arcadia had to boast.

Near Spanish Town, or *St. Jago de la Vega*, we crossed a river, which was called the Rio de Cobre by the Spaniards, and which still preserves its original name. Over this stream, (for

it is nothing more than a stream) they have thrown a cast-iron bridge, which they seem to consider as a perfect phenomenon in the mechanical world. The *Cobre* is beautifully romantic. It winds in a meandering and serpentine course around the outskirts of the town, and finally empties itself into the ocean. On each side arise trees of the most lovely form, and exquisite verdure, which decorate its banks and add embellishment to utility. This is the largest stream in the island. The colour of its water is that of copper, from which it has derived its name. In seasons of rain, which happen during the months of May and October, it swells to the magnitude of a river, and, with such rapidity, as to render it almost dangerous to pass. This happens during the rainy months to all the streams in the island, which, in a few hours, increase them so wonderfully as to make them almost totally impassible, and replete with the utmost danger. Instances are mentioned where travellers have been overtaken in the midst of the stream by an impetuous current, and swept to death, without the possibility of resistance or succor. These currents, which are occasioned by inundations, flow through extensive and picturesque glades, and frequently sink from view, in the bosom of valleys; and, in a short time, the water which might have been useful, totally disappears. Their rivers or streams are, from their physical situation, often strikingly beautiful and romantic; winding for miles through verdant glens, gliding between stupendous mountains, hurrying over huge and terrific precipices, in the form of cascades, and frequently disappearing, of a sudden, in the earth, and afterwards giving rise to other streams which pursue their wild and meandering course with the same irregularity and beauty.

The island is fortunately well watered. There are here, according to Long, the historian of Jamaica, two hundred rivers; but of these none are navigable for vessels of any magnitude. The water of these streams, even at their source, is to me perfectly unpalatable, though very pure and salubrious.

This island cannot boast of many medicinal springs, as the minerals calculated to give salubrity to the water are not very numerous. Yet, as in all other countries, there are *watering places* to which the inhabitants sometimes repair, much less to benefit health than to murder time.

St. Jago de la Vega is said to have been founded in the sixteenth century by Don Diego Columbus, the son of the far-famed but unfortunate discoverer of America. This town is delightfully situated; but its houses are, on the whole, mean antiquated, and inelegant. The most beautiful edifice of which perhaps the island can boast, is the governor's palace, which certainly possesses much elegance, and displays much taste. It is here they have fixed the seat of government. This, they say, was done to prevent the inhabitants of Kingston and Port Royal from having too great a portion of power and influence in the legislature of the island; but, in reality, it was nothing more than a finesse of the inland inhabitants of that quarter to increase the value of their property, and thus aggrandize their individual interests.

The duke of Manchester is the present governor of Jamaica. He resides generally in Spanish Town. He appears to be too fat and robust to possess much talent. His good nature, however, counterbalances the absence of genius; and he is beloved, if he is not esteemed. His annual salary is £5000 currency; and the perquisites of his other offices amount to 5000 more, making in all £10,000, or \$30,000 per annum. The governor is sole chancellor of the island, ordinary for granting letters of administration, and sole officer for the probate of wills and testaments. He is allowed, besides his usual salary, an extensive pen or plantation in the country, well stocked with provisions and negroes, from which he enjoys an annual income of £1,500. He does not appear to be very extravagant in his mode of living. The nobility of England are not his models. Like the majority of the inhabitants of the island, he is smitten with the prevalent passion, lust of wealth, and perhaps does not expend annually the fourth part of his enormous income.

To promote social intercourse and sexual union, the governor is allowed for the purpose of a ball or assembly once a year \$1500; but, either having an aversion to such amusements, or, like many of our theologians, deeming it an encouragement of vice and iniquity in the island, he very judiciously dispenses with it, and makes use of the money in supplying the extravagance of his lady, the dutchess, who is, I understand, like the wo-

men of *ton* in England, where gambling is no crime, a perfect adept in the management of dice and the shuffling of cards.

I shall not pretend to vouch for the correctness of this assertion. I heard it, however, from a source, the respectability of which leaves no room to doubt its truth; and you are at liberty to draw from it what inference you please respecting the character of the governor of Jamaica.

The legislature of the island, which is also held in this town, is composed of a commander in chief, a council of twelve appointed by the king, and a house of assembly, which consists of forty-three members. These members are elected by the voters of the island, who, by the by, must each possess a freehold of £10 per annum before they are by law entitled to vote. No one can be a representative who has not an estate of £3000 a year, or personal property to the same amount. Every law which has obtained the assent of the governor is held valid until it be disapproved of by the crown. Their laws are similar to those of the mother country, except in a few instances where local circumstances and situation rendered particular alterations necessary.

There is here a court of judicature, which is called the *Grand Court*, and is composed of gentlemen who reside in the island.—The president of this assembly is the chief justice of Jamaica. On every action above £300 there is an appeal to the governor and his council; but if the case be felony, or any crime punishable with death, to the governor alone.

The most lucrative office in the island appears to be that of the clerk of the supreme court. This office is held, like most others in Jamaica, by a crown patent; and its duties executed by deputation. It is supposed to be worth £12,000 currency.—Its possessor perhaps has never seen the island, and very judiciously resides where his enjoyments are more numerous and his sources of gratification less circumscribed. It is said that there are many other sinecures of this sort held by patent and commission, and executed by deputies that remit to the holders in Great Britain the enormous sum of £40,000 per annum.

In Spanish Town is held constantly the office of enrolments, in which the laws of the island are recorded; and also wills, deeds, patents and sales. From this office it is necessary for

every person who has resided six weeks in the island to obtain a passport before he takes his departure; and the captain who admits him as a passenger without receiving such passport, is liable to a penalty of £1000.

Jamaica was, at one period, under military law; the remains of which still continue in the office of provost marshal-general. This is an office of great prerogative, and is granted by the crown.

The authorities of the provost general are numerous, and his powers various and extensive. Like most office-holders, he resides in England and acts by proxy, which he finds a more pleasant and less fatiguing mode of discharging the duties of his official situation.

The inns here are execrable; and the accommodations are wretched in the extreme. You are frequently left alone in a room for hours; and if you be in want of any thing, you are under the necessity of going over every part of the house to look for a servant to procure it. I was an hour waiting for breakfast, after I had called for it, the morning on which I arrived; and when it was served up, it was scarcely eatable. The inn-keeper, too indolent or too proud to attend himself to the business of the house, leaves its management entirely to his black or mulatto mistress, who, elevated by the pride of so honourable a distinction, with reluctance condescends to order her slaves to attend to your wants. These slaves, having been accustomed to a jargon to me unintelligible, it is with the utmost difficulty you can make them comprehend you, and are therefore obliged to communicate your meaning by signs. There are, however, private lodging-houses, in which you are better accommodated, but in which the same solitude prevails. These are kept generally by mulatto women, who deem it a mark of arrogance and presumption to enter into conversation with their guests, and thus to interrupt their solitary meditations. These miserable wretches seem to regard a white man as a superior being, and approach him with all the humility of reverence.—They have none of that loquacity, which some of our officious hostesses possess; and unless you address them, they will observe the most respectful and rigid silence. Adieu.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## REMARKS ON VARIOUS OBJECTS OF THE FINE ARTS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I SEE with great pleasure, inserted in *The Port Folio*, from an expensive English publication of considerable merit, the outlines of several pictures by artists of eminence. I hope this will be continued; for I am well persuaded that all the means of cultivating with effect, correct taste and just sentiment, are objects of national importance. "*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes, emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*" Some people in this country, employ the little remains of learning they possess in decrying the study of the Greek and Latin classics, as an useless waste of time—others, who would look with equal emotions of pleasure, on the Laocoon or the Belvidere Apollo, and a barber's block, or the painted head of a China mandarin, wonder what earthly good can arise from an Academy of arts, or how the world is to be improved by a mutilated Torso. It is the characteristic of ignorance, to look at every object, as insulated and unconnected; and to expect a visible and tangible reply to the "*cui bono,*" of the finest specimen of art, or the most promising discovery in science.

Those however who have attended to the history of mankind are well aware, that the most powerful have also been the most polished people: and that the men, who best knew the true sources of national strength and national wealth, have also given the most deliberate encouragement to the elegant productions of the fine arts, as well as to the profound investigations of philosophy. A correct taste and a correct judgment in one department of knowledge, leads to the exercise of the same qualities in another: and we have universally found among the nations of antiquity, as well as in modern times, that all the higher sources of innocent gratification, and mental luxury—all that can soften human manners or embellish human intercourse, has been concomitant with all that can ennoble the human character. The fine arts and the belles lettres delight in the company of wisdom and science: in no nation has the one been cultivated with great success, without the other. Ancient Greece and ancient Rome, modern France and modern Britain, furnish conclusive

evidence of this truth. If then the arts of poetry and painting and architecture and music, gradually flourish, as wealth and power and wisdom and science gain ground, there must be, as there is, some necessary connexion between these attainments; for if there be an axiom in metaphysics, it is, that constant concomitance affords the only proof of necessary connexion.

I rejoice therefore that such men, as West and Copley, and Turnbull were Americans, little as we profit by this nationality. I reflect with pleasure on such a collection even as that of Mr. Hamilton at the Woodlands, as a private one, very respectable in any country; and I look forward with patient hope, to the consequences we may reasonably expect in a few years, from such an institution as the *academy of arts*. Frugal, even to parsimony, as the representatives of Pennsylvania are, and perhaps ought to be, I do not despair of their being brought to think ere long, that a few thousand dollars appropriated to the objects of that institution, would not be an appropriation devoid of national utility. Should this be the case, I hope the managers would then venture to turn out the overgrown daubing of Mr. West, and the gloomy paintings of Smirke, by no means so valuable as the engravings to which they have given birth. How Mr. Barlow could think of employing the Hogarthian talents of Mr. Smirke, to delineate the sombre subjects on which his pencil has been employed for the Columbiad, I could never divine. I hope they are not exhibited as specimens of coloring or excellence in the execution. In that very fine engraving of the prison-ship by Schavoretù, the arm stretched out, instead of being the arm of a famished man, is that of a brawny well-fed blacksmith. I do not recollect whether the original exhibits the same fault. If it does, it is unpardonable in Smirke, who must have contemplated with great delight the exquisitely painted hand of the dying cardinal de Beaufort, in sir Joshua Reynolds's picture, hung up in the same room with Mr. Smirke's master Slender, and his Falstaff's ragged regiment. It is in this picture of sir Joshua's, that I find great fault with the devil, for poking up his head from behind the cardinal's pillow, in the midst of so much good company. He might have waited patiently, till the cardinal was actually dead. By the way also (for I find that wanderings and garrulity greatly

increase with declining years) Smirke's Mrs. Ann Page, "I pray you sir, walk in," and Stodhart's Mary Queen of Scots' receiving the news of her approaching execution, are the finest and most characteristic specimens I have seen, of the attitude, manner, physiognomy, and style of beauty of the English female character. Another remark I would make in the nature of an aside speech in a play (not that I have any mercy on the aside speeches of other writers than myself) which is, that although Smirke's prison-ship is well imagined, with the exception above made, yet I greatly doubt about the propriety of exhibiting in a public institution a painting calculated to keep alive animosities that ought now to be forgotten. If our ancestors, on the one side or the other, were unjust, cruel, and ferocious, it is no sufficient reason why we should imbibe the same spirit.

I wish the Academy were able, with the consent of the proprietors, to purchase and concentrate in that institution the collection of Mr. Hamilton, and some few things worth looking at in Philadelphia. Such as the tribute money by Reubens, a cabinet picture belonging to Mr. Sansom, certainly of great merit. My eye is no longer skilled in the mechanical part of the art, sufficiently to decide whether it be an original or not. This must be judged of by the freedom or otherwise, of the handling and the outline; for an experienced eye, will generally detect some stiffness in a copy. But the story is well told; and the group of character is that of a master. I have seen in Philadelphia, two very fine flower-pieces, which however inferior this style of painting may be, are not to be despised as specimens of skilful execution. The outline in a late Port Folio, of the Madonna della Sedia, Seglia, or Seggliola, does not give the youthful innocent simplicity of the painting. I speak of copies only: of which there are two in the city, one by an Italian artist in the possession of Mr. Smith (a gentleman of highly cultivated taste, and to whom the Academy is greatly indebted) and another by Mr. Sully in his own possession. It is a very pleasing representation of quiet, untutored, good-tempered rustic simplicity in the mother; and the child promises, if he grows up, to make a good-looking sturdy ploughman. For although this be a picture of the divine Raffaele's, I cordially accede to Dr. Moore's criticism (travels . v. 2. p. 475.)



Fine paintings are expensive, and not easily procured. Till the funds of the Academy admit of the purchase of paintings, why not import engravings of the first order? There are in Philadelphia several Italian engravings from the pictures of good masters, such as the Aurora, the St. John, and Madonnas of Guido. The St. John of Guido, in my opinion, is superior to Raphael's St. John, in the Christ Church library at Oxford; and his Madonnas, are certainly more interesting than Raphael's. There is no painter, in my opinion, so perfectly master of the *physionomie spirituelle*, as Guido; which is well preserved in all the prints. Philadelphia, also, in the apartments of some of its citizens who have travelled with taste and intelligence in their train, possesses excellent engravings, from some other great masters, such as the Supper of Veronese, some engravings from Cortona, the Madonna della Sedia, &c. all which I should rejoice to see in the room of the Academy: for although they do not exhibit the magic effect of coloring, they inform us in what manner, and with what concomitants, the best artists have told their story. There are also in Philadelphia, two copies of that most superb specimen of engraving the Louis XVI of Bervic, whom I believe the sanguinary spirit of the French revolutions has spared to the arts. There is also one copy of John Hunter, the anatomist, the chef d'œuvre of Mr. Sharp, certainly the best stroke engraver in England, if not in Europe. I know not that the art of engraving has hitherto produced any thing to equal these specimens, which are fit to adorn any apartments, public or private, where taste is permitted to preside.

I much wish also, that the Academy possessed the prints from *ancient* paintings, by *Turnbull*, and *Bellori*, although the engravings are devoid of merit, they are extremely instructive on the subject of ancient art. Turnbull's is general, and contains the marriage preserved in the Aldobrandini palace, the best of the ancient frescos. Bellori (see *Græv. Collect.* v. 12) published the paintings in the sepulchre of the Nasonii in the Flaminian way. Mr. Smith, already mentioned, with the respect due to his correct taste, and great knowledge of painting and sculpture, brought over an extremely interesting set of drawings, exhibiting the actual state and style of ornaments in the compartments of an ancient Roman house, either from Herculaneum or Pompeia. Such

things would interest and inform, if the Academy could procure similar copies.

Turnbull and Bellori, remind me of a subject, which, in fact, has induced me to scribble these unconnected remarks.

For some years, there has been exhibited in Philadelphia, a painting by Wertmuller, a Jupiter and Danae. The painting has some merit in point of execution. I highly value the art of painting. It is a source of great pleasure: it is more: it may be employed to the best purposes of public good, by recording great men and great actions, with all the circumstances likely to give effect to the story, and through the eye to speak to the heart. Who does not regret that no national tribute has been paid to the memory of general Washington, by the hand of an historical painter, or sculptor of adequate talent? Painting contributes also to all the endearing associations of social life, in the portraits of those we love, whether regretted among the dead, or gazed on with delight among the living. Who does not feel the appositeness of the story related by Pliny, as the origin of portrait painting: a female tracing her lover's shadow on the wall? But this noble art is basely perverted and abused, when it is made a pander to those desires, that public expediency requires to be controlled, and when employed to portray those scenes, that public decorum requires to be shut out from the eye of day. Is it any credit to the art, or any credit to the city, that a picture should be publicly exhibited, which no modest woman would venture to contemplate in the presence of a man? and that particular days should be set apart by public advertisement, when the female sex have the exclusive privilege of indulging their culpable curiosity? A curiosity certainly excited rather by the nature of the subject than the merit of the artist. Would Stewart's general Washington prove equally lucrative and attractive?

This is not all. The painting itself is a gross and impudent plagiarism. It is stolen. I know painters make no great scruples about this. Sir Joshua Reynolds stole his count Ugolino. So I am persuaded did Fuseli his witches, from a painting I saw at Versailles. But these men embellish what they borrow. Quod tetigerunt, ornauerunt. Wertmuller's own share of the pic-

ture, affords decisive evidence of want of sense, want of taste, and want of decency.

I had occasion many years ago, to cite the collections of Turnbull and Bellori (3 Manch. Trans. 517) with allusion to the color employed in the original fresco painting of which the second or third of Turnbull's is a copy. Wertmuller's female, her attitude, the apartment, the couch, the drapery, the ornaments, and I believe the exact coloring of each particular part (for Turnbull gives it) are to be found there. Wertmuller has made some additions.

First he has converted a mere representation of a naked female figure, reclining (and not immodestly) on a couch, into that of Danae: and endeavoured to represent a lover in the form and shape of a shower of gold. The allegory of the story of Danae, illustrative of the power of gold over the female heart, is well enough: probably too just in many instances. But that a man should be weak enough to attempt a literal representation of it, shows that he wanted both sense and taste. Secondly. There is no remarkable expression in the homely countenance represented by Turnbull. Wertmuller, has delineated a face of vulgar lasciviousness, without one feature to express the slightest passion of ardor, intelligence, or passion. I cannot condemn the feelings, which the scenes are intended by nature mutually to inspire. They may be violent, vulgar, selfish, merely animal; and they may be, as they sometimes are, the foundation of the noblest and most disinterested conduct, and the sources of the highest, the purest, and the chastest pleasure. But it is not for the public good that they should be needlessly and unnaturally excited, or that the eyes of our youth of both sexes, should be debauched, by the public exhibition of wanton delineations.

I do not know whether Turnbull, is among the collections of the Academy, but I know that it is in the city at Mr. Sansom's and that a reference to it will justify these remarks.

T. C.

*Carlisle.*

POLITE LITERATURE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## COLLINS'S ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

MR. EDITOR,

It has been remarked of the celebrated *Ode on the Passions*, that Love is not personified in it, and the author has not escaped repeated censure for his supposed omission. Dr. Langhorne's short sketch of the life of Collins, closes with the following paragraph: "It is observable that none of his poems bear the marks of an amorous disposition, and that he is one of those few poets who have sailed to Delphi, without touching at Cythera. The allusions of this kind that appear in his *Oriental Eclogues* were indispensable in that species of poetry; and it is very remarkable that in his *Passions*, an *Ode for Music*, Love is omitted, though it should have made a principal figure there."

The writer of this article, with due deference to the opinions of those critics who have preceded him, must beg leave to differ from them: and while he attempts to prove that Collins has personified the passion of Love graphically, he will not assert that they have read him superficially; but on the contrary have been led into their opinion by an error in the grammatical construction of the sentence wherein Love is introduced. It may be well to analyze slightly the ode.

When Music was young, and exercised her art in early Greece, the Passions often thronged around her dwelling to listen to her strains. Such was their wonderful effect, that once they were inspired to madness, and snatching from the surrounding myrtles her tuneful instruments, each attempted to draw forth sounds expressive of his disposition or power. The first who seized the lyre was Fear—the next Anger, with his eye of fire—Despair succeeded—then Hope. Revenge becoming impatient threw down his sword, and taking the trumpet blew an awful blast. Pity with a dejected countenance sat at his side, and vainly endeavoured to soften his ferocity by her soul-subduing voice. The numbers of Jealousy were fixed to no one subject, but were perpetually changing. Melancholy sat retired, and poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul. Cheerfulness blew an inspiring air, which

aroused the sprightly train of the woods, who came tripping along, delighted with the melody.

Last came the trial of Joy: he advanced to the pipe; but when he perceived the viol, whose voice he better loved, he awaked its entrancing notes. They who heard the strain would have *thought* that they saw in the vale of Tempé her native maids, dancing amidst the bowers to the music of some unwearied minstrel, whilst, as the fingers of Joy touched the strings, Love, in conjunction with Mirth, formed a gay circle: (composed of Dryads, &c.) the tresses of the latter were loose, her zone was unbound; and Love, amidst his frolic play, as if he would recompense Joy for the charming air, shook fragrance from his wings.

Here we find Love distinctly performing his part in the drama. It was not necessary to cause him to seize the lyre or the pipe, it was enough that his associate Joy was employed in the tuneful exercise, whilst *he* contributed to the general hilarity of the moment by the mirthful circle that they formed, and by the delight that his presence afforded.

Though love be a primary passion, and ought, in the opinion of many, to occupy a corresponding place in the ode, yet, in my opinion, the poet has judiciously touched on it last, and then very slightly. What could have been said of Love. That he was at times under the influence of Fear or Doubt, Despair, Hope, Jealousy, Melancholy, or Joy? These Passions have all in their turn been introduced as musicians, and have succeeded very well. Hence the author, to avoid a pleonasm, has represented Love as being so much delighted with the strains of Joy, that he shook odors from his wings. Or, in other words, he employed his divine powers in enlivening the desponding, soothing the turbulent, and encouraging the timorous.

A supplementary stanza to the ode on the Passions was composed by one who thought that the poem was deficient, and published in *The Port Folio*, new series, vol. 2, page 278. To those who are curious to behold an example of verbosity I refer the above mentioned stanza, in which, contrary to prescription, Love is personified in the feminine gender.

The writer of this article has somewhere seen another attempt at amending, but cannot recollect where.

The text may be thus read:

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,  
 But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.  
 They would have thought, who heard the strain  
 They saw in Tempé's vale her native maids,  
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
 While, as *Joy's* flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round;  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

G.

#### THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Their various uses meaner toils commend,  
 And Commerce finds in every want a friend;  
 Like plants of bold and vigorous growth, they bear  
 Spontaneous fruit, and ask but room and air;  
 But ARTS, a tribe of sensitives, demand  
 A hot-house culture, and a kinder hand;  
 A TASTE to cherish every opening charm  
 A shade to shelter, and a sun to warm:

#### LIFE OF CORREGIO.

IN the enumeration of the different schools of painting, that of Lombardy must not be forgotten. We have already noticed the imposing grandeur of the Florentine, the less ostentatious but more fascinating dignity of the Roman, and the more splendid and captivating attraction of the Venetian pencil. A void was still left, which was at last filled by Antonio Allegri, better known by the name of Corregio. Of the parentage, birth, and character of this illustrious artist, it is difficult to speak.

Whether the garland wrought by the hand of Fame was twined around his living temples, or whether the flowrets were scattered on his grave "to waste their sweetness on the desert air," remains a question that has eluded the most indefatigable inquiry. The search has answered no other purpose than to multiply contradictions. This artist has been represented alternately by his admirers as the favorite and the outcast of fortune, as enjoying the smiles and encountering the frowns of the world, as reaping the full harvest of patronage, and dying while in the art of gleanings a few solitary sheaves. Nothing is more probable than that his admirers have availed themselves of the obscurity of his origin and superadded poverty and misfortune, to heighten our reverence for his genius. Calling to mind what Horace says of Roman grandeur, "merges profundo, melior evenit," they have, it is conceived, darkened his life by the clouds of misfortune, to make his genius blaze more brilliant by the contrast.

According to the most authentic accounts Antonio Allegri was born in the year 1494, and was called Corregio from the village where he was born. He was patronized by Francisco Bianchi, a painter of some eminence, but he is reported to have derived his characteristic excellencies from his own native genius alone. Some authors assert that he never studied antique, that he never had even a curiosity to visit Rome, and consult the productions of the great masters of the pencil. Others contradict this opinion, and appeal to his paintings, where they pretend to discover evidence that he had visited Rome, Florence, and studied the works of Raphael, Da Vinci and Titian. This evidence is, from its nature, inconclusive, and unsatisfactory, as it may be resorted to with equal confidence to prove that the native genius of Corregio was capable of discovering and combining the separate excellencies of those admired artists without a contemplation of their works. Leaving every one on, this point, free to indulge his own conjectures, it is admitted by all that the pencil of Corregio was early distinguished for blending the force of truth with the most consummate delicacy of coloring. His figures were soft and round; and the outline was not harsh; and the heads of his Madonnas in a wonderful degree united grandeur with grace. He is supposed to have brought the art of

foreshortening to perfection; and the heads, hands and feet of his figures, are touched with such unrivalled delicacy and uniformity of tone, that they seem all to have been done at one sitting. Some critics have asserted that, by a too liberal use of red and blue, he impaired the bodies of his figures, by shading them, so that they appear to mingle and amalgamate. This very property of his pencil is cited by other critics as a marked and distinguishing beauty. His bodies were painted well; but he avoided those smart strokes denominated the *bravura* of the pencil. Every figure contributes to a general effect, and instead of standing by itself, is made like man, a social, and not a selfish animal. Many of the paintings are done on leaf gold, to give them superior mellowness and lustre. He finished the cupola in the cathedral of Parma; and his works there were distinguished for nobleness of design, brilliancy of imagination, and boldness of foreshortening. In one of the chambers, the virgin Mary and her Infant are made the subjects of his pencil. Mary Magdalen is represented in the act of kissing our Saviour's feet, while St. Jerom, is standing a spectator of the ceremony. The complexion of all are beautifully varied according to their different ages and characters; and the head of the Magdalen is admirable for delicacy and tenderness of tints; and the extremities of the group, are finished with incomparable grace. There is notwithstanding, in this piece, two instances of glaring anachronisms. The painter trespassed on historic truth in making the Magdalen pay this homage to an *infant Saviour*, and still more violently, when he introduced St. Jerom as a spectator. Such license is altogether unwarrantable, and destroys the very object of the painter, by mingling incredulity with subjects the most awful and sacred. Two of the most celebrated pieces of this artist are a *Leda* and a *Venus*. The figures are entirely naked, and the carnations are so inimitably soft and tender, they seem to be indued not merely with the hue, but the warmth, pliability, and juiciness of real flesh. Each of these figures is furnished with a landscape of almost unrivalled beauty. In one of these paintings two lovely Cupids are seen applying their golden and leaden arrows on a tomb-stone. A lucid stream pours from an adjoining rock and flows over the feet of the Cyprian goddess,



so inimitably clear and transparent that, instead of concealing, it heightens the delicacy and softness of the flesh.

“Harmony was the sovereign mistress of Corregio.” Of the principle of *chiaro oscuro*, as applied to the whole work, and not to particular and detached spots, he was undoubtedly the inventor. We shall be better understood if we explain this by contrasting his style with Tintoretto’s. He divided his canvas into separate masses of splendor and darkness, and joined the fiercest extremes. Corregio, though he often employed an opposition as strong, studied what is with great propriety denominated *repose*. He occupied the space between these two extremes by softening tints and demi-tints, and formed, if we may be allowed the expression, a sort of passage for the eye. The vision was thus led along by gentle gradations from brilliancy to darkness, without encountering the fierce blaze of Tintoretto. Corregio thus gave to his forms a harmony and grace so unrivalled, that those qualities have since been denominated *Corregiesque* in honor of their inventor. His most celebrated piece, The Nativity, is distinguished for one happy thought, which, perhaps, has never been exceeded. The light appears to emanate from the body of our Infant, and illuminates the face of the smiling mother and the surrounding shepherds. Whether it is considered as allegorical, or as a natural expression of divinity, it must be allowed to be one of those happy hints occasionally suggested by genius, and which no subsequent meditation is capable of improving. In the same picture the nurse is represented as veiling her eyes with her hand, as if unable to bear the divine effulgence. This fortunate conceit, is said to have enraptured Julio Romano. Corregio died in the year 1534, in consequence, as it is asserted of overheating himself in carrying home a sack of half-pence, which he had received for one of his most esteemed productions. He is considered as the founder of the first Lombard school, which, after his death, underwent a sudden and important revolution. His immediate successors were the Caracci, the most distinguished family in the history of the arts.

## LIFE OF LUDOICO CARACCI.

LUDOICO CARACCI, was born in the year 1555. His father was a butcher; but observing the taste of his son for the fine arts, contrived the means of affording him an education suitable to his ambition. While this young student was on his travels, he studied the works of Julio Romano, Parmigiano, Corregio, and the painters of Venice. From the different styles of these great masters, he endeavoured to perfect what he had previously acquired in the school of Fontana. Returning to Bologna, the place of his nativity, he took under his patronage his two cousins, Augustino and Hannibal Caracci, and imparted to them the rudiments of his art. Delighted with their proficiency, he does not appear to have entertained a suspicion of any competition from either. He allowed to Hannibal a room in his own house, encouraged him both by precept and example, supplied all his wants, and furnished him with the means of travelling for still further improvement.

The two brothers, whose lives were spent in alternate quarrels and reconciliations, the benevolent Ludoico, attempted to pacify, and often with effect.

On the return of Hannibal from his travels, Ludoico saw and felt his superiority, and with an amiable condescension submitted to receive lessons from his former pupil. They shortly after painted in concert, and their performances were at first much decried by the Bolognese artists. Ludoico, always diffident and mistrustful of his own talents, was ready to resign his judgment; but the sturdier intrepidity of Hannibal prevailed. They disposed at first gratuitously of their pictures, until they caught at last the admiration of connoisseurs, and from that moment the cavils of invidious criticism were silent. When Hannibal was employed in his great work, the decoration of the Farnesian gallery, he was anxious to avail himself of the councils of Ludoico, who, for that purpose, repaired from Bologna to Rome. He assisted him by his advice, encouraged him to proceed, and finally returned to Rome, where he lived beloved and admired, until his death, which happened in the year 1619.

On religious subjects his pencil was eminently happy. The heads of his Madonnas are endowed with wonderful grace, and have a beautiful simplicity that warms and fascinates every heart. On all grave subjects he surrounded his figures with a sober and meditating twilight, more calculated, than the splendid sunshine of Titian, to impress the mind of the spectator with correspondent solemnity and awe.

His works have now faded by the touches of time almost to evanescence; but still enough remains to admire and regret. In the church at Bologna, dedicated to Madonna di Galiera, there is a painting in fresco from the hand of this artist entitled an *Ecce Homo*. Pilate is seen in the attitude of washing his hands; while amidst the rage and malice of the Jews, their suspicious apprehensions of a supernatural personage, is powerfully expressed, and nobly contrasted with the mild, patient, saint-like aspect of the victim. In the church of St. Leonardo, the grand altar piece is from the hand of this master; the subject is the martyrdom of St. Ursula and Leonardo; it consists of a group of figures in excellent attitudes, and the draperies are cast with peculiar grace and beauty. There is likewise to be seen in the same city his head of St. John: the countenance seems to breathe inspiration, and is heightened by the happy union of strength and sweetness which the coloring exhibits. Many other much admired pieces by the same hand are to be found at Bologna, and amongst the rest a transfiguration, and the conversion of St. Paul.

#### LIFE OF AUGUSTINO CARACCI.

AUGUSTINO CARACCI, was the son of a tailor, and the brother of Hannibal; he was born at Bologna, in the year 1588. While, in company with his brother, he was receiving instruction from Ludoico, he gave many proofs of a temper naturally warm, capricious and lively.

Fluctuating and unsettled, he devoted himself to a variety of inhospitable and uncongenial studies,—poetry, music, dancing, mathematics, engraving and painting, all occupied his attention by turns, and were, with the same alacrity, pursued and abandon-

ed. This capricious levity attended him through life, and was the parent of many fraternal squabbles. The two brothers were always quarrelling in each others presence, and always repining in each others absence, so that it was ludicrously said they could neither live together, nor apart.

Augustino, having found that Hannibal held a decided superiority in the pencil, his irritable genius took alarm, and resolving to maintain an ascendancy some where, he devoted himself to engraving from spite. This quarrel was finally reconciled; and Augustino attended his brother to Rome, and materially assisted him in his labours in the Farnesian palace. This reconciliation, however, only gave birth to a new controversy, which was inflamed by Jachone, a pupil of Hannibal's, and eventuated in their separation again.

It gives us pain to record the melancholy fact, that this unhappy separation was final. It may serve, at least as a warning not to indulge such petty resentments where so much affection still remains. Augustino fell into a melancholy state, and died for grief at Parma, in the year 1602. Hannibal was truly affected by his loss, and erected a monument to his memory.

Augustino spent much time in executing an engraving of Tintoretto's crucifixion, and it is singular that he should, since the principal merit of that piece lay, as has been before remarked, in the awful twilight that surrounds the figure, indicating the supernatural character of the victim, a character of beauty to the expression of which engraving is perhaps inadequate. His own paintings possessed considerable learning, elegance of form, and a colour highly *Corregiesque*. One of his most beautiful pieces is the communion of St. Jerom, preserved in the *char-treux* at Bologna, and executed after his return from Venice. The heads possess an uncommon character of sublimity. He attempted a series of paintings for the palace of the duke of Mantua, but was prevented by death from their accomplishment. His patron was so well pleased, that he would never suffer the work to be finished by the hand of any other artist.

## LIFE OF HANNIBAL CARACCI.

HANNIBAL CARACCI, was born in the year 1560. In the outset of his life, he felt no desire of advancement; but still there was a conscious superiority that his mind was above the business of a tailor, in which he was then engaged. His father observing this, placed him under a goldsmith, and then under Ludoico to learn the art of drawing.

Here he felt for the first time this mystery of his previous sensations explained, his former habits were struggling against the current of nature at every effort, his present glided with the stream. While employed with his needle, he often expressed a confident persuasion that he should achieve something for posterity to admire; but he could not conjecture what that something was to have been. Of one thing he was certain however, that this was not to be accomplished by his present employment. Such ideas are not uncommon to men of genius, long before they have undertaken what secures to them the admiration of posterity. Milton expressed the same persuasion as Hannibal did, a long time before he had entertained a thought of his immortal poem.

Ludoico, soon discovered that he had the tutilage of a genius beyond his own—his plunging industry was disposed to dare all the depths of the art. The lectures of Corregio, the instruction and example of Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto, with both of whom he had formed an acquaintance, explained what Ludoico was unable to do.

Hannibal returned from his travels, rich with the stores of such various knowledge; applied himself assiduously to his art, and soon became the pride and boast of Bologna. He had never yet trod on classic ground, and amidst all his celebrity, he was still anxious to explore the treasures of Rome. That favourite moment which seemed to form the boundary of his wishes, was delayed by fortune no longer. Cardinal Farnese desirous of painting the gallery of his palace at Rome, and the duke of Parma his brother, both warmly pressed Hannibal to undertake the task. He accepted with enthusiasm the offer, and set out with a chosen number of pupils from an academy which he had previously

founded. So anxious<sup>s</sup> was Hannibal to engage in this important work, so full of the hope of transmitting his name to posterity, that he quite forgot to make any stipulation with the cardinal with regard to the expense. Fearing least he should fail in the practical department of his designs, he took with him to Rome, Agucchi, his intimate friend, and a man whose learning was considerable.

He likewise solicited assistance from the friendship of his cousin and his brother, which was cordially rendered by both. In short, the completion of this gallery formed the apex of his ambition, and he laboured for ten years with undiminished zeal in the service of the cardinal.

Poussin who surveyed this magnificent work, exclaimed that Hannibal was the only painter that existed since the time of Raphael, and that in this work he not only surpassed all other painters, but even himself.

At length the important moment arrived when he put his finishing hand to the pencil, and when he looked for the reward of his labours. For this he received from the hands of the cardinal according to some authors, five, or, as others assert, three hundred crowns. He was too proud to complain, but notwithstanding his disinterestedness was extreme, he was deeply mortified, and felt the most lively resentment. He almost renounced the exercise of the pencil, and nothing but his necessities could compel him to resume it afterwards. He abandoned Rome, which had thus been made the theatre of such towering hopes and such cruel disappointments. He journeyed to Naples, and attempted by change of objects to recruit his broken spirits; but the sting was implanted so deeply to be extracted by such means. Melancholy followed him like his shadow in his journey; and on his return to Rome his malady increased.

He now had recourse to that awful substitute, so often resorted to by dejected genius, intemperance and debauchery. Like Raphaël, he fell a martyr to such criminal indulgence, in the year 1609, and in the forty-ninth year of his age. He expressed the warmest admiration for the genius of that artist, and desired to be buried near his remains, not, as he said, because he believed his talents entitled him to such honour, but to testify his high

eneration for his character. Thus lived, and thus died, unquestionably one of the first painters of his age.

The beautiful picture whence the annexed engraving is taken, is from the pencil of Hannibal Caracci. The Infant in the arms of his mother is enjoying profound repose. St. John appears in the act of caressing him; while the Virgin, by an expressive sign, desires him not to disturb the slumber. It was painted originally on wood, and is not more than a foot in extent. The drawing is correct, and touched with uncommon felicity of tint.

It becomes now difficult to assign to each of these painters his proper work, as they were often all engaged in the same piece. All of them have notwithstanding a decided character of their own. The style of Ludoico was emblematic of his character, modest, simple and full of sweetness, seldom aspiring to elegance, yet whenever it did, attended with enviable success. The figures free from all dramatic strut and artificial attitude, possess a serene and unconscious dignity more bewitchingly sweet for their simplicity. Augustino possessed more truth of colouring, more correctness, a taste more rigid than Hannibal or Ludoico, but he lacked the fire of the one, and the fascinating sweetness of the other. Hannibal was superior to both in fire, invention, and strength of execution, but inferior in delicacy, and judgment. The three Marys weeping over the body of our Saviour, is the joint effort of these artists; and it combines with wonderful harmony the excellencies of drawing, chiaro oscuro, colouring and composition to a degree that has seldom been surpassed. Ludoico, sometimes succeeded in the hardier tones of his art. Such is the flagellation of our Saviour in the church of St. John the Baptist, where the depths of the flesh tints, contrasted with the blue of the sky produce an electric astonishment and horror. Hannibal with all the redundancy of his genius, entangled his pencil in the diversity of styles that he had adopted. At Rome he studied basso relievos, and ancient statues with such attention, that he renounced his beautiful carnations, his warm, glowing and mellow tints, for a style too monumental, cold and correct. After several attempts he became convinced of his error, and had recourse once more to his first love, which he never afterwards abandoned. Such are the appropriate and distinctive merits and defects of these eminent artists.

HOLY FAMILY.







Hannibal differed from his brother Augustino, in his habits; the former lived in a plain and philosophical style, the latter in great luxury and splendor. Hannibal once observing his brother walking with a haughty gait in company with some person of distinction, drew him aside, and whispered these words in his ear, Remember your father was a tailor. Hannibal was ever averse to company. The cardinal Borghese, having condescended to pay him a visit, he slid out of a back door, and left to his disciples the task of receiving his compliments.

Previous to the departure of Hannibal for Rome, they established an academy at Bologna entitled the academy of the Caracci. Ludoico directed the whole by his advice, Augustino taught to young artists the principles of perspective. The masters obtained the most beautiful forms, and proportions of nature, selected from the best models of the most admired artists. Ludoico collected while at Rome, a number of fine casts of exquisite statues, and basso relievos. Frequent conferences were held, in which not merely artists, but men of general knowledge were invited to attend, and to elucidate points relating to the graphic art. A celebrated anatomist, named Anthony de la Jour, taught whatever was necessary to be known, relative to the knitting of the bones and insertion of the muscles. The avowed objects of this institution was to select the beauties, amend the defects, correct the errors, avoid the extremes of the most admired masters of the pencil, and from the whole mass, to form a perfect style.

This academy maintained its celebrity for a season under the joint auspices of the Caracci, until it was dissolved by the removal of its founders to Rome; yet in that time it had formed the talents of a host of eminent scholars. Among these we will first introduce Francisco Albano, who was born at Bologna in the year 1578. His father was an opulent merchant of that city, and did every thing in his power to prevent his early passion for the pencil. The genius of the young artist, however, seemed only invigorated by opposition, until the parent himself became convinced how hopeless the contest was when paternal authority wages warfare on nature. Albano, with the consent of his father, thus reluctantly ex-

torted, was first put under the patronage of a painter by the name of Dennis Calvert. He here found a congenial genius in the person of Guido, and which soon after ripened into confidence and friendship. These two artists soon discovered, that their genius demanded a more extended range for exercise than the narrow precepts of Calvert was capable of affording. They accordingly quitted this master at the same time, and entered on the same day the academy of the Caracci. Here they found what they wanted before, precepts large and comprehensive enough for the exercise of their ambition; but this discovery, flattering as it was to their prospects, proved the death of their private friendship. While in the school of Calvert, they were united by a common bond, the conviction of his incompetence to do them justice. A change of masters, while it opened new prospects, introduced a spirit of rivalry between the two artists, whence the descent to hatred was easy and unbroken. Albano at length having quitted the academy of the Caracci, visited Rome and became enamoured with the study of antique. He now enjoyed a brilliant and dazzling reputation which soon obtained him fortune and independence. He married a lady celebrated alike for her beauty and her fortune. During this scene of prosperity, he did not forget his friend Domininichino, whom he left at Bologna in poverty and distress. This artist he invited to Rome, and for two years together afforded him a shelter under his own roof. Not satisfied with this, Albano shared his fortune with his friend and defended him from the persecution of his rivals. But the brilliancy, the united beams of fortune, fame, and benevolence threw around this artist, were suddenly darkened. He was called upon to deplore the death of a wife whom he tenderly loved. Rome, the theatre of his glory, had now no charms for a mind like Albano's. Every object served only to resuscitate the memory of his sorrows; and influenced by such motives, he thankfully accepted the invitation of his relations by marriage, to spend the remainder of his existence at Bologna. Fortune, however, was not always unkind: time soothed the memory of his afflictions, and he became at last enamoured with another lady, surpassing his former wife in beauty. He was blessed with twelve lovely children, and so sensible was he of domestic endearments.

that he often retired from his own popularity and sought shelter from the envy of his rivals, in his delightful villa, where, surrounded by his little family, and in the bosom of private confidence, he enjoyed, not so splendid, but a more soothing and durable felicity. His house was the resort of friendship, and liberal hospitality presided at his table. In short his character was marked with kindness and disinterested benevolence. With pain we are compelled to reverse this exhilarating spectacle, and to record the melancholy fact, that the brother of this artist to whom was consigned the custody and management of his fortune, abused his generous confidence, dissipated his property, and reduced him to beggary at last. Under the accumulated pressure of poverty, mortification, and sorrow, he died in the year 1660, in the 82nd year of his age.

It has been beautifully remarked of this artist, that his character might be read in his works. He had a delicate taste for the lovely, the tender, and the graceful, which was delightfully manifested in his boys, and female forms. He was not an adept in masculine beauty. These figures were lean, sapless and meagre. One author seems guilty of a paradox when he asserts that Albano did not understand the principles of *chiaro oscuro*, but was *always by lucky chance successful in their application*. What other evidence would this critic demand of the knowledge of an art than the uniform success with which its principles were applied?

Is it not more safe and more just, to impute this to a cause that may always be successful, than to one which may never be? He has further been accused of too great sameness in his figures, and this accusation points directly to the private character of Albano. His wife and children possessed exquisite beauty, and they were almost invariably the models of this artist. Incapable as he was of conceiving of a felicity superior to what himself enjoyed, his conjugal and parental affection were blended and incorporated with all his forms of visionary beauty. Amidst all the smiling Cupids, and blushing virgins, which he so much delighted to draw the features of, his happy family maintained their preeminence.

The censure on the artist involves therefore the most distinguished compliment to the father and to the husband. His landscapes were likewise much admired. They were mostly drawn from individual nature, and his own hospitable villa furnished the prototype. His native delicacy imposed a law upon his pencil, for in his most voluptuous scenes there is nothing to offend the eye of the most fastidious modesty.

The annexed engraving represents St. Francis at prayer, a drawing from the hand of this master. The saint is represented at half length, at the entrance of his cave, placing one hand upon his breast and the other upon a human skull.

A ray of light detached from the vault illuminates the head of the saint, the distant hills, and the sky obscured by clouds. The drawing is remarkable for its correctness,—the colouring exquisite, and the countenance seems to breathe all the fervor of devotion.

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## THE ANONYMOUS.

### ON IRISH BULLS.

—— posita fallacis imagine Tauri.

OVID.

No more the bull's illusive figure used;  
That wide o'er Europe Erin's fame effused.

THE race of bulls is so nearly extinct in Ireland, that sir John Carr\* complains, that during his stay in that country, he did not meet one of the true Hibernian breed. A brief account of these creatures must, under such circumstances, be a desideratum in the natural history of this island.

\* The celebrated Itinerant; whom, in allusion to his travels, the Irish (a nicknaming race,) denominated *Jaunting Car*. It is said to have been partly with a view to shuffle off this title that sir John solicited the dignity of knighthood. But scarcely had our hero obtained the seeming protection



*Albano pinx.*

*Boyd sculp.*

ST. FRANCIS.



Like every thing Irish\* they came originally from Phœnicia: and though poets represent the Primotaur as a god; and historians, instead of attending him through his voyages, merely set him down in Crete, and there leave us in a labyrinth, and him in an amour; yet these imperfections are a natural consequence of the profusion of fable, and dearth of learning, which characterized that period;—and he does not possess the true spirit of an antiquarian, who cannot fill up the hiatus; and trace the pedigree of Irish bulls to this feigned Jupiter and Europa. So destitute of literature was our quarter of the world in those days, that it was not until after this enlevement, that Cadmus, bringing over a small cargo of letters, made a settlement, in the same country in which Swift afterwards took root.†

The learned reader will not require to be informed that here, by the oracle's express command, he stopped, and built a city where *he heard a Bull*,‡ calling the country by a name which may be translated *Bull tract*.

"Bos tibi, Phœbus ait, solis occurret in arvis:

"Hoc duce carpe vias; et quâ requieverit herbâ,

"Mœnia fac condas; Bœotiaque illa vocato."§

Make for the land of Bulls, cries Phœbus witty;

There halt; and straightway build yourself a city.

of this honour, when PANDY, not to be so eluded by this "*wandering knight so fair*," (as is said or sung by a more corpulent *sir John*,) immediately, and with much malicious versatility, "*chang'd his hand, and checked his pride*:"—conferring upon this innocent victim of his fun, the altered style of "*the traveller benighted*."—Sir John, on the word of a true knight, assures us he did not hear a bull in Ireland.

\* The Irish antiquarians maintain that the Irish,—men and language, came originally from Phœnicia.

† From thy Bœotia though her power retires,

Mourn not my SWIFT.

DUNCIAD.

"Bœotia was anciently called *Ogygia*; and Plutarch calls Ireland *Ogygia*."

Sir L. PARSONS (now Earl of Rosse) on Ireland.

‡ Bos stetit; et tollens spatiosam cornibus altis

Ad cælum frontem, mugitibus impulsit auras.

OVID.

§ OVID.

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4 C



Some I know are of opinion, that this was the era, at which my country was colonized. That the Tyrian vessel struck on the North Bull;\* but that the crew was saved; and *Dublin*, (then called *Dubbullin*,) erected shortly after. This however seems to me to want confirmation: and I shall therefore dismiss the present branch of my inquiry, when I have observed (I trust auspiciously) to my countrymen, that our traveller describes the guide whom he encountered, as

“Nullum servitii signum cervice gerentem.”†

No galling yoke upon his neck he bore.

To descend to comparatively modern times, we find that so recently as during the second Punic war, the Phœnician partiality for these dilemmas still continued; and that in the hope of seducing *Cunctator* from his position, *Annibal* uttered (or sent into circulation) above a thousand flaming Bulls.‡ Some of these are supposed to have been imported into Ireland, along with the *Cannæ* swords, which were lately discovered in our bogs.§ But however or whensoever introduced, the race, as I have already mentioned, is almost extinct; and their depouilles, like those of the moose deer, are only to be met with in the cabinets of the curious.

Indeed it is asserted, that in the wildest and most uncultivated districts of the island, some few stragglers may occasionally be seen; which have this strange quality belonging to them, that if imported into England, (in the way of provision for the fleet, for instance,) not curing them is the only mode by which they can be preserved. But it is not of these dwindled and pigmy bulls that I am treating. The history, or rather traditional and imperfect sketch which I would give, is of those incomprehensibly gigantic bellowers, which none of Erin's modern Milos could contain. Though some of them were desperate,

\* A sand-bank in the bay of Dublin, so named.

† OVID.

‡ LIVY, lib. xxii. c. 16, 17.

§ Some brazen swords, similar to those which are said to have been discovered in the neighbourhood of Cannæ, have been found buried in Irish bogs; and are deposited in the Museum of Dublin College.

and all powerful beyond the grasp of reason, these huge creatures are said to have been, for the most part, very harmless: nor have I ever heard of any mischief which they did, except in the case of a man, who having unluckily fallen into a river, was prevented from receiving any assistance, and finally drowned, by the perverse and unintelligible roaring of his Bull. This was the more melancholy, because the unhappy sufferer appeared to have very imperfect notions of futurity.\*

On the other hand, they have sometimes proved singularly useful to those who were entitled to claim them as their own. An Irish soldier, for example, is said, with no other assistance than his Bull, to have *surrounded*, and cut off a party of the enemy: an exploit which has always excited great admiration; and with respect to which it has been frequently admitted, that it could not have been performed in any country but our own.†

These Catechreses (as in Bœotia they have usually been called,) were very apt to ramble; and puzzle and lead astray those who attempted to apprehend them. Yet in some of these extravagancies, they are reputed to have fallen upon matters of *inexpressible* value; and to which the ordinary and beaten path would never have conducted. Some also were enveloped with considerable brightness. These were supposed to be descended from the radiant corps, which was employed to draw down Fabius from his heights;—and were likewise conjectured to derive their origin, more remotely, from the one which Apollo favoured; and which we may therefore conclude to have shone as a Bull-esprit.‡

The papers lately informed us that Napoleon, having got one of these Bulls into his possession, had (as Caligula made his horse a consul) appointed him his plenipotentiary, to treat of peace with Prussia; on terms indeed which no other envoy

\* This alludes to the anecdote of the drowning Irishman; who by an unlucky and blundering transposition, is said to have exclaimed, “*I will be drowned: nobody shall save me.*”

† An Irish soldier, having brought in six of the enemy, is said to have answered his officer's inquiry, how he contrived to make them prisoners, by saying, “*Oh, please your honor, captain, I surrounded them.*”

‡ Bœs tibi Phœbus ait, &c.

could arrange: viz. that his majesty the emperor should retain all the dominions of his majesty the king; and that the remainder, after this deduction, should be restored to his latter majesty, en plein droit.

This Gallican allusion "*in a moment brings me to my end.*"

"L—d, said my mother, what is all this story about?"—"A cock and a bull," said I: though far indeed from being "one of the best I ever heard."\*

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE—LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

*Leipsic, 1811.*

ALTHOUGH circumstances are not favourable to literary enterprises, yet such is the general ardor of the Germans for the progress of knowledge and the enjoyments of the mind, that there is still sufficient support for works of true utility and interest. Philology, or the study of languages, continues to flourish. The second volume of the second edition of *Æschylus*, by Schutz, is about to appear. Erfurdt has given the sixth volume of his *Sophocles*, and Beck the fifth of his *Aristophanes*. The first volume of the *Pindar* of Boekh, remarkable for its reestablishing the metres, will soon be followed by a second.—Græfe has published, as a specimen of his new Greek Anthology, an edition of the poems of *Meleager*, a tender and elegant poet. The history of animals, by Aristotle, with a commentary by the celebrated Schneider, is complete in four volumes. Borhek has given the third volume of his *Arrian*; but it is not above mediocrity. More praise is due to an edition of the *Pharsalia* of *Lucan*, from several manuscripts at Vienna, by Angelo Illicynus, with ten figures, designed and engraved in a superior manner. *Tibullus*, corrected from a number of manuscripts by Voss, the celebrated translator of *Homer*, of *Virgil*, and so many other ancient poets, proves that his taste and judgment are not like those of Mr. Heyne, weakened by age. In an edition of *Terence*, by Brans, are found many unpublished notes of *Ruhnkenius*.—Orell has given a complete edition of the fragments of *Nicholas de Damas*. Siebelis has published the fragments of *Philochorus*,

\* *Sterne.*

of Athens, collected by professor Lenz, of Gotha; and lastly, the *Scholia* of the two Tzetzés on Lycophron, have been corrected and published from three manuscripts of Wittenberg, and one of Zeitz, by the care of Gottfried Muller.

The study of living languages has been cultivated with less zeal. Vater, who has given his third volume of the *Mithridates* of Adelung, which he alone could continue, has published a learned dissertation on the origin of the Americans, from the proofs principally furnished by their languages. He has decided in favour of their Asiatic origin, without however venturing to refute entirely the opinions of those who consider the Americans as indigenous in their part of the world. Counsellor Adelung at Petersburg, has become possessed of the immense collections made by Backmeister and Pallas, for the study of Asiatic sciences. Klapproth the younger, is occupied there in examining the thousands of Chinese manuscripts deposited in the library of the academy. He has lately issued a little manifesto against Dr. Joseph Hager, whom he accuses of not knowing a single Chinese character, of having pillaged his science of medals from a Spanish manuscript, and translated the words which in Chinese mean ancestors of the Mantchous, as if they signified ear-rings.

Natural history has made precious acquisitions; among which may be distinguished the *Flora* of Bavaria, by the learned traveller Schuller; the twenty-fourth number of the *Erica* of Wendland, the *Prodromus* of a new system of the *Mammiferæ*, by Illiger; a critical review of all the classifications of the animal kingdom, by Spix; the *Flora* of Caucasus (printed at Charkow in Russia) by marshal of Bicherstein; and some smaller works which it is unnecessary to enumerate. It is desirable that Europe should appreciate the superb ornithology of Wolf and Meyer, the plates of which are not printed in colors, but colored by the hand, with as much care as miniatures. The editor of it is Mr. Frauenholz of Nuremberg.

Among the most recent travels are those of Mr. Hausman in Sweden and Norway, containing the newest and most satisfactory account of the mines of those countries, which Mr. Leopold de Buch has also examined in relation to zoology and natural

history. Mr. Joseph Hammer, a skilful orientalist, has published at Vienna, topographical sketches during a voyage in the Levant. It contains a curious chapter on the city of Rhodes, where are still seen the coats of arms of the knights who defended it so valiantly. Mr. Hammer gives also some account of the fortifications of that place, tending to prove that almost all the works of that kind employed by modern engineers were known before the sixth century. This learned traveller has discovered, too, the real situation of the temple of Venus, at Paphos.

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THE poem of Charlemagne, by Lucien Bonaparte, says L'Ambigu, a French journal printed in London, consists of twenty-two cantos, of from seven to eight hundred verses each. It commences with the following line:

*Les soldats bizantins campaient au pié des murs.*

The whole will form two quarto volumes, and is expected to appear soon. Applications have been made to the three first poets of England to undertake a translation of it, which was to be furnished in the course of a year. But notwithstanding the liberal offer of two thousand pounds sterling, neither of the gentlemen, Walter Scott, Campbell, or Moore, would attempt it, preferring, no doubt, to employ their talents on original and national works.

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THERE has lately been discovered, in the neighbourhood of Rome, a statue of the emperor Tiberius, which is regarded as the finest known. It is in heroic proportion, of Greek marble, and executed by an artist of that nation.

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AMONG the discoveries made in Italy, is the ancient capital of Porsenna, near Perugia. In the neighbourhood of which were found an Etruscan monument, with several funerary urns.

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THE remains of the three columns of the magnificent temple of Jupiter Tonans, situated on the slope of the capitol hill, on the side of the Roman forum, which were buried in the

ground, and inclining, have been lately eased of the enormous weight of their architraves, frizes and cornices. These marbles, so precious on account of the beauty of their profiles, and their sculpture, have been placed on a scaffold prepared for the purpose, with the exception of the great stone, which is supported by the two columns of the forum, and occupies the height of the architrave and the frize. The columns themselves have been restored to their perpendicular line, by a very ingenious piece of machinery.

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THIRTY-TWO new fables of Phædrus have been discovered in a manuscript of the library at Naples. They have been published in Italy, and are about to appear in France.

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#### DOMESTIC LITERATURE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WE have been favored, by the author, with an account of a new and interesting work, already prepared for publication, to be entitled

“Memoirs of the life of David Rittenhouse, L. L. D. F. R. S. President of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, &c. &c. &c. Interspersed with various notices of many distinguished men, and remarks on some public institutions and measures, connected with the main object of the work: with an appendix, containing sundry philosophical and other papers, the most of which have been hitherto unpublished. By William Barton, M. A. counsellor at law; member of the Am. Philos. Soc. Philad.; the Mass. Hist. Soc.; and the Roy. Econ. Soc. of Valencia, in Spain.” In one volume, octavo.

The life of this self-taught mechanician and astronomer, which is calculated to interest all who have a curiosity to examine the gradual developments of genius, has a peculiar attraction to those who are proud to claim him as a fellow citizen. We are, therefore, happy to announce, that the task of giving his history, has fallen into the hands of a biographer, whose connexion with Mr. Rittenhouse's family, gives him access to the amplest materials for his work; and whose taste and discernment ensure, we think, a judicious use of them. These memoirs will, moreover, possess an interest superior to any mere regard, to the personal qualities, or the scientific reputation of the subject of them. Although in early life, comparatively ob-

scure, and at all times a sequestered student, Mr. Rittenhouse associated with many of the most distinguished individuals, and was connected with some of the best institutions of America.— Instead of confining himself, therefore, to a meagre list of names and dates, the biographer proposes to indulge in that more diffuse and extended narrative, which renders almost every subject tributary to its purposes; which is not condemned to the beaten track of incident, but makes occasional excursions into every field of literature, or anecdote, or politics, which can, in any way, advance or adorn his story. Than this mode of writing, combining, as it does, all the gravity of general history, with the interest of individual biography, nothing can be more fascinating. By thus judiciously interweaving, with the life of Dr. Rittenhouse, some account of the characters and establishments with which he was associated, these memoirs may be made to form a perfect picture of the early manners and history of our Pennsylvania forefathers and cotemporaries. To all, therefore, who, like ourselves, are studious to preserve the minutest details of our domestic history, they will, we are persuaded, afford ample entertainment; and that the taste for works of this class, is rapidly increasing, may be safely inferred from the reception which has been given to Mrs. Grant's letters on Newyork, and the much more interesting memoirs of Mr. Graydon.

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We learn, with great satisfaction, that there will be shortly published, in an improved and corrected form,

“ The Lectures, which have been delivered, for a series of years, in the college of Newjersey; on the subjects of Moral and Political Philosophy. By the reverend Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. L. L. D.

The former part embracing,

1. The general principles of human nature, considered as a subject of moral science.
2. The principles of ethics, or the moral relations and duties of men.
3. The principles of natural theology.
4. And lastly, those of economics, or family relations, as preparatory to the consideration of the relations and duties of civil and political life.

The latter part embracing,

1. The rules which ought to regulate the conduct of men towards one another in a state of civil society, and the means of enforcing those rules.
2. The rules and principles which give the form to the society or government itself, and which direct its operations.
3. And finally, the rules which should govern the conduct of independent governments or states, to one another.

The whole comprehending those general principles, on the subjects of jurisprudence, politics, and public law, or the law of nature and nations, with which every man of liberal information, in a free country, ought to be acquainted. In one volume, octavo.

This brief sketch, which we copy from the printed proposals, will sufficiently explain the nature and scope of the intended publication. Of its merits we may be permitted to speak with some confidence, from having once been familiar with its contents; and, we think we only anticipate the decided approbation of the public, when we thus express our own.

Among all the published treatises on this interesting subject, we do not recollect any which perfectly combines the qualities of perspicuity, system, and brevity.

Many years since, sir James M'Intosh began a course of lectures in London, which promised abundantly to supply this deficiency; but his removal to India disappointed the high expectations raised by his introductory discourse, and a compendious treatise on moral and political philosophy, is still a desideratum.

The proposed volume presents, in a digested form, the principles of those sciences; and while it communicates much information to the mass of society, will, from its systematic arrangement, form an excellent introduction to more extensive researches. The political part is more especially valuable to the youth of the United States, since it breathes throughout the purest sentiments of patriotism, and inculcates the warmest attachment for the institutions of our country. The study of these lectures has already contributed to form some of the most distinguished statesmen among us; and the venerable author deserves the approbation and the patronage of the public, for this attempt to give them a wider circulation, and more extensive usefulness.



**THE MOURNER COMFORTED**, a selection of extracts consolatory on the death of friends, from the writings of the most eminent divines, and others, including Dr. Johnson's celebrated sermon on the death of his wife; together with prayers, suited to the various instances of mortality, by James Abercrombie, D. D. senior assistant minister of Christ-church, St. Peter's and St. James's. 1. vol. octavo—p. 506. Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia, 1812.

The first idea which occurred to us on looking over this volume, was surprize that such a selection had not been already published long since, and in the hands of every reader. If, indeed, the utility of a book consist in its containing advice and instruction, adapted to the situation of every description of people, we know few possessing higher claims than the present, since there is no condition of life exempt from the necessity of frequent mourning; and none, we presume, to whose distress the contents of this volume would not administer consolation.—To every attempt like the present, there are, we know, many who object that griefs so overwhelming as the loss of immediate and beloved connexions, admit of no alleviation, and that our tears must have their course till time has gradually dried them. It is certainly true that, in the first moments of sorrow, all the consolations of reason are unavailing; and that the ordinary palliatives, which indiscreet affection applies to the wounded heart, serve chiefly to irritate its sensibilities. But there are many gradations of sorrow, after the first violence of our emotions, when the lenient powers of reason and reflection may sooth our affliction; and the mind, too, may be previously disciplined to misfortune, by meditations, which, in the hour of actual suffering, have a gentle but powerful influence over our hearts. In such conditions, it is eminently consoling to possess what the wisest and best men have deemed most powerful in assuaging the sorrows which we actually suffer, or which are almost inevitable for the future. Dr. Abercrombie has, therefore, rendered a great public service, by enabling all of us to possess this excellent manual in affliction. The literary merit of the work is chiefly

confined to the judicious selection of its contents; with regard to which, we think that the compiler has brought within a small compass, as useful and as varied materials, as perhaps our language affords; and by adapting the choice to almost every domestic calamity, has made the volume acceptable to individuals, in all the relations of society. Σ.

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**THE EMPORIUM OF ARTS AND SCIENCES**, conducted by John Redman Coxe,  
M. D. Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania.

THE multiplication of periodical journals, in the United States, must be a source of lively satisfaction to every American who is friendly to the interests and the reputation of his country. Furnishing, as it does, incontestible evidence of the increase of our wealth, our knowledge and our mental refinement, it cannot, we think, fail to inspire where it is wanting, and to cherish and invigorate where it already exists, a laudable sentiment of national pride.

The journals which now exist in the United States may be divided into two distinct classes. The one consists chiefly of original papers, written in our own country, and relating, for the most part, to American objects; while the other contains little else than extracts and selections from foreign publications. Each of these descriptions of works may be so conducted as to prove highly creditable and useful in its kind. If the former affords a wider and more inviting field for the exercise of intellect, and contributes more to the cultivation and development of American genius, the latter is no less abundant in important facts, and frequently imparts to us knowledge which we could not, without difficulty, derive from any other quarter.

The journal, whose title is prefixed to this article, and of which the first number has recently appeared, seems intended to be a publication of the latter description. Although original compositions on subjects of science, harmonizing with the ge-

neral design of the work, are not to be entirely excluded from its pages; yet, it is evident, that it will be principally filled from the rich and multifarious stores of the European press. "The Emporium of Arts and Sciences" will present to the people of the United States, a selection of such papers from foreign magazines, as are most valuable in themselves, and at the same time, most applicable to purposes of practical utility in our own country.

From our own knowledge of the editor, as well as from the character he maintains as a man of science and letters, we feel satisfied that he possesses the requisite qualifications in a sufficient degree, to enable him to discharge the duties appertaining to his present undertaking, in a manner creditable to himself and useful to the community. Had we entertained any serious doubts on this subject, the number of the Emporium which has already appeared, would have been sufficient to remove them. This number is justly entitled to, and must not, therefore, fail to receive, our warmest approbation. The papers it contains are excellent in their kind, and have the additional value of being interesting and curious. If we are not mistaken, they will do as much as any equal number of papers can be expected to do, towards establishing the character, and determining the future destinies of the work. Important as we esteem them, we regret that neither our present engagements, nor the limits of this notice, will allow us to present our readers with a brief analysis of them.—The only amends we can make for this is, to solicit their attention to the papers themselves, as they appear in the work we have under our consideration.

Favorably, however, as we think of the "Emporium of Arts and Sciences," we are not perfectly satisfied with its plan. If we are not mistaken in our views of the subject, it is too circumscribed for a publication designed to circulate generally, even among literary and scientific characters.

It will not be denied, that their applicability to practice, and their consequent usefulness in the economy of life, is one of the highest recommendations to papers and essays on subjects in science. It is, however, equally true, that many communications

not strictly of a practical tendency, are, notwithstanding, interesting and important in an eminent degree, and contribute not a little to the permanent celebrity of periodical publications. They serve, at least, as delightful condiments to the more substantial, yet drier fare of practical matter, rendering it more universally palatable. On an examination of the subject, we are satisfied it will appear, that the most popular and useful journals in science, are those that intermingle a due proportion of ingenious disquisitions and rational theory, with facts and opinions reducible to practice.

Were it admissible in us, therefore, to offer advice to the learned editor of the "Emporium of Arts and Sciences," it would be, not to be over-scrupulous as to the practical character of *every* paper he admits into his work. Occasional disquisition and inquiries of a speculative nature, if ingenious, interesting, and well written, would, in our opinion, contribute to enhance the reputation of the journal.

We would further suggest to the editor of the Emporium, that we think we discover among our countrymen, a growing disposition to favour and encourage *domestic productions* of every description. If we mistake not, this national spirit extends to matters of literature and science, no less than to those of arts and manufactures. It might be well, therefore, for the editor to consider how far it would be likely to contribute to the popularity and success of his journal, to introduce into it a larger proportion of original composition, than, from the terms of his prospectus, we have reason to anticipate. We all know that there has been a time, when, *merely to have been the growth of transatlantic regions*, constituted, among the people of the United States, an exalted recommendation, both to persons and opinions. Fortunately, however, for the dignity and self-respect of our country, that humiliating period is passing away. Perhaps it may be said to have already expired. We are assuming, as a people, much more of a national character, and learning to set a higher and juster value on every thing comprized under the epithet *American*. We now know, and proudly acknowledge, that our own sun, moon, and stars, are as radiant and beautiful as those of Europe; that the

air of our atmosphere is as elastic and salutary; the flowers of our lawns as fair and fragrant; the water of our fountains as sweet and limpid; the music of our groves as melodious and enchanting; the forms of our citizens as elegant and symmetrical; the language of our country as pure and correct, and the sentiments of our native inhabitants, in all respects, as valuable. To contribute to the confirmation and diffusion of this patriotic spirit, by giving a place, as often as possible, to valuable papers of American composition, constitutes, in our estimation, an indispensable duty of all our conductors of public journals.

With these few and hasty remarks we dismiss the consideration of the "Emporium of Arts and Sciences," hoping that its future numbers may realize the ample promise of its first, and that its reception and success may be equal to its merit. C.

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#### SCIENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### OBSERVATIONS ON EARTHQUAKES.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A WRITER in the last number of *The Port Folio*, has laid before the public an interesting account of the physical phenomena, called earthquakes. He is justly entitled to our approbation for the elegant manner in which his essay is decorated, not only by the fine sallies of imagination which pervade it, but also by the many philosophical remarks adduced. Many opinions are enumerated, and none seems to accord with the writer's judgment so well as that which attributes the phenomena to electricity. Concerning the various theories noticed, I shall say nothing; but, in as brief a manner as possible, will attempt to explain the subject on the most rational and philosophical principles.

Chemical science, that most noble and instructive department of learning, is the grand source to which we are compelled to look for correct information on many of the most astonishing phenomena in nature. It is the grand torch by whose light we are safely conducted into the mysteries of creation. To this

science, then, must we look for the cause of earthquakes and volcanic fires. For as the former are but the latter in miniature, so both must be explained in the same way.

In many parts of the globe are found large masses of those substances known by the name of the martial pyrites. These are composed of sulphur and iron, and are called in chemical language sulphurets of iron. These pyrites are collected by manufacturers in different countries, for the purpose of obtaining sulphur, and sometimes for procuring that useful article called copperas, or the sulphate of iron. We read of large collections of pyrites, having undergone the process of combustion to such a degree as to have consumed the loose buildings in which they were placed, merely by being occasionally wetted with rain. By this combustion, the pyrites are changed into sulphate of iron. This is effected by the oxygen of the atmosphere combining with the sulphur, and forming sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol; which, uniting to the iron, forms the sulphate of iron.

Again, if we mix equal parts of sulphur and iron filings, and make them into a paste, by the addition of water, and then bury the mixture in the ground, two or three feet below the surface, a loud explosion will ensue in a few hours: the earth will be scattered to a considerable distance; and the result of the chemical action, will be a sulphate of iron. The same would take place by a modification of the experiment, as follows: place a mixture of sulphur and iron filings in the ground, as before, the ingredients being quite dry. No action will ensue; but, by means of a tube, or, otherwise, convey a sufficient quantity of water to the mixture, to moisten it, and, in a few hours, the ground will be agitated, and thrown about, as before.

Here a decomposition of the water is effected; its oxygen unites to the sulphur, forming sulphuric acid. The iron becomes oxydized, and a union of the acid and oxide of iron, is effected; heat being evolved at the same time, together with a large quantity of hydrogen gas. These effects may be, and have been produced by a single pound of each article. Then let us figure to ourselves, a like chemical action, in a mass of these ingredients, equal perhaps, to many hundred tons. Let us suppose

the combustible matter to be confined at a great distance below the surface of the earth, and in a dry state. While in this condition, it could not possibly produce any bad effects, as it must be inert. For, by one of the laws of chemical action, two combustible bodies may be in contact forever, without evincing any change, until some third agent be called into operation; which agent, in the present case, is water. The manner in which water travels through the earth, pervading its different stratifications, is familiar to philosophers: and every one conversant with the subject, well knows how easily a bed of combustible matter could thus be affected. It is no objection to the present explanation, that the phenomena of earthquakes are, in some situations, merely occasional, and not permanent. For the science of mineralogy will inform us, as will the practical effects of miners, that next to a stratum of pyrites, might be placed a stratum of some other mineralized substance, not, perhaps, combustible.— This is what every man, from the plain dictates of reason, would be apt to conclude.

M.

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Suppose two planes, A and B, intersecting each other, at right angles, along the line C D, and two other planes, E and F, intersecting A and B. Let us call E A, E B, F A, and F B, the lines of the intersection of the planes, respectively designated by the same letters. (E A is the intersection of the planes E and A, &c.)

The angle made by E A and C D, =  $50^{\circ}$

E B and C D, =  $45^{\circ}$

F A and C D, =  $30^{\circ}$

F B and C D, =  $40^{\circ}$

I ask, what angle the two planes E and F make?

T. A.

OLLA—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Accipe dum dolet—*Strike while the iron's hot.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I HAVE often admired in Erasmus, that intimate knowledge of human nature, so frequently displayed in his works, a striking instance of which, is given us in his *Naufragium*. He there represents one of the passengers promising to present the virgin Mary with a wax-taper, as large as the mainmast of a ship, in case she would save his life; and being asked by one, who heard him, where he would get the wax, replied, "let me once get my foot on shore again, and she may look to that"—a picture, indeed, of ingratitude, too often found realized in life, by such as look for payment, when once the service is performed.

As a proper resentment of benefits,\* is so seldom to be found among men, it is but doing justice to ourselves to guard against the want of it in others; which, as none more frequently experience than the gentlemen of the bar, and physicians, (however they may sometimes overrate the *quiddam honorarium*.) I shall, I trust, be excused when I transcribe, for their benefit, a few lines, lately shown me by a friend, equally applicable to both:

Dum processus ventilatur,  
Dum ægrotus ægrotatur,  
Studeas accipere.  
Nam processu ventilato,  
Etæ groto relevato,  
Nemo curat solovere.

Which I thus venture to translate.

Whilst the process is depending,  
Or the patient slowly mending,  
Be sure to claim your fees.  
For if once the suit is over,  
Or your patient should recover,  
They'll pay you—when they please.

OF INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

IF there be no such thing as instinct in animals, (as some philosophers assert,) a monkey must be wiser than a man; otherwise

\* Johnson.



monsieur Vaillant need not have taken one with him, in his excursion from the cape. The philosopher, on that occasion, thought proper to have in his retinue, a cock, a cow, and an ape: the first to point out the hour of the morning when it was proper to rise; the second to supply him with milk; and, the last, to discover, by his art, any latent poisonous quality in the various vegetable productions, which might be met with on the way.

To suppose that animal instinct was not the means of this discovery, would certainly be attributing to the ape, a share of knowledge and sagacity, beyond the reach of man. It would, in fact, be endowing him with powers, to which reason cannot attain; and making Galen and Hippocrates children, compared to him. But memory alone, it may be said, will readily solve the problem. A French gentleman, in giving an account of a dog, who had followed his master from Pondicherry to B——, (a distance of some hundred miles) and losing him there, returned to the former place, remarks, it is an instance of *memory*, superior to any thing human; but what would he have said, had he known that a sucking pig, carried in a bag for miles, and crossing rivers in the way, will, if once let loose, return directly home? or, had he heard, as I have, from the best authority, that a horse put to pasture on a farm, and afterwards driven by his owner near sixty miles in a chair, with a blind-halter over his eyes, returned across the country, where he had never been before, to the pasture whence he was taken? Away with *memory*, then, unless you are willing to admit, that a pig has discovered the longitude, or that the horse knows more than his master.

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Art thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd!—HAMLET.

THE appearance of ghosts and hobgoblins has long since been doubted by the learned; and little but the voice of ignorance, can now be urged in its support. Brutus's evil genius, the duke of Buckingham's father, and the ghost of Samuel the prophet, are the principal instances in history, on which to ground the belief. The first may be readily accounted for, from the superstition of the times; and, when we recollect that *Saul fell upon*

*his face*, when told by the witch of Endor, that she had raised a prophet, we may reasonably doubt that he saw him.

I have heard of an Oxford student, who undertook to go in the night to the vault of a neighbouring church, and stick his penknife in the ground. He went, but staid so long, that his friends, taking the alarm, repaired together to the place; where they found him lying on the ground, to all appearance, lifeless. He had thrust the knife through his gown, and, turning about to retire, found himself checked, as he thought, by some invisible hand; the fright occasioned by which had thrown him into a swoon. Where I have met with this story, I cannot now recollect; though I will venture to say, that the following has not yet appeared in print.

A gentleman, in the Westindies, once laid a considerable bet, that he would watch all night, alone, in a church supposed to be haunted. He accordingly repaired thither, about midnight; and having obtained admission to the vestry-room, set himself quietly down, with two candles burning before him, and a pair of pistols on the table, calmly waiting the event. Not long, however, was he there, before he heard, (as he thought) the sound of human footsteps; when, taking a candle in one hand, and a loaded pistol in the other; and, proceeding along the ile, he was not a little alarmed with several notes from the organ, grating harshly on his ear. Determined, however, to persevere until he should discover the cause, he instantly mounted the staircase; and, coming at length to the organ, he found, to his great satisfaction, a favorite spaniel, who had followed him, running over the keys.

R.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE ADVERSARIA—NO. I

THIS title was adopted some years ago by one of the correspondents of Conrad's Literary Magazine, as a suitable means of affording amusement to those who, like the lady that read Johnson's Dictionary, are fond of short sentences. The writer's pursuits as well as his taste, leading him from "grave to gay—from lively to severe"—his monthly lucubrations presented a

various scene where the idle were occasionally detained for a moment. In the genuine freedom of a *magaziner* he glanced at all subjects, though he utterly disclaimed the intention of discussing any. He thought, with the poet, that man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long; and as his friend, the editor of *The Port Folio*, has recently intimated to him a similar opinion, those readers whose curiosity is sometimes awakened by the mysterious and noiseless tenor of an author's life—and whose patience may induce them to tolerate an extract from one page and a remark on another—may be assured that he will be most uniformly desultory and laboriously idle, for their edification.

My lord Bacon very sagaciously observes in one of his profound books on natural history that “men drowsy do use to yawn and stretch.” A few evenings ago I verily believe I was preserved from a dislocation of some of my limbs, while in the very act of reading one of Mr. Hayley's poetical effusions, by picking up a journal from Connecticut. My blood was not chilled by a story of a barbarous murder, nor my hair upraised by the legend of a “poor ghost.” I read no soft tale of love, faithful, fond and warm, yet unrequited and deserted: I stopped not to hear the moans of a disconsolate mother for her impressed son: the prices of potash and pimento had no attractions for one who was without money, and a governor's speech or legislative resolution would have been more somniferous than the dullest of the dull rhymes that I had just escaped. But all my sympathies were excited by the following advertisement, which celebrates *domestica facta* which, we all know, occur in the most orderly families.

“Thomas Hutchings has advertised, that I have absented myself from his *bed and board*, and forbid all persons trusting me on his account, and cautioned all persons against making me any payment on his account. I now advertize the public, that the same Thomas Hutchings came as a fortune-teller into this town, about a year ago, with recommendations which with some artful falsehoods, induced me to marry him. Of the four wives he had before me, the last he quarrelled away; how the other three came by their deaths, he can best inform the public; but I cau-

tion all widows or maidens against marrying him, *be their desire for matrimony ever so strong*. Should he make his advances under a feigned name, they may look out for a *little, strutting, talkative, feeble, meagre, hatchet-faced fellow, with spindle shanks, and a little warped in the back*.

THANKFUL HUTCHINGS.

*East Windsor, 22d May, 1807.*

In the following passage sir Joshua Reynolds elegantly inculcates a lesson which is of not less importance to the poet than the painter:

“It seems to me that there is but one presiding principle, which regulates and gives stability to every art. The works, whether of poets, painters, moralists, or historians, which are built upon general nature, live forever; while those which depend for their existence on particular customs and habits, a partial view of nature, or the fluctuation of passion, can only be coeval with that which first raised them from obscurity. Present time and future may be considered as rivals, and he who solicits the one, must expect to be discountenanced by the other.”

M. de la Monnoie is persuaded, that Francis Aretin industriously affected barbarous expressions in his works upon law; lest being deemed a polite writer, he should not be thought to be a profound lawyer. The same barbarous humour prevailed at the same time among physicians and divines. Those among them, who first attempted to introduce politeness, were reckoned neither physicians, nor divines, but grammarians only.—

They were scarcely cured of this prejudice in the days of Lud. Vives, whose words upon the subject are really curious: *Quæ Lyranus et Hugo scribunt, Theologia est; quæ Erasmus, Grammatica. Idem de Hieronymo, Ambrosio, Augustino, Hieronymo dicturi, nisi nomina obstarent; tametsi hic etiam nescio quid mussant. Quod si Joannes Picus apologiam suam corrupto illo non scripsisset sermone, haud quaquam haberetur Theologus, Sed Grammaticus. De Causis Corrupti. Eloquent. l. 1.*

Impudence, the *æ frontis triplex*, or “matchless intrepidity of face,” says Osborn, “is no virtue, yet able to beggar them all, being for the most part in good plight, when the rest starve,

and capable of carrying her followers up to the highest preferences: as useful in a court as armor in a camp. Scotchmen have ever made good the truth of this, who will go further with a shilling, than an Englishman can ordinarily pass for a crown."

*Advice to a son.*

Menander calls *impudence* the greatest of deities;  $\Omega$   $\mu\epsilon\gamma\acute{\iota}\sigma\tau\eta$   $\tau\acute{\alpha}\nu$   $\theta\epsilon\acute{\omega}\nu$   $\nu\acute{\upsilon}\nu$   $\epsilon\varsigma$  'Αυαίδία; and Thuanus, speaking of the arts by which cardinal Perron raised himself, says, that he did it assentatione, blanditiis, dicacitate, et quod plurimum in Aula potest ferre frontis audaciâ. N. B. This passage is not in the castrated edition of Thuanus.

#### COINCIDENCES AND IMITATIONS.

YOUNG, in his *Love of Fame* seems very adroitly to have improved on a witty conceit of Butler. It is curious to observe, that while Butler has made a remote allusion of a *window* to a *pillory*, a conceit is grafted on this conceit, with even more exquisite wit.

Each *window* like the *pillory* appears,  
With *heads* thrust through, *nailed* by the ears.

Hud. part ii. c. 3. v. 391

An *opera*, like a *pillory* may be said  
To *nail* our ears down, and *expose* our head.      Young Sat.

In the *Rape of the Lock*, Pope pays a compliment to the fair which is equally true and beautiful:

Fair tresses, man's imperial race *insnare*,  
And *beauty* draws us with a *single hair*.

But the merit of the idea belongs to the quaint old writer, Howard, who says in one of his letters,—It is a powerful sex; they were too strong for the first, the strongest and wisest man that was; they must needs be strong, when *one hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen*.

We are accustomed to smile at the conceits, and turn with disgust from the obscenities which crowded the pages of the poets in the time of Charles the 2d—the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease. But the following song of sir CHARLES SEDLEY possesses as much purity, grace and delicacy, both in thought and diction, as the passion he describes:

## SONG.

Phillis, men say that all my vows  
 Are to thy fortune paid;  
 Alas! my heart he little knows,  
 Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,  
 One berry from thy hand  
 More real pleasure would afford,  
 Than all my large command.

My humble love has learnt to live  
 On what the nicest maid,  
 Without a conscious blush, may give  
 Beneath the myrtle shade.

One of the great potentates of the present day, in the annual *exposés* which are presented to him by his ministers, uniformly makes them inform him that the sole objects of all his imperial majesty's wars are for no other purpose than to procure peace. An extract from *Dr. Wilson*, a writer in the days of queen Elizabeth, will show that this sort of cant is not confined to our time.

"About xvi yeeres past, at my being in Rome (where I was forthcomming afterwarde, against my wil God knoweth) there was warre betwixt the pope Paulus Quartus and the emperor Charles, for the kingdome of Naples; the pope himself being a nobleman by birth, and the cheefe authour and beginner of this war, as one that hated the emperour most deadlie, for putting to death an uncle of the saide pope's, uppon the rebellion made by the prince of Salerne and others, to restore the Napolitanes to their ancient libertes, and free government of that kingdome. In this kind of warre, the duke of Alva being not far off with a maine power against the pope, and French king, who tooke his part, duke Guise being general then for the French armie, the holie father did set foorth in print, a certain praier for peace, and commanded that all priests within their parishes, should call the people together, and exhort them to praie for peace. Among whom, one priest of a certain parish there, seeing the people assembled, began to declare to them the holie father's will, which was, that they should all pray together for a speedie peace. And

when they were thus devoutlie gathered together, and warned to praie, the priest said thus, after manie speeches before: "Good brethren, you see I must doe as I am commanded, I cannot do otherwise, and therefore, I exhort you eftsoues, and I praie you hartilie praie for peace. But this I will say unto you before hand, if you have anie peace at all, with all your praiers, I will give you my head. For how can it be otherwise, when he that is the author, and the onlie deviser of this war, doth require you to praie for peace, who might have it when he list if he would be quiet himselfe! But I knowe he wiel not, and therefore your praiers will be in vaine, and yet praie, sir, for manners sake.

"A strange speech for a parish priest in Rome, who was well punished for his labour, be you wel-assured."

Fortescue, in his treatise on limited monarchy gives the following reason for the number of executions in England, which is rather a singular one, from the pen of the *lord chief justice of England*:—"More men are hanged in Englonde in one year, than in Fraunce in seven, because the Englishe have better hartes, the Scothmenne likewise never *dare rob*, but only commit larcenies." In an old French treatise by *Bouchet*, entitled "*Les Avantages de la Larderie*," we find a whimsical observation on the same subject:—"outre ces commodités, les lardres sont plus de plaisir aux femmes que les autres, á raison de la chaleur estrange qui les brule par dedans, et aussi que leurs vases spermatiques sont remplis de grosses humeurs, crues, visqueuses, &c.—"á cette cause, plusieurs femmes, ayants en affaire des lardres, ont souhaité que leurs maris le fussent."

The singular distractions of mind of the comte de Brancas, the prototype of Bruyere's Absent Man, are noticed in the Curiosities of Literature. But there is a circumstance related of La Fontaine by Furetiere, which, if it be true, is more singular than any other of the kind. Furetiere says, that La Fontaine attended the burial of one of his friends, and some time afterwards he went to visit him, and was at first, shocked at the information of his death, till, recovering from his surprise, he said,—"It is true, now I remember, I went to his burial!"

*Baltimore.*

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE MORAL WORLD.

**T**HERE are moments, when the reins of the imagination are dropt, and its wildest and most inconsistent vagaries are witnessed without an attempt to impede them,—when we remove all curb from the fancy, and suffer ourselves to be carried, without an effort of resistance, into the remotest regions of illusion.—While under the influence of this fascination, we feel a great reluctance to break the spell that binds us,—the enchantment is agreeable, and the charm, though not powerful, is one, to the influence of which, we perhaps, too often feel inclined to submit.

The pleasure we experience, in thus giving a temporary liberty to the faculties, particularly, if of an enthusiastic or visionary turn of mind, is exquisitely voluptuous. We are carried into worlds and scenes of a novel complexion, all consciousness of external objects is lulled to rest, and in a short time, we are rapt in the irregular, though pleasing mazes of a waking dream. Ask the poet, the philosopher, the statesman and the divine, to depict the delight inspired by those recreations. The fantastic visions of the first, the more abstruse chimeras of the second, the schemes of political aggrandizement, fondly imagined by the third, and the theological castles of the last, associate an infinite number of pleasurable sensations. They will be dwelt on with epicurean predilection, quitted with reluctance, and resumed with unabated ardor; and no relaxation will possess so many, and such varied attractions.

Intense study, though it tends to methodise and regulate our reflections, is the best promoter of this species of propensity. Castle-building, in its unlimited exercise, is not an uniform and systematized train of thinking; it is more, the result of the licentious, unrestricted play we give to the imagination. In one sense, it consists in a voluntary and intentional direction of the mind, to the consideration of a certain object; but in its unartificial, unconfined state, it is the confused and chaotic exertion of our thoughts, towards the delineation of those scenes, either of felicity or woe, which, in soberer moments, are apt to be wished for or anticipated.

But whatever be the nature and actuating principle of these airy amusements, one thing is certain, they are injurious



in the extreme; they bring with them, an inebriating pleasure, a mental languor; highly epidemic in its effects. If incautiously indulged in, they not unfrequently produce an obtuseness of intellect, which destroys all ability to pursue with advantage, any systematic course of exertion; and an averseness to intense and *beneficial* thinking, that may obviously become highly deleterious in its consequences.

Although the *imagination* is never so actively employed as when allowed to range in this unconfined manner, it may yet be very truly said, that in this unenergetic and relaxed condition, we are in a state of *mental* inactivity. For when we view the mind as "actively employed," we consider it, not in the abstract, but as connected with and under the control of the will. When we superintend and direct the avocations of its different faculties, it cannot be said to be idle, but when we permit them to pursue their own bent, without any endeavour to sway or direct them, and remain listless spectators of their self-propelled amusements, if the expression is allowable, indolence, and the most perfect kind of indolence, is an imputation we richly merit.

The impropriety of giving to the imagination too many of these "soul enfeebling" indulgences, must be perceived; if we reflect for a moment, that too much liberty will create a wildness too great and powerful for restraint. Whenever a temporary suspension of our studies, or occupations of any kind, leaves us leisure to yield to the luxury of thinking, the most useful direction we can give to our meditations, is towards the manner in which our time has been passed, during a certain period before. The tablets of our memory should be carefully inspected, and their motley contents be subjected to a critical scrutiny. The consequences of all our actions, as well, in an exemplary point of view as in regard to ourselves should be rigidly investigated, and each thought and desire be called up and made to pass in review before us, while their purity and propriety undergo a severe examination.

I am not so austere in my notions of duty, as to imagine that it is proper to be always occupied in this manner. If this were done, in a short time the "social sympathies" of our nature would materially suffer. We should become enveloped in a

gloominess, as disagreeable, as its opposite—too licentious a freedom of thought is injurious. There is, and should always be, a wide distinction between the abstraction of a cloistered monk, and the meditations, at fit periods, of the man who constantly mingles in the concerns of the world. All that is necessary for the last, is to retire within himself at proper seasons—take a retrospective view of past events, and endeavour to provide for the future, by an attentive consideration of the past.

The periods most proper for this useful purpose, arrive when our imaginations are in a quiescent and tractable state—when fancy folds her wings and assumes a serious countenance, and when our hearts, softened and relaxed by external occurrences, are fitted to receive deep and lasting impressions. Moments like these, should never be suffered to escape us.—They are the only ones, in which the consequences of serious reflection can be indelibly marked on the recollection, and should be eagerly seized, as among the most important that glide by, in the course of our lives.

The pure and sublimated character retrospection gives to our thoughts, is not the sole constituent of its utility. It generates a habit of logical thinking—gives to the ideas and sentiments an energy and strength, sufficient to keep them pure and unalloyed, and produces an internal ease and satisfaction, which softens and harmonizes the different feelings of the soul.

It has been already hinted, that too frequent a recurrence to our past conduct, especially when we dwell with painful delay, on those parts of it which can only produce sensations of regret, has a strong tendency to cloud the imagination, and discolour the train of “Iris-painted” images, which fancy arranges in the mind. Hence, while avoiding the one extreme, there is some little difficulty in being equally cautious to keep at a respectful distance from the other. But as in every other, so in this case, there is a *medium*. When about to enter on an examination of our past lives, we should commence it without making any preparatory determination, either to excuse or to condemn—we ought to approach the ordeal, with a proper and becoming sense of our defects, but at the same time, not without an humble consciousness of our merits. We should neither entirely despair,

nor fervently hope to come from the trial, in all respects, acquitted—but courage and resolution, tempered with a reasonable share of humility and deference, will always be found useful, and can never be deemed disreputable companions.

Among those young men, in whom almost every honourable and salutary pursuit is absorbed by inebriate fondness for pleasure, we seldom discover a willingness to ponder seriously on any thing. Reflection on the past, has no charms for them; it can only mar amusement, by recalling unpleasant recollections, and its exercise is therefore neglected. The consideration of, and atonement for the errors they are continually committing, they wish to make the business of riper years, and they turn with disgust, from whatever presents immediately to view, the consequences of their vices. But this reluctance is surely not universal—some there must be, who only wait to hear the precepts of propriety energetically inculcated, to evince a consciousness of their usefulness, by speedy reformation, and to such are these observations addressed.

Youth, much more imperiously than age, calls for frequent retrospection. The violence of the passions and warmth of the inclinations, during this feverish season, render our proneness to error, while young, much more to be feared than when protected by the vigour, stability and experience of manhood. But the propensity to evil in youth, although almost proverbial, is by no means instinctive. It springs wholly from the fortuitous communications of *company* and *education*, and therefore, may be kept down, increased, or diminished, in proportion to the nature and application of these powerful agents.

There can be no opinion, more intrinsically subversive of the governing principles of morality—none, against the poison of which, young men should be more carefully shielded, than that entertained by the being, who thinks himself pardonable, in procrastinating a review of his conduct and a reformation of his principles, until no longer able to be wicked—until age or infirmity *force him* to quit his favourite paths, and begin a new and less alluring course. I am loath to imagine that sentiments of this nature can spring from any other source than desperation—from a *forced* contempt of those laws the delinquent may

have so far transgressed, as to think the difficulty of a return to the proper path insuperable. I cannot persuade myself, that they ever can be the result of calm and attentive reflection, or that any one will have the hardihood to assert, that before he professed them, he was thoroughly convinced of their correctness. The effects of a long attachment to vicious habits, in depraving the mind, and withering the intellects, are certainly surprising—but that they can ever so strangely distort and alter our fundamental perceptions of truth and falsehood, as to make what is glaringly incorrect, appear in every respect the contrary, is a position, too preposterous, to be admitted for an instant.

Against the contamination of these irreligious notions, all classes of readers are earnestly warned. They should be avoided with the same degree of care, we would shun a pestilence. Though slow at first, their progress in corrupting the moral system, is soon rapidly accelerated. They produce an habitual irreverence for religion and virtue, and render the heart inflexible to every impression from their precepts.

PHILANTHROPOS.

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### SELECTED POETRY.

#### AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

BY WALLER.

THEY that never had the use  
Of the grape's surprising juice,  
To the first delicious cup  
All their reason render up:  
Neither do, nor care to know  
Whether it be best or no——

So, they that are to love inclin'd,  
Sway'd by chance, not choice or art,  
To the first that's fair or kind,  
Make a present of their heart:  
'Tis not she that first we love,  
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in th' evening made,  
 Stars gave the first delight;  
 Admiring, in the gloomy shade,  
 Those little drops of light:  
 Then at Aurora, whose fair hand  
 Remov'd then from the skies,  
 He gazing toward the east did stand,  
 She entertain'd his eyes,  
 But when the bright sun did appear,  
 All those he 'gan despise;  
 His wonder was determin'd there,  
 And could not higher rise:  
 He neither might, nor wish'd to know  
 A more refulgent light:  
 For that (as mine your beauties now)  
 Employ'd his utmost sight.

## SONG.

BY C. LEFTLEY, ESQ.

I danc'd with Harriet at the fair  
 And prais'd her for her jetty hair,  
 Which, like the tendrils of a vine,  
 About her brow in wanton twine,  
 Luxuriantly ran;  
 But why I prais'd her, sweet one, know  
 Because I recollected, so  
 The tresses negligently flow,  
 About the cheeks of Anne.

One evening in the passion week,  
 When Lucy play'd at hide and seek,  
 Her black eyes shone, like glow-worms bright,  
 And led me by their sparkling light,  
 To find out where she ran;  
 But if I prais'd them, sweet one, know,  
 I recollected, even so  
 The black eyes sparkle, burn, and glow,  
 Of gentle mistress Anne.

Louisa's lips in kisses meet,  
Like a twin-cherry, ripe, and sweet,  
In Catharine's breath, rich perfume dwells;  
But ah! how Julia's bosom swells,  
    To charm the gaze of man;  
Yet if I praise them, sweet one, know,  
They singly but remind me, so  
Lips, breath and bosom I can show,  
    All blent in mistress Anne.

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## ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY BIDLAKE.

Bright eye of pensive eve! resplendent orb  
That o'er the misty mountains shimest clear,  
    Like a rich gem  
    Upon an Ethiop's brow;

Thy lamp serene my now benighted steps  
Directs, to that blest spot where dwells my fair,  
    Twin rivals who can boast  
    More pure, more bright than thee.

For not thy lovely sight, that kindly cheers  
The sullen frown of unpropitious night,  
    Is half so sweet as truth,  
    That beams in beauty's eyes.

Not all the little waking elves, that rise  
From out their noisy bow'rs of velvet buds,  
    Where they had slept the day,  
    To dance thy rays beneath,  
Feel such delight as does this breast, when thou,  
With radiant lustre show'st the happy hour,  
    That leads from scenes of care  
    To still domestic bliss.

## ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Come Inspiration from thy hermit seat  
 By mortal seldom found; may Fancy dare  
 From thy fix'd serious eye and raptur'd glance  
 Shot on surrounding Heaven to steal our look  
 Creative of the Poet, every power  
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

THOMSON.

## THE MANIAC.

LIST to the maniac's moan,  
 Who strangely mutters in his lonely cell,  
 While on the whispering breeze, his plainings swell  
 In accents broken by the frequent groan!—  
 Now raving wild!—now sadly musing sits,  
 In frenzied rage—or calm, by fits,  
 And oft with fix'd and idiot stare,  
 Sullenly stands, and mutely courts despair!—  
 Yet, from that darkly shaded eye,  
 Now lit by maniac ecstasy,  
 Once the bright flash of genius gleam'd,  
 Once o'er that face, the smile of gladness play'd,  
 And the mild light of virtue beam'd;  
 Once was that form in every charm array'd,  
 And once upon that forehead shone  
 The lightning rays which play round Reason's throne!

Still to my view, remembrance faithful gives  
 The friend I early lov'd, in mind unchanged,  
 Still in fond memory, B—— unaltered lives:—  
 From intellect—yet not from me estranged.  
 O! when I view that wreck of talents fair,  
 That faded form, untenanted by thought,  
 By sorrow crazed, I'd quit my happier lot,  
 In all those frenzied bursts of madness fierce, to share!—  
 Yet for my friend, they bid me not to mourn,  
 For sense of bliss and pain, at once, are flown,  
 And vainly are the seeds of misery sown,  
 They ne'er can sprout to view, till Reason's sun return.

Blest state! when lone Reflection's pangs  
No more are felt—perceived—  
When in a void, the mind all weary hangs,  
By no dark thought perplexed, or sad remembrance  
grieved.—

But can these tears, unprompted, flow?  
Do they not spring from hidden heartfelt wo?—  
O! 'tis a consolation false as weak,  
Those streaming, upraised eyes,  
That gloom-contracted brow,  
The loud and soul alarming shriek!  
And all those deep drawn sighs  
Tell loudly, that the tortured heart  
Oft feels the poisoned barbed dart  
Of circling fiends, from Hell's dark realm below  
Who ceaseless all, assail, nor aught of rest allow!

Mark that wild unmeaning laugh!  
Mix'd of joy, and terror, half—  
Now smiles, and musing seems;  
Perhaps, a visioned glimpse of former days  
He catches in his varied dreams,  
Perhaps, the forms of friends obscurely pass  
Upon his wild and clouded gaze,  
'Till the whole scene, as viewed through fairy glass  
Promiscuous whirls in one fantastic maze!—  
See how he opes his arms, and closely clasps  
Some airy form, in rapture to his breast,  
Haply, my image 'tis he fondly grasps,  
And mine the shade, so warmly there caressed.

O! my lost friend, that for a single hour,  
The madd'ning fiends would cease t' exert their power  
That softly resting 'gainst my heart,  
The balm of friendship might allay the smart



Of woes—which ne'er can cease,  
 'Till thou enjoy'st in Heaven, perennial peace  
 But every plaint is vain,  
 Conscious no more—thy mind's best powers are lost,  
 Why impious, then, God's just decree arraign,  
 Why by alternate hope and fear be tost?  
 Who can the OMNISCIENT's motives fairly scan  
 Or the fast dictates of his mighty mind  
 By feeble prayer or wild remonstrance bind:  
 Then cease presumptuous! from the attempt profane,  
 Heaven, without cause, hath ne'er afflicted man!  
 Y.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE POWERS OF FANCY.

Come thou, creative maid, whose magic power,  
 Imbodies forms enchanting as young May;  
 And charms the soul in each delicious hour,  
 When life is pleasant and all nature gay,  
 And 'round is shed thy mild enlivening ray:  
 O come! for happy they, who boast thy smile!  
 Whose dear illusions cheat the passing day:  
 And can beyond Potosi's wealth beguile  
 Man's weary steps, as thro' life's gloom he goes the while.

Be here, and thy enchantment quick impart  
 Whether thy lovely form is haply found,  
 (To prove its influence o'er the thrilling heart,)  
 \* Where Yarrow's waters flow through fairy ground;  
 Or rather, the more pleasing soothing sound  
 Of classic streams delight thy raptur'd ear:  
 While blossoms shed their rich perfumes around;  
 And woods and lawns and skies more fresh appear,  
 And nature's charms combine man's wond'ring mind to cheer.

\* Among the popular superstitions of Scotland, is the belief in the existence of spirits residing in rivers, storms, &c.—Never was imagination more fruitful than in that romantic country, from the days of Ossian to the present time—See Collins's Ode on the Highlands.

For thine, each wint'ry waste, each lonely wild;  
Rough ocean's mountain wave, the solemn wood;  
The mossy rocks in native grandeur pil'd;  
Scenes of the mountain and the roaring flood;  
Joys of poetic minds and of the good.  
By thee, each scene sublime delights the soul,  
And gives that pensive melancholy mood,  
While through the panting heart soft raptures roll,  
And virtue's joys, with social bliss, our harsher thoughts  
control.

When wint'ry snows conceal fair Nature's charms,  
And the bleak gale with chilling blast assails,  
Thy magic aid the ruthless storm disarms;  
Then verdant are the fields and soft the gales,  
And the glad mind each blooming beauty hails.  
Or if we pant where scorching sunbeams glow,  
Where no bless'd shade or cooling breeze prevails:  
Imagination gives to tread the trackless snow,  
Through leafless woods or on the crackling ice to go.

To thee, the warrior bows, as bold he flies  
To meet the invading foe upon the shore:  
How warms his patriot heart and fires his eye!  
For Fancy tells him they depart no more.  
He longs to hear the loud artillery roar,  
And meet his daring foeman hand to hand,  
And bathe the thirsty weapon in his gore.  
For him is held aloft thy wondrous hand  
That points to victory for his insulted land.

'Tis she, sweet maid, who charms the lover's eyes,  
And pours a heavenly balm o'er all his mind;  
Who constant gives the nymph for whom he sighs  
With all her virtues and her charms combin'd,  
Her looks bewitching and her accents kind.  
Still may thou ever sooth his anxious heart,  
And he in thee, his lovely mistress find,  
Until the sweet confession she impart  
And conscious blushes own love's dear congenial smart.

On Morven's fabled hills and stormy shore,  
 Where sinks the stranger's mind with solemn dread,  
 As list'ning to the western tempest's roar  
 Athwart the gloom he sees the warlike dead,  
 On Scotia's misty heaths who fought and bled:  
 Or hears the bugle shrill or sounding shield,  
 By mountain stream, where mighty Fingal led  
 The warrior chiefs, to rouse the embattled field,  
 And bow and spear and sword with strength gigantic wield,

Thou lov'st to stray; or else thy viewless form  
 Plac'd on the tow'ring rock where Conway flows,  
 Sweeps the loud harp, when ceas'd the battle's storm,  
 And sorrowing sings her slaughter'd country's woes.  
 Inspir'd by thee the kindling bosom glows,  
 And images of joy or sadness fill the mind.  
 The sweet Euphrosyne now Milton shows;\*  
 In sable stole with solemn step, behind,  
 Appears the muse, who hides the laughing beauty from man-  
 kind.

Sweet is the joy when Fancy brings to view  
 The lovely babe, some fleeting years gone by,  
 A manly champion to his country true:  
 Skill'd in the senate; prompt in fields to die  
 Ere from his country's foes he dares to fly.  
 Or yet a blooming nymph, her mother's joy,  
 Form'd to delight and fix each wand'ring eye:  
 Whose filial duties all her cares employ,  
 To sooth declining age, and life's surrounding ills destroy.

Ah! how does Beauty's smile the lips adorn,  
 And give a constant sunshine to the breast;  
 So Fancy's smile is sweeter than the morn,  
 In every scene, o'er every mind confest;  
 To know her joys is always to be blest.  
 But ah! when tears bedew her mournful eye,  
 And Melancholy's glooms her form invest;  
 Then from her heaving bosom comes the sigh,  
 And pleasing scenes of joy and beauty quickly fly.

\* See the beautiful contrast between the gay and the serious, exhibited in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

\* Then to deep wilds and solitudes she goes,  
 And loves reclining by the brooks forlorn,  
 Weeps o'er her real or imagin'd woes,  
 And feels the pangs of melancholy born;  
 While clouds and tempests darken every morn.  
 Painful those pleasing scenes of late so gay;  
 The woodland melody and hunter's horn;  
 Obtrusive now the brilliant light of day;  
 And calm resign'd she lives to pining grief a prey.

Forthwith a youth whose looks bespeak despair,  
 Sighs at her feet, perchance for hopeless love:  
 For, ever to his view appears the fair,  
 Whose charms he sung in each romantic grove,  
 Where he was wont the anxious day to rove.  
 Those smiles which Heaven and happiness impart  
 Are his no more; they warm another's love;  
 They animate with joy another's heart,  
 While his pain'd bosom rankles with the poison'd smart.

And to the passions which convulse the mind!  
 Boisterous and sad along the vale appear  
 All that destroy the peace of human kind;  
 Burning with rage, or felt the scalding tear:  
 Green Jealousy, Revenge and pallid Fear;  
 And Envy, with'ring at another's ease.  
 The selfish brood with looks and frowns austere,  
 Whom no benev'lence or good nature please;  
 Whose looks distorted show the troubled mind's disease.

† Hark! on the margin of the silent stream,  
 What pensive strains the gloomy nymph assail:

\* The contrast between a gay and gloomy imagination is here attempted—The Powers of Fancy are of more importance in this point of view than in any other—inasmuch as happiness or misery is the consequence of their influence either way—Dr. Beattie has divided these powers into pleasurable and painful, in his *Elements of the Moral Science*, and most justly pronounces a melancholy imagination to be the most serious misfortune which can fall to the lot of a human being.

† Every one who knows the character of those persons who are here represented as paying court to Fancy in her melancholy mood.—Their poetry partakes generally of a pensive and serious cast—Collins died deranged—Chatterton committed suicide, and Beattie's poetry particularly is tinged with a pensive melancholy.

From whence proceeds the melancholy theme  
Which plaintive dies along the sighing gale?  
'Tis serious Gray, whose mournful lines bewail  
The various ills that human bliss destroy,  
And Collins, whose sweet harp could not avail  
To save from penury or yield him joy;  
The charms of Genius feel the anguish'd nerves alloy.

Young, too, his ever gloomy verse began,  
And join'd his tones to swell the murmur'ing sounds;  
And moral Cowper sang of villain man:  
With Beattie's Minstrel loud the wood resounds,  
With plaint of man and suffering Virtue's wounds;  
Alas! what melting tones steal on the ear  
Of listening Fancy, and her soul confounds!  
What sounds pathetic prompt her ready tear,  
And to her pensive mind, the imbowering groves endear!

Power immortal! thy enchanting Art,  
To time eternal gives the favor'd name:  
Can each sublime and lovely view impart,  
Inspire the Muse, and feed the constant flame  
Which Genius warms—Hence Homer came  
In godlike majesty, to charm the age:  
Succeeding times with joy the poet claim;  
For his the warrior's pride, the battles rage,  
And Nature owns each scene and hero of his lofty page.

Inspir'd by thee, the British Muse ascends  
Empyrean regions and a God adores:  
Then downward to unfathom'd deeps descends  
And Hell's dread horrors fearfully explores,  
The burning lake and those dark dismal shores.  
Then Eden blooms, how fragrant, fresh and fair!  
Where happy man with reverence implores  
His God; while flowrets sweet, and treasures rare.  
Delight the ravish'd sense and banish every care.

Who without joy has ever heard the song,  
Which like soft music steals upon the ear?  
While fays and sprites and ghosts and witches throng  
Around, to please, or blanch the cheek with fear;  
And deep wrought sorrows force the burning tear.

Shakspeare was born to live for every age,  
And to the soul of taste the Muse endear,  
With sweet illusions fill the various page,  
With pity move the heart, or swell with boundless rage.

Hail pleasing Scott! whose sweetly flowing song,  
Delights the swain on Ettrick's banks who roves:  
Wand'ring with fresh delight those scenes among,  
Clan-Alpine's Mountain pride and piny groves;  
And thrills at Malcolm's and fears Ellen's loves.  
O how enchanting is the poet's art!  
With power divine it every passion moves;  
With Fancy's visions throbs the enthusiast heart  
As they Loch-Katrine's lake and scenes sublime impart.

O envied bards! how great the wond'rous skill,  
To thrill the heart with ecstasy and joy:  
To bend whole nations to thy sacred will  
With tale of Minstrel or ill fated Troy,  
Thine is unceasing bliss without alloy.  
Lov'd is thy sacred art from pole to pole,  
By Lapland youth or Persia's amorous boy;\*  
For when the streams of Fancy round them roll,  
Theirs is the envied power to captivate the soul.

And may such joys be welcom'd more and more  
And rouse the Genius of this unfam'd land;  
In lofty strain, like wizard Scott, to soar,  
And court the muses to this foreign strand.  
Fainting they droop and wait the mild command;  
For British skies no longer genial glow;  
And Linden's Muse—The harp which owns the hand  
Of sad Montgomery, are all we know,  
Since the full stream with Gray and Collins ceas'd to flow.

Come then Imagination! grant thy aid,  
The promis'd Genius of this land to see:  
When every lofty hill and rural glade,  
The muse's sacred haunts shall proudly be:  
And magic visions beam around for thee,

\* Hafiz.

Then shall a second Homer rouse that fire,  
Our humbled sons forget once made them free;  
Then shall another Dryden string the lyre;  
A Shakspeare Avon leave, for Susquehannah's side.

Where venerable ruins proudly stand,  
She loves to stray and think on ages past;  
They, rudely great, a solemn awe command;  
For distant years have dimly overcast  
The times when Ossian's harp hung in the blast.  
Up the long stream of time the fancy goes,  
When songs of bards adorn'd the chief's repast,  
And while the heart with sacred feeling glows;  
The mould'ring turret 'round a melancholy throws.

Where'er the wand'ring distant traveller strays,  
On India's coast or Greenland's ice-bound shore;  
Or feels on Nubia's sands the scorching rays,  
As bold he dares the Niger's source explore  
Heedless of savage tribes, or tiger's roar.  
Wrapt in thy fairy mantle he surveys  
The heavenly hue each home lov'd object wore;  
With brighter tints they court his eager gaze;  
And sooth his wearied heart and promise happier days.

O happy man! and how supremely blest!  
To sec the future with propitious eyes:  
While soothing visions warm the youthful breast,  
And sweet delusions cheat him till he dies—  
To court her smiles is always to be wise.  
The sacred boon kind Heaven in pity gave,  
Well may the aid divine fond mortals prize:  
Imagination charms us to the grave;  
Her witching spells from real ills of life can save.

And even beyond the grave she loves to soar,  
And trace those future mansions in the sky;  
And sacred blissful realms above explore:  
Far from this fading world she longs to fly  
Where God appears to the astonish'd eye.  
O happy regions! scenes of endless joy!  
For which the mortal sufferer heaves the sigh:  
Where bliss supreme is found without alloy;  
And themes of boundless love and praise the soul employ

Blest with the sacred presence, who shall dare  
To paint thy wond'rous scenes, where angels praise?  
Or aught of human ken with thee compare?  
Advent'rous task! but Fancy still will raise  
Her piercing eyes, and on those wonders gaze.  
She that has rov'd the mountain forest o'er,  
And oft by murm'ring streamlets musing strays:  
She that the wings of vollied lightning bore,  
And lists unraptur'd to the tempest's roar;

Say, can Imagination raptur'd view  
Each lovely scene and not to Heaven aspire?  
Each picture e'er admiring poet drew,  
Without the glad enthusiast's glowing fire?  
And, oh the bliss! when joys that never tire;  
Unclassed skies, and fields forever fair,  
Devotion true and holy love inspire!  
Where man is happy and unknown to care;  
And blissful regions he and minist'ring angels share.

Here though each scene is fair and soft the gale;  
And kindly suns their genial gifts impart;  
Though sweetest scents the budding flowers exhale,  
And social good with gladness warms the heart:  
Yet vice and misery have their gloomy part,  
And the wild hurricane those charms destroy:  
The raging earthquakes vanquish human art,  
And Nature's various sweets have their alloy;  
While Pestilence and War combine to murder human joy.

Enchanting Maid, farewell! O may thou still,  
Breathe on the Minstrel harp and wake the strings:  
Bend the retiring\* Poet to thy will,  
And hover o'er him with thy guardian wings.  
Harp of the north! thee from his grasp he flings;  
Nor longer courts thy Heaven directed spell;  
No longer now his tuneful number rings  
With witching melody along the dell,  
O dear enchantress! leave him not —farewell.

\* In allusion to Walter Scott's beautiful conclusion to the *Lady of the Lake*.



## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"THINKS I TO MYSELF."—

Good night! but yet another look,  
Another smile to light my way;  
Another leave in fondness took,  
To warm my heart another day.

Good night! Tomorrow, love, I go—  
A parting kiss—a fervid one,  
Ah! do not wet those blushes so!  
I must indeed, I must be gone.

Sweet girl, good night! Another kiss,  
A thrilling press of hands alli'd!  
O God! a pledge of love like this,  
Is more than all the world beside.

"Thinks I to myself"—L.

—

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO MALVINA, WITH A LOCKET OF HAIR.

Go ringlet, seek my gentle love,  
And to her heart be prest;  
A pledge of fond affection prove,  
Enthron'd upon her breast.

There heaven-born Virtue ever dwells  
With Faith and Truth entwined;  
Still in that heart, that Pity swells,  
Is constant Love enshrin'd,

And bear with thee my fervent pray'r,  
Which ne'er, ah ne'er hath ceast,  
May she be Heaven's peculiar care,  
And all her hopes be blest.

OSCAR.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## RETROSPECTION.

Forbear awhile, my soul, the recollection  
Of griefs with which thou art too weak to cope;  
Come Mem'ry, take thy wonted retrospection  
Of days, when I could fondly cherish hope.

Of days, when Fancy, through the future soaring,  
Would to my view some airy scene portray;  
Her devious flight the flow'ry path exploring,  
Where Glory beam'd, or Pleasure lov'd to stray.

How gay was ev'ry form, Time's magic mirror  
Presented then to Fancy's brightening eye,  
No clouds o'erhung, no tempests, arm'd with terror,  
Deform'd the scene, or darken'd in the sky.

Bright scenes of youth! where while I dwell delighted,  
I lose the dark remembrance of my woes;  
How sweet the thought of you, when far benighted  
Is ev'ry future prospect of repose.

While on life's troubled sea, at random driven,  
By every boisterous gale of fortune tost,  
How sweet appears the calm, the peaceful haven,  
I left behind, on youth's delightful coast.

Yet what I fondly cherish as a treasure  
Is but the vain illusion of a dream—  
I wake, and quick dissolves each scene of pleasure,  
As morning mists before the solar beam.

Long have I felt thy scourge, oh chastening Sorrow!  
Thou hast nigh shaken Reason from her seat;  
Fond Hope no more dwells cheerful on tomorrow,  
Into the bitter draught infusing sweet.

Oh Hope! thro' life's dark troubled scene of mourning,  
How oft thy light has led my step astray!  
And now, that I have wander'd past returning,  
The ignis fatuus cheers no more the way.

The same will be the sad effect forever,  
When Hope directs to aught beneath the skies;  
Ah let me then each mean affection sever,  
And tear my heart from all terrestrial ties.

T. I. M.

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#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

From the author of a beautiful piece called the Mocking Bird, in our last number, we shall be happy to hear often.

The Maniac is obviously the production of one, who has himself often felt the "fine frenzy" of a poet, and it will give us pleasure to communicate to the public, all the utterable things of his fancy.

The Evening Contemplation, by N. Herminius, and many other poetical communications are received, and shall be treated with due attention.

We some years since, read in The Port Folio, with singular interest, a poem entitled A Picture of Boston, by Caradoc. Although loudly reprobated at the time for the caustic severity which distinguished it, yet we are persuaded, such is our sincere respect for the capital of Newengland, that the gloomy masses of shade with which the picture was darkened, were only devices of the artist to give a bolder relief to his favourite figures. But incredulous as we are of the fidelity of the likeness, we cannot deny our homage to the genius of the painter, since in every touch we recognised the hand of a master. If, therefore, Caradoc the traveller, be still within the reach of our voice, and not altogether indifferent to our opinions, we invite him most cordially to resume his pencil. Without presuming to indicate subjects for his talents, we may suggest that our country offers many a smiling landscape, and many a well-proportioned figure, which will give variety at least to his severer delineations, and we feel convinced that like the mighty masters under whom he

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has studied, and who portray now the mournful horrors of a crucifixion, and now the airy enchantment of the graces, his versatile pencil is familiar with all the varied forms of ideal beauty and deformity.

G. is a valuable correspondent, whose communications will always be acceptable.

The Latin translation of Cato's soliloquy was received too late for insertion in our present number; but our correspondent may confidently address to us any productions of a similar cast in his possession. He would add to our own and the public satisfaction also by imparting occasionally some of the rich harvest of his own mind; since, if we are not mistaken, he is one whom the world acknowledges to be "a scholar, and a ripe, exceeding good one."

We are encouraged in the prosecution of our history of the Fine Arts by the decided approbation of our readers. Strange as it may seem, there is not in our own or in any other language, as far as our researches extend, any regular, consistent history of the schools of painting, and the lives of the artists; and the well written monthly article in this journal, is, we believe, the first digested account from authentic materials that is before the public. The artist may find in it a faithful sketch of the progress of his art, and even the general reader be interested by the biographies of men of eminent genius.

The tour through some parts of Asia Minor, will be published as soon as our limits permit. We would recommend to this tourist, as he advances, a scrupulous attention to dates and to all the minutæ which give so much authenticity to a journal, always remembering the forcible though coarse expression of Gray, that two lines on the spot, are worth a cartload of recollection.

Hamet is greeted with a cordial welcome, after so long an absence; and we shall expect in future, to profit much by his liberal leisure.



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